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THEY SAID
COLLEGE
WOULD MAKE
HER!



fresh siren

Announcing Pressureless Touch

In a Pen that Ends Breakage—Brings
Jewel-like Beauty—28% Lighter Weight

*Can't go wrong if you treat
it right, or we make it good free **

You here behold Parker's new model Duofold Pen. In reaching this goal, we spent 35 years on 47 improvements. We made sixteen million pens. We own 32 pen patents.

Now the Barrel is made of Non-Breakable Permanite instead of rubber as formerly. It is 28% lighter.

It comes in lustrous Jade, Lacquer-red, flashing Black and Gold, Mandarin Yellow, and Lapis Lazuli Blue—5 color combinations—all gold trimmed—all black-tipped—jewel-like in their beauty.

It comes in 3 sizes—Over-size, Junior, and slender Lady Duofold. They are shapely, symmetrical, perfectly balanced to aid the hand's dexterity.

Each size in six graduated points—Extra Fine, Fine, Medium, Broad, Stub and Right and Left Oblique.

We discovered a way to make them write without pressure—by using capillary attraction combined with gravity flow. This requires a special ink channel, hand-ground between the prongs of the point.

It increases our cost but we haven't increased our price.

The Duofold point, though tempered to yield to all hands, can't lose its shape. It needs no breaking in—it knows no wearing out.

Not for \$50 could you get a finer pen than Parker Duofold at \$7. More money would only add some extra ornament. And the first cost is the last cost—see our offer below.

The fresh fall assortments of these new models are ready at all good pen counters. Dealers invite you to come and give your hand a taste of this new treat.

Look for the imprint, "Geo. S. Parker — DUOFOLD"—then imitations can't deceive you.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO
CLEVELAND • ATLANTA • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO
TORONTO, CANADA • LONDON, ENGLAND

**No Trouble
or No Charge*

To prove Parker Duofold Pens will stay in perfect order, Parker agrees to make good free, if one should fail, provided complete pen is sent by the owner direct to Parker with 10c for return postage and insurance.

Red and Black
Color Combination
Reg. Trade Mark
U.S. Pat. Office

Parker

Duofold

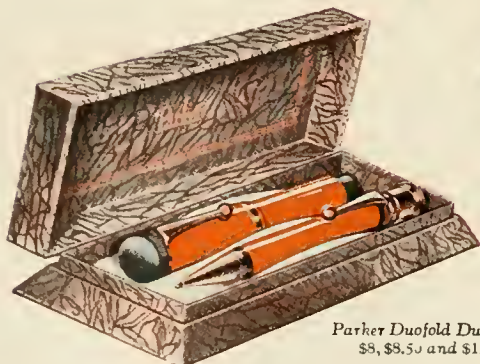
OVER-SIZE

Duofold Jr. \$5 Lady Duofold \$5

Duofold Pencils to match, \$3, \$3.50, \$4

\$7

Parker Duofold Duette
\$8, \$8.50 and \$11



The Campus Clothes Shop

606 East Daniel Street, Champaign, Illinois
"Where Bob Hoff had the Sock Shop"

The New Shop for Men Featuring

SUITS

Made to the Individual Measurement

Guaranteed Fit.
Latest Models.

Over 50 Patterns
of Fine Woolens.

\$25.⁰⁰

And also a complete line of Gent's Furnishings,
all bearing trademarks of the finest.

*Our policy will be to give just a little bit
more for your money!*

Accept this invitation to visit us.

The Campus Clothes Shop

"Denny" Gunning, Manager

Daniel Street

Champaign

One Man Tells Another



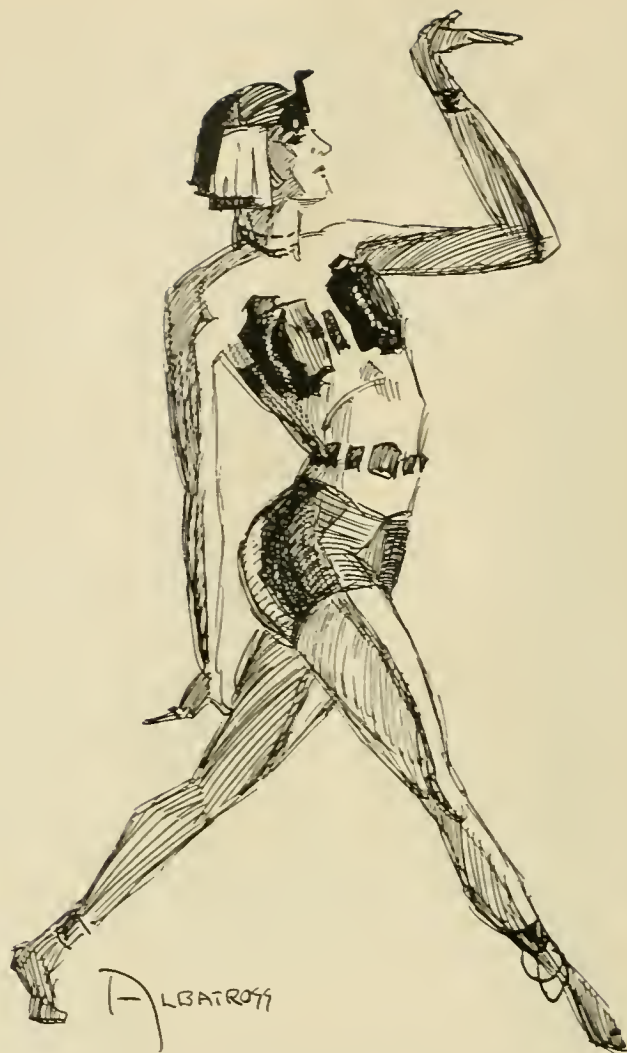
You will

be correctly dressed by wearing the "Learbury Tiger," tailored in fabrics that smack of the smart standards of college men.

Shown Exclusively by

Rosens' "Mrs. Stylis"

Downtown—Champaign



The Original Hyp-no-twist

A STANDING JOKE

President Kinley was showing a member of the Board around the campus one Sunday. Hearing the chimes concert he remarked:

"Beautiful, aren't they?"

"I beg your pardon?" inquired the guest.

"I said, they are beautiful, aren't they?"

"I'm sorry," shouted the board member. "I can't hear a word you're saying for those confounded chimes."

Why in the world did you and Paul ever call it quits?

The brute . . . he had a bid Phi Delt and when I told him how glad I was because I had one of their pins already, and would adore another one so I could wear them for shoe buckles, he went Phi Gam instead. Isn't he horrid?



What the Young Man at Illinois
is Wearing!

Displaying

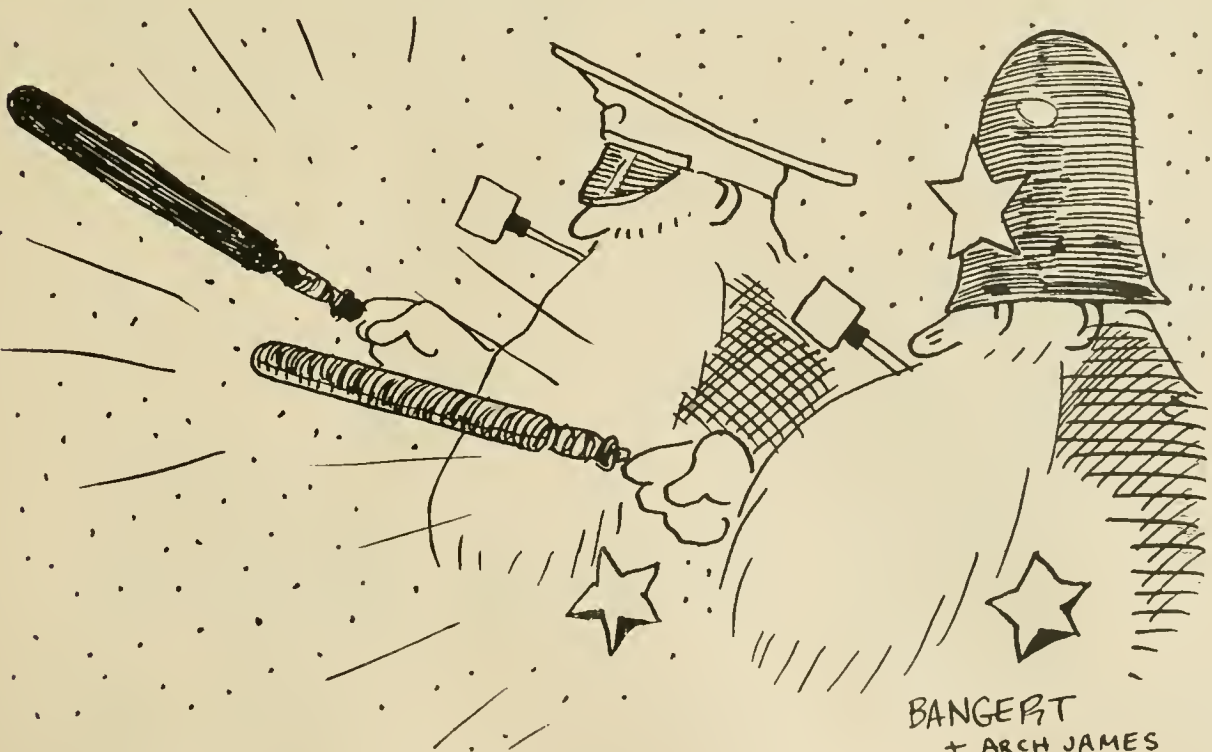
Cook & Flynn's

New Fall Creations

This young man came to our store for "saratorial enlightenment." He got it! Club by Bun Ashley to fight off the co-eds. Portrait for your album. Y'wekm.

*Come in and get your outfit—they're
going fast!*

The Champaign Night Clubs



BANGERT
+ ARCH JAMES

The SIREN

DELTA DELTA DELTA

Right in the Theta backyard. SO convenient for picking up any stray ends of culture the mighty ones have carelessly left around . . . or maybe generously? The stuttering 'D' house is great on activities. The dear girls roam around unmolested all day. They stick together and believe me you never hear of them trying to cut each other out of men, even though men are scarce. (gentlemen . . . not Triangles!)



ZETA TAU ALPHA

Zeta Tau's may have small women, but size has nothing to do with speed. Ask the Drive-It-Yourself Co.

PHI SIGMA SIGMA

Ever since Vegee Lang graduated and A. E. Phi sank into oblivion, the Phisig-dittos have been the most representative group of Chicagoans on the campus. One of the Satenstein twins was heard talking to her father the other day: "School is fine, but there are still a few gentiles left, Poppa, and we could do without *them*. Oy, oy . . . votta life."

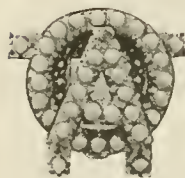


BETA PHI ALPHA

The big business women . . . out for cnps. Either the mantel is bare or its a crack in the old plaster the girls want to conceal.

ALPHA OMICRON PI

"Get thee behind me Satan" said the little Alpha O's and built their new shack right next door to a church. What does that make the Alphachis on the other side? When you go to their open house remember to look for the bricks donated by the Tribune Peach. Och! such fraternal spirit . . . we hope the A. O. Pi's go about breaking in their new chaperone gently. We can't imagine WHY the old one left right after a certain little back door episode in the wee hours. The dean won't have to worry about the A. O. Pifaces any more though, because, gracious me . . . they are going to live RIGHT NEXT DOOR to a church!



KAPPA DELTA

Lotsa musical agility. They raised their scholarship from twenty-first to first, but look what they had to pledge to do it!

ALPHA EPSILON PHI

Another little group intent on demonstrating the Einstein (or was it Goldstein?) theory. There are some clever dramatists in this group, and the girls are reputed to have the most kissable lips on the campus. That is, providing you don't mind wading through six inches of cirise lipstick.

PI DELTA PHI

Pidelts are located conveniently just off one of the main fraternity drags. They may have copped this from the Deltazetes but you must admit it's clever. One must be accommodating to rate the men, and there are always brothers who are too lazy to walk any farther. This competition business is NO JOKE.

ALPHA ZI DELTA

Alpha Zips, and well named. The men who date these co-eds have to know *WILAT* they want *WIEN* they want it! It wasn't for nothing that fifteen of the dear cistern attended the Alpbadelt formal. With one or two more like the far famed Dinky Duryee, maybe the whole chapter could have rated.

ALPHA CHI RHO

The only fraternity here which cheerfully accepts any washout transfers without a murmur. Faith, hope and charity, we guess. They obtained three Ma-Wan-Da last spring and consequently only one Sachem man—big disappointments. Looks like a big financial year for them with "Pony" Marshall as business manager and Bert Jenner as circulation manager of the Illini. Also, the chairman of Sachem Block I is an AXP again; we watch with some concern as to whom is picked to lead the Block this year—as the chief opponent to the present varsity cheerleader was an AXP last spring and lost thru his lack of political pull.



P. A. is a grand little pal



PRINCE ALBERT is the kind of a smoke you get clubby with, right off the bat. You'll be calling each other by your first names after the very first pipe-load. It is so genuinely friendly, in spirit and in fact.

P.A. treats your tongue and throat as gently as a mother handles a new-born baby. Never a bite. Never a parch. These are details, of course. The thing you'll remember longest is that wonderful *taste!* So cool, so sweet, so soothing.

No matter how hard you hit it up, this long-burning tobacco never hits back. You can go to it before classes, and right through to Lights Out. Get yourself a tidy red tin of Prince Albert today. The School of Experience has never produced a greater smoke than good old P. A.

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!



CHI: My brother is a Beta and is living in the house. He is overjoyed.

OMEGA: Overjoyed to be a Beta or to be living in the house?

CHI: Overjoyed to be living.

Welcome Gang

We are glad you old students are back and extend a hearty welcome to you and the big gang of new-comers. Come in and say "hello."

As usual we will be headquarters for all University supplies. Buy your books and supplies as soon as you register—avoid the Wednesday rush when classes start.

Books, Stationery, Fountain Pens, Laundry Boxes, Gym and Athletic Goods, Engineers' Supplies, Artist and Drawing Materials, Electrical Goods, Gift Shop, Toilet Articles, Desk Sets, Science Supplies, Pennants, Pillows, Illinois Songs, and Illinois Jewelry.

THE CO-OP

The Store For Illinois Men

Jos. Kuhn & Co.
DOWNTOWN—CHAMPAIGN

THETA KAPPA PHI—Every time the chimes play the brethren cock an ear and hoist their thumbs to their coat lapels—Ray Dvorak is one of and the only “member in University” which they claim.

—S—

PHI PI PHI—The less said about these the better.

—S—

DELTA SIGMA TAU—The brothers are always sure to make a good haul with the McCormick transfer company in the brotherhood.

—S—

ALPHA SIGMA TAU—The worst chapter of this organization is on this campus.

—S—

BETA PSI—These boys always major in history and hold the record of having never flunked a course in it: Brother Larson is head of the department.

—S—

PHI NU BETA—Founded at Illinois in 1924: Gamma chapter at Illinois. What happened to Alpha and Beta in the deal?

—S—

CHI TAU—This name won't stick long: they've changed it twice within the last two years, but who could blame them?

THETA UPSILON OMEGA—We favor the T. U. O.'s. Both Siren prizes which were offered in a contest last year went to co-eds who are engaged to two of these fellows.

—S—

DELTA SIGMA LAMBDA—They have seven chapters, but luck doesn't mean anything to them for they don't gamble.

—S—

TAU DELTA PHI—Just another rooming house struggling along: if they don't do something one of these days their charter will be taken away because of inactivity.

—S—

BETA KAPPA—Kappa of Beta Kappa: they sure like Kappa, but what do the Kappa's think?
!!! * * * !!!

—S—

SIGMA MU SIGMA—A bunch of real men. But no wonder. They have hair on their chests and they all vote (only Masons can belong and one can't be a Mason until one becomes 21).

—S—

SIGMA DELTA RHO—Another fraternity of high standard morals. Only one flaw they possess this semester—their house dances have been taken away from them.

T. M. Bacon & Sons, Inc.

Paints and Glass for Every Use

On the corner of Walnut and Taylor Streets, Champaign, Illinois

\$1,000 Drama of Throbbing, Soaking Frat Life in Three Scenes and a Saw

—ERGO—

SETTING: Sky Hi Hoopsilum Chapter house.

TIME: None of yer darned business.

CHARACTERS: Three seenyers, forty frosh, and the House Mother, Mrs. Henna.

SCENE I

(Living room of Sky Hi Hoopsilum Frat. Three cupeptic seenyers converse.)

1ST SEENYER: Hast awak the Honored Frosh, oh beet-faced bacchant?

2ND DITTO: Nay, camel-nosed frog.

1ST OF SAME: Make yon very-stewed angle-worm do it.

VOICE FROM 'NEATH THE GRAND PIANO: Hic, likewise heck.

2ND S.: 'Tis 10:30 A. M. I fly to wake 'Em. (Scurries out.)

SCENE II

(House-mother enters living room,—a Golden Glint blonde of perhaps thirty summers and gawd knows how many winters. Lopes slinkingly over to piano, 'neath which reposes 3rd Seenyer.)

MRS. HENNA: Arnoldo, for the sake of our great love, excavate thy person from under yon Chickering. (\$50 down; balance when treasurer is caught.)

3RD SEENYER, *(very quietly)*: Hic!

(Mrs. Henna leans down and whispers something to 3rd S.)

HE, *(rousing from satisfactory stewper)*: Mige odd! Why didn't you tell me long ago?

MRS. H., *(blushing right huskity)*: Oh, Arnoldo! I—I couldn't.

3RD S.: Dear me, I'll dash right down. Our frosh *must* have their morning oatmeal.

(Haha; we fooled yuh! Yuh thought they meant somethin' else, Haha!)

SCENE III

(Dorm of Sky Hi Hoopsilum Frat. Forty gleaming cribs vibrate to the concerted diapason of forty adenoided nostrils. Seenyer enters respectfully and prepares for morning prayer.)

SEENYER: Awake! oh sons of light and pearls of the East. The sun arises and now westers toward mid-day. Allah is good. Indeed there is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet!

YOUNG VOICES FROM HERE AND THERE: Can it!—Sit on a brad! Gotabell!

SWEET-THROATED INNOCENT *(from far corner)*: Go right ahead, Seenyer. My mamma wants me to pray.

FORTY SLEEP-THICKENED VOICES MURMUR: May thuh noo day bring peace 'n plenty 'n power——. (Fadeout.)

THE SAW

Aesop said 2,000 years ago: "Let sleeping dogs lie."

*For the Guidance, Stupefi-
cation and Edification of the
Frosh God Bless 'Em!*

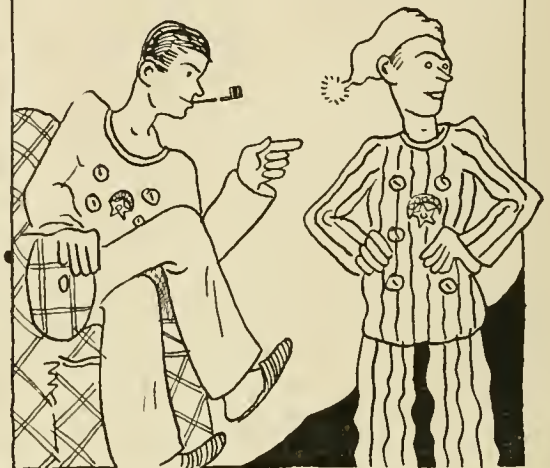


BOARDING CLUB NEWS



ONE NIGHT LAST SPRING TWO KAPPA SIGS WERE IN THEIR ROOM WHICH OVERLOOKED THE DELTA ZETA SHACK THE FOLLOWING WORDS WERE PASSED:

"I CAN'T SLEEP WITH THE SHADES UP"
 "WHY DON'T YOU PULL THEM DOWN?"
 "I CAN'T REACH ACROSS THE STREET"



WHO WAS THAT GENT I SEEN YOU WITH LAST NIGHT?

THAT WAS NO GENT, THAT WAS A CHI PSI

BANQUET 29

THE PIFYS WERE PUNISHED WITH RUSHING RESTRICTIONS THIS FALL. A FORMAL WAS GIVEN LAST YEAR AND NO FAVORS BEING GIVEN THE GIRLS WERE ABLE TO START AN ELECTRIC LIGHT FUND FOR LATE STUDY.

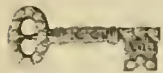
"WE MUST KEEP OUR SCHOLASTIC SUPERIORITY EVEN IF WE ARE UNABLE TO RIBBON ANOTHER SET OF CROCKS THIS YEAR," THE GIRLS ARE QUOTED AS SAYING.



KAPPA ALPHA THETA
KAPPA KAPPA GAMMA
PI BETA PIH
DELTA GAMMA

"The Big Four" . . . (nothing to do with railroads or athletics unless indoor sports and speed are included) . . . because they represent the four brands of cigs—: Kappa's "Walk a Mile"; Theta's "Satisfy"; Pify's are "Toasted," and the Deltagam's are: "What a whale of difference a few cents make."

Here's the key to the situation. The Kappas are going to have a new hovel, girls! They have been having it the past two years (witness: Illio pictures . . . oh watta drag!) They are going to move way out in the styx and be verra verra exclusive. That is, more so, if possible. Being close neighbors to the Kappadeltas they ought to improve a lot. It is rumored that instead of paddles the pledges will be required to furnish three planks apiece. That's lumber for you! Now if only they were Deltagams the house would be BUILT! The THETAS couldn't quite get over the fact that they were only established in 1870 while the Pifys were



going in 1867, so they built a nice big hotel down on Wright Street, with seven pillars out front (7 come 11 you know) to give them added prestige. Sh! big secret . . . if you like dessert don't join this frat because the girls still go eatless to pay for the calsomine. The first loaf of bricks came C. O. D. What a good joke on the contractor! The girls are laffing yet. If your poppa has five or six factories or is either a bootlegger or in politics you will be able to pay your house bill. Just because the Thetas wear a 'kite' don't jump at conclusions. Though they are uppish, they are not high flyers! The PIFYS were founded by a serious group of Christian women, but later groups have been able to live down this terrible smirch on their good name. No semester is quite a success without at least three or four Pify fires.



It has been suggested to the State Highway Commission that signs be posted by this fraternal abode—: "Look out! Dangerous curves ahead." Pifys have that certain you-know which rates them a drag with the Dean. And then, of course, girls, Mrs. COOLIDGE is a Pify. The DELTAGAMS are a living example of the old adage about quantity and quality. "We don't care



. . . large . . . yes?

WHAT," the sistern assure us, "Only give us LOTS of it!" Last year when Pan-Hell put in the new system of preferential bidding the D. G.'s got *twenty five* pledges. "Tee Hee, we fooled 'em" was their only comment. They are quite the activity goils . . . big on the campus, you know. Rather

S

ALPHA CHI OMEGA

It is a sad state of affairs when only one girl in a house does NOT smoke. My, my she must have been a stubborn lass, to keep the sisterns from being 100 per cent. Alpha-chis are noted for being tall, goodlooking women. They are all you read about (in suppressed novels) and more. It grieves us that the girls take such slight interest in scholarship, but then, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." The Alphachios and the A. O. Pis are going to get very clubby this year we predict. We learned in Ec 10, however, that "competition is the life of trade!"



S

ALPHA DELTA PI

Insists that as long as it was founded in 1851 it MUST be the oldest sorority. Of course the sistern wouldn't THINK of calling the Pifys liars or anything, but figures are figures . . . and at least one girl got A in Math. The Alpha Delta Piface shack is only a year old but oh goodness, how that fire-escape has worn down! Just because the girls are SUCH activity women, the dean has offered to repaint it free of charge. How do they rate? Guess they must be old customers or something.

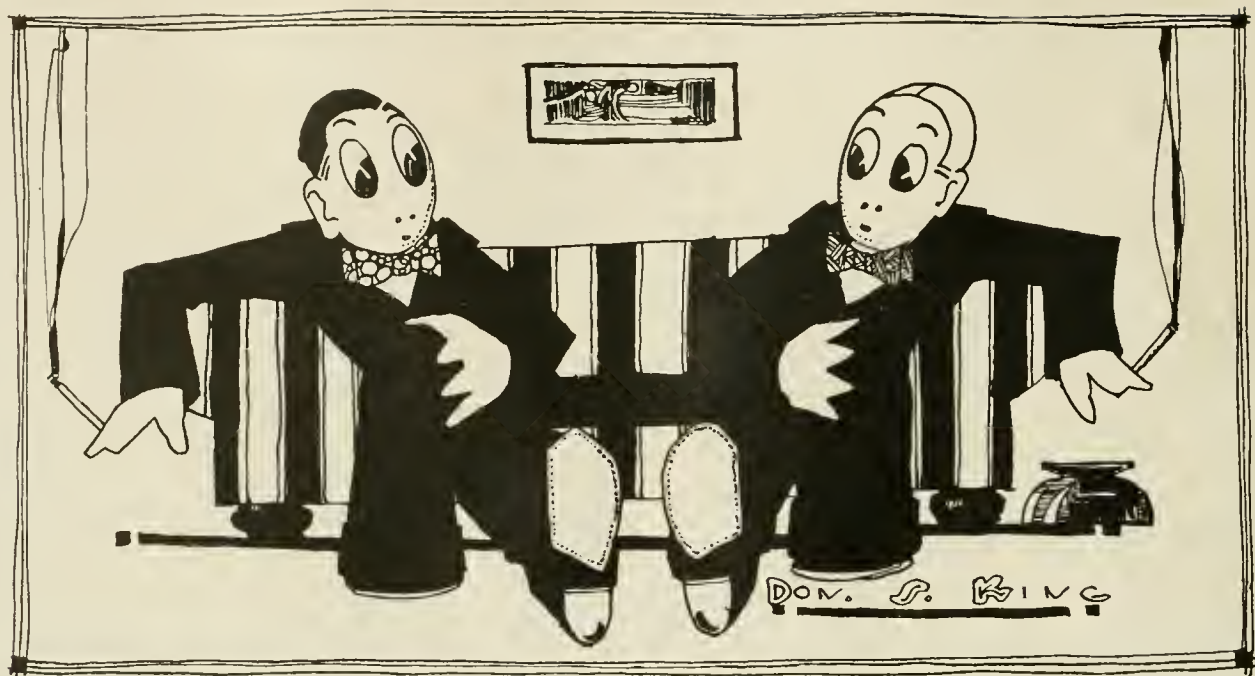


S

SIGMA KAPPA

Even if we DO hand a big boquet to Beth Stutson, we can't ignore the rest of the membership. There is absolutely NO two timing permitted in this house. MY NO. And every frosh who can't get at LEAST one fraternity pin is paddled and required to take lessons in technique from the more proficient upper classmen. This year only one senior was not engaged, and it wasn't her fault. But alas, though the Swigmakappas may have lots of good looking pins, the chapter skeleton in its traditional closet is constantly coming to light. The PINS the girls stand on aren't so hot. Oh those knees. Rattle them bones, sister!





SIG PHI SIG: Where's my hat?
 PLEDGES Well, you said you wanted it blocked,
 so I gave it to one of those Lambda Chi fellows to
 wear.

SIGMA ALPHA LAMBDA

You say you never heard of it? Shame on you!
 (neither did we but the Illio never makes mistakes
 so it must be one of these-yere social sororities). If
 Residence Hall turns you down maybe this bunch
 will take you.

—S— THETA UPSILON

The Theta-yous have only been on the campus
 four years but they're en route to bigger and better
 prospects . . . (we hope). If they pledge a few more
 like Dottie O'Brien they will quickly become better
 known.

—S— KAPPA SIGMA TAU

Nice girls, these. You know what I mean . . .
 NICE girls. The chapter hymn ought to go some-
 thing like this: "Just the kind of a girl that men
 forget . . ." No, you rummy, it's not something to
 eat, it's a **SORORITY!**

—S— PHI OMEGA PI

They call their house the sister-organization of
 Acacia (as the girls have to be Eastern Stars before
 they can be initiated) but we've never heard an
 Acacian admit it. This group also has the reputation
 for really being able to entertain dates who don't
 like to dance, go to shows, play cards, or take walks.

GAMMA THETA PI

More daughters of Erin. This proud group is
 placing the second candle on the chapter birthday
 cake. They're going to let Alice McGinty light 'em,
 but any "cake" should be flattered to be "lit" along
 with Alice. And it isn't every sorority which can
 boast it has a finger in dirty-dirt politics.

—S— ALPHA PHI

The so-called sorority which brags about the
 "unmentionables" its sistern wears; they dry them
 on the line so the Chi Betes next door can see 'em.
 And as for lines this one has some hot ones in case
 you ever want to study anatomy. Nevertheless, they
 are nice girls, but anyone would say they ought to
 be after taking a squint at their Illio picture.



PSI UPSILON

It is a tradition that each freshman class white-wash the senior bench and after the freshmen of the class of '26 had taken care of the tradition they journeyed over to the Psi U house. That accounts for the fact that their house looks like a barn. They didn't remove the paint for they felt they were strong enough to be protected from any razz because of the razzing ability of George Faricy who controls the "Gas Meter." Tit for tat, an eye for an eye, etc. They also had the varsity cheerleader for the last two years, but failed to make it a "charm" for the athletic board became suspicious last spring and wouldn't accept Bud Webster's recommendation. "Dirty politics," they whispered.



—S—

DELTA UPSILON

Fable: Once upon a Time there was a Nice group of bashful fraternity boys who never smoked, drank, chewed or—. They attended Sunday School every Saturday, very religiously, and never learned to do a naughty thing. Years passed by and then They moved from Green Street to across the street from University of Illinois property. And now it came to Pass that they Threw a dance; now they were still absolutely Pure and Virtuous and we just can't understand why the Dean has taken away all their Dances for this year. And now Children, run along to bed.



—S—

SIGMA PI

The Sig Pi's, a bunch of anemics, had been undersized weaklings for many years. One day they decided something must be done about it. A special meeting was called and after serious consideration the brethren decided to start developing their men in the freshman year. After searching for some form of vigorous physical labor (parlor sports barred) they hit on the idea of polishing cups. But after while they ran out of work. And the University always glad to help the boys (along and out) donated them an Intramural participation cup. It was given for excellency in Intramural scholarship, tiddley-winks, strip poker, mumblepeg, and hog calling.



—S—

PHI KAPPA SIGMA—They have a corner on the fraternity house market at Fourth and Chalmers streets, and have a reputation for pledging only rowdies.

PHI DELTA PHI—Be careful with these boys or they will have the law on you; they are model law observers, especially in their strict (ha ha) observance of the Eighteenth Amendment.

—S—

PHI KAPPA PSI—Their house budget should make good net returns this year; they have the varsity tennis captain as a brother this season.

—S—

ILUS—If the Illio sales are good this year this organization will have an observation tower from which they can watch the football games in the Stadium (the business manager of the publication resides herein).

—S—

TRIANGLE—This isn't a fraternity; this is the engineers' club which has the use of the local fire engine at its annual fall dance (no, they're not THAT hot).

—S—

ALPHA CHI SIGMA—A professional chemistry fraternity. They have their annex at the Chem building.

—S—

ALPHA GAMMA RHO—The initials stand for Agriculture of course. No one ever heard of them until the Juniors picked an A. G. R. for class president last semester (or rather the committee did).

—S—

The Long and Short of It



Cover Charge



—S—

DEAN: And how do you find your classes this year, Mr. Marshall?

PONY: Awgwan . . . I walk over to Uni Hall and there they are!

—S—

COR: Lady, there's no red light on your car.

CO-ED: No sir, it's not that kind of a car.

—S—

FROSH (*tearing into the seminar*): Quick . . . I want Caesar's life.

LIBRARIAN: Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it.

—S—

ALPHA SIGMA PHI—Their dining room tables are built for six footers; and they have a row of steins on the bric-a-brac in this same room — we think they're bragging.

—S—

COSMOPOLITAN—The only really tolerant, non-sectarian, non-partisan group on the campus. Emuf sed.

—S—

THETA DELTA CHI—We can't say anything for or against this fraternity; in its membership is one Robert D. Ticknor who is a member of the Illini Board of Control—the body which decides the destinies of this magazine.

—S—

ZETA PSI—The home of the famous Harold E. (The E stands for Edward) "Red" Grange whose brother is in school; that's all.

TAU KAPPA EPSILON
DELTA KAPPA EPSILON

Many persons get the Tekes mixed up with the Dekes because their names sound alike. But a contributor told us the way to keep them apart: the Dekes have a dog — the Tekes haven't; the Dekes have the the varsity football captain this fall; Dekes live near the campus; the Tekes have nary a letterman; and they live at the edge of Champaign; the Dekes were established in 1841; the



Tekes in 1899; the Dekes have the varsity basketball captain (this is his fifth year in school) while the Tekes have some real students; the Dekes are represented in Ma-Wan-Da and Sa-chem; the Tekes don't play dirty politics; the Dekes have the president of Mask and Bauble (which means more dirty politics) while the Tekes can't act — no, they can't even pose; the Dekes have a pin similar to that of Mortar Board while that of the Tekes reminds the campus of T. N. E. (or lives there a soul who has forgotten of said organization?)



—S—

ZETA BETA TAU—The near winners in the Intramural participation contest last year; they lost by one wink in the tiddleywinks contest.

—S—

ALPHA DELTA PHI—Some time ago a traveling circs wanted to rent a corner of their yard to set up its tent, but the influence of one Jimmie Barr, always opposed to everything, prevented it.

—S—

ALPHA RHO CHI—Their crest should appear over the entrance of the Arch building for they are the future architects of the world.

—S—



Did you know you had a spot of gravy on your lapel?

Say, that's not gravy. I'm a Chi Phi pledge.

SIGMA NU

Since the business manager and art editor of this magazine are Sigma Nu's it is only right that this house should be listed for the guidance of freshmen. Ah, what drags these boys have. This bunch is known for its tolerance. During exam period last spring the boys seriously objected to the singing which occurred nightly in the Harvard apartments next door; but how different it is when someone objects to them about their dog; for further information ask the Champaign police officers who forced them to muzzle the hound a year ago. But we can't blame the poor dog for trying to eat people up; if we had to live on the food eaten at this dump, we'd do the same.



—S—

SIGMA ALPHA EPSILON

No sir, the Sigalfs certainly do not believe in using the sweatbox on rushees, — but — they never have been known to land a new member without working on him in a locked room filled with smoke for at least three hours. "Yes sir," one rushee was told: "Dear old Sigma Alpha Epsilon is a wonderful fraternity, for our national secretary devotes his life to the work of the organization."



Now of course, he isn't paid for the work. They kept their house open last summer during summer school to serve meals and advertised the fact by sending placards around with these words upon them: "Eat with your friends at the S. A. E. house." We went there for one meal but we didn't recognize one street cleaner or truck driver who was there.

—S—

DELTA TAU DELTA

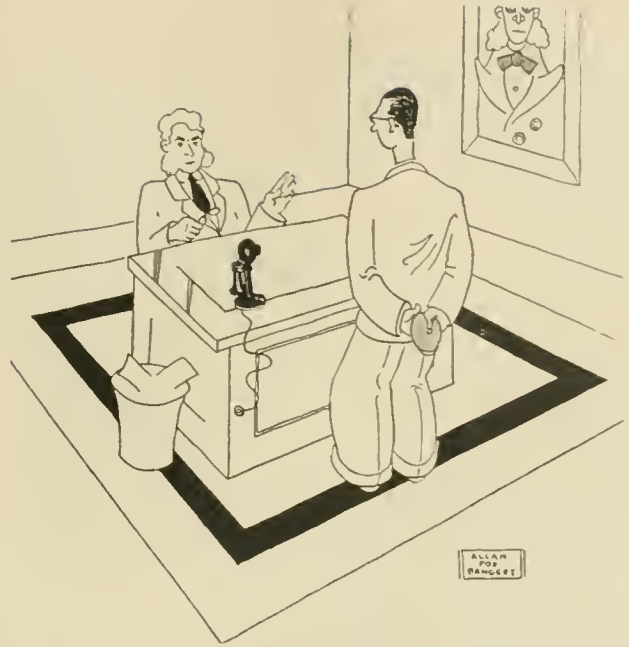
Way back in 1872 a need was felt by certain students for an orderly house in which beer could be served; this competition with the saloons lost a lot of pledges for the Delts and kept many men out of the gutters at night. Anyhow, the wet beer makes it easy sliding into Ma-Wan-Da (the supposedly senior honorary *activity* organization) for that society picked three men from this house last year and again this year; yet Dean K. C. Babcock (another Delt) maintains he is not the reason why so many of his fraternity brothers are not kicked out of school!



—S—

BABE: Why do they call that professor Artie?

BEE: Oh, because they hope he'll choke.



GOLIATH: Why don't you stand up like a man and fight?

DAVID: Don't get in a hurry, Big Boy. Wait 'till I get a little boulder.

—S—

THETA KAPPA NU — Possessors of the only man eating dog on the campus. They live in the shadow of Beta Sigma Psi.

—S—

DELTA THETA PHI—The boys who live in the little red school house.

—S—

BETA SIGMA PSI—Would be politicians but all they are capable of doing is to listen to the leaders.

—S—

KAPPA ZETA RHO—They entered a sketch "The Wetwash Theatrical Agency" in the last Post-Exam Jubilee. We'll say they were complete wash-outs.

—S—

OMEGA BETA PI—We never heard of 'em; we can't comment on 'em; that's a good rhyme, anyhow.

—S—

LAMBDA CHI ALPHA — Their house looks good—but you ought to see the inside!

—S—

PHI KAPPA TAU—The home of Eugene E. Dierking—junior class president last year and their house president: what a choice! And yet 'they' say politics do not enter into activities on the campus.

—S—

THETA CHI—Harrison L. Winter lives here; he controls R. O. T. C. (Renegades of The Campus) this year.



dou. s. king.

—S—

FRIEND TO HUNTER: "Have you been hunting?"

HUNTER: "Yes."

FRIEND: "Did you shoot anything?"

HUNTER: "Yes, I shot my dog."

FRIEND: "Was he mad?"

HUNTER: "Well, he wasn't so damned pleased!"

—Jack-O-Lantern

—S—

HEARD AT THE ORPH

HE: Let's play "house"; you be the mamma and I'll be the papa. We'll pretend it's 5 o'clock in the morning and I'm just getting home.

SHE: Okeh.

(He staggers across the stage and she, who has been asleep a long time, awakes).

HE: Oh, darling, I had a terrible night at the office.

SHE: You poor dear; you must be awfully tired.

HE: I am, but the work had to be done.

SHE: I feel so sorry for you. Let me help you undress.

(She helps him take his coat, shoes, socks, and tie off).

SHE: (helping him remove his shirt): Oh, honey, your underwear is gone!

HE: My God, I've been robbed.

—S—

CHI OMEGA

The house of the famous town girls. "The Chio-makeshift's do NOT neck." Mary Crathorne said so, and Mary oughta know. These blond femmes are a good gang we've heard, but it seems that no fellow is willing to risk a blind date at the house. S'queer. Well, mebbe the gals are built for comfort and not for speed, but we feel sure that they will 'arrive.'



—S—

LAMBDA OMEGA

The "hams what am." Athletes inside and out, and porch swing Pollys.

—S—

ALPHA DELTA THETA

Last year one rushee looked this gang over . . . and took a room in the West Residence Hall! Oh-o!

—S—

THIETA PHI ALPHA

If fish made this bunch as goodlooking as they are lead us to a whale! They absolutely deny their speed, BUT watch their smoke.

—S—

GAMMA PHI BETA

Lots of southern girls here . . . oh, so sweet. No geyser can beat them for gushing. Stroll by their hut, Woman's Residence Hall Annex, some evening and listen to the lines . . . (telephone). They're always busy. (paid adv.). But they aren't bashful, no sirree. The spade they use is a . . . steam shovel. Dig a little deeper . . . and how!

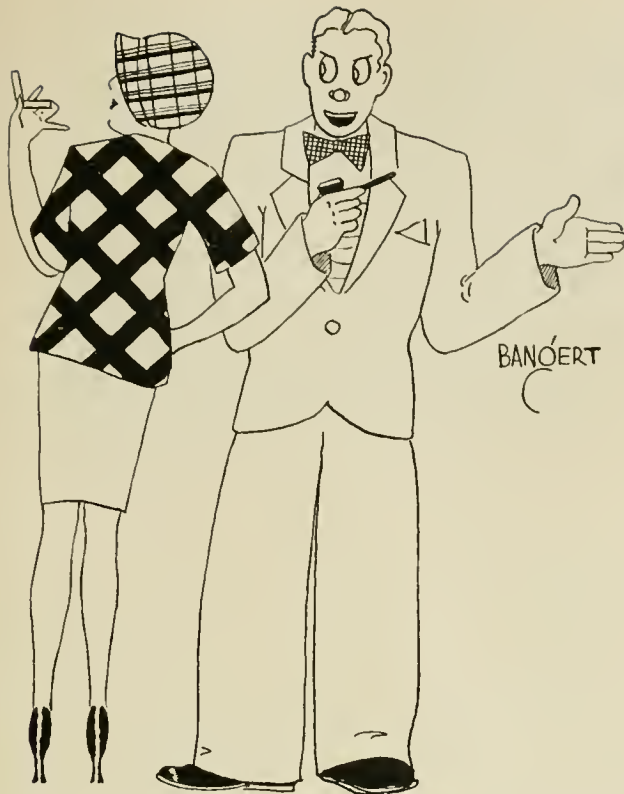
—S—

PHI MU

Better known as Phi Mug. One glance at the Illio picture of the chapter ensemble will show you why. (They HAFTA!)

—S—





One D. U. says that if Alpha Chi Omegas get him any more blind dates with women taller than he is, he's going to have to go down and get his face lifted.

—S—
PLEASE TELL US

If Negro fraternities use white balls as White fraternities use black balls?

Why the University has traffic lights on the campus when it has a no-car rule?

Why the seven girls who attended the party at the Phi Alpha Delta house between Commencement and summer school last spring became so sick that they had to lie on the front porch?

Where Helen Barrett has been all these years when she insists that none of her A. O. Pi sisters neither smoke, swear, drink nor pet?

If girls who are buggy, use Roach powder?

What was the cause of Bud Stewart losing the hair on his head?

If this saying has anything to do with Eleanor Lambert. "Red hair results from rusting ivory?"

—S—
PRE-MED: Have you read: "Things about your anatomy"?

PRE-MEDIATE: No, heh, heh . . . mine are pale blue.

—S—
ANUBIS—They possess a pin with a beetle thereupon. A sort of buggy outfit, don't you think?

They call this the Beta fort. Its interior is so large that once upon a time the breakfast bell rang five minutes late: a freshman on the third floor back who, after failing to get to the breakfast room before the doors closed d'ed of fatigue due to the long distance he traveled in vain. They even brag about their large membership by using this time worn illustration which they relate to prospective members year in and year out: "Once upon a time two boys went away to college. They saw each other at Christmas while home on a vacation. Said one to the other: "Where have you been?" "At Illinois," he replied. "Why so have I," the first replied. "Did you belong to a fraternity?" "Yes, the Beta's," was the next reply. "Why, so did I," was the second answer."



—S—
DELTA SIGMA PHI—Not contented (financially) with their home they built a new one. They throw some mean house dances, too.

—S—
ACACIA

One has to be a Mason to be an Acacian, but what a contrast! Honestly, this gang has a reputation for objecting to every little thing which does not turn out to suit it. This goes in re: to Intramural athletics, scholastic details and even house dances, and their singing ability. Why, two years ago they thought it awful when Sachem ruled them out of the fraternity sing the second successive year after they had won the contest. "It was because they knew we could have won it," they clamored. But their name didn't even appear on the honorable mention list when they were allowed to enter the contest again last Interscholastic.

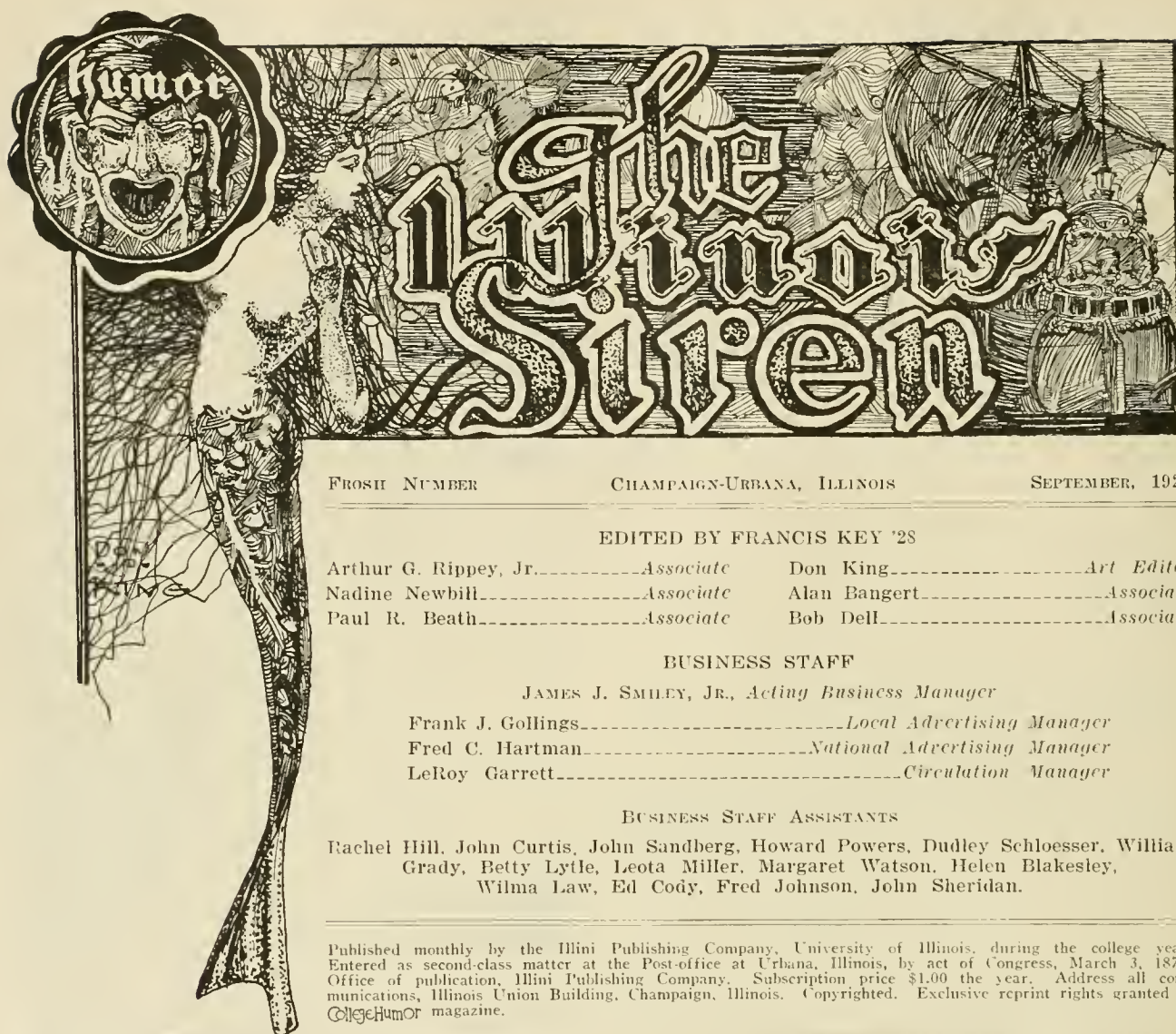


—S—
WAITER (to couple *tete a-tete*): What'll you have sir?

DON JUAN: Honeymoon salad.

WAITER: What is that, sir?

DON JUAN: Lettuce alone.



FROSH NUMBER

CHAMPAIGN-URBANA, ILLINOIS

SEPTEMBER, 1927

EDITED BY FRANCIS KEY '28

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Epistle Dedicatory

SOMETHING had to be dedicated, so it might as well be this issue. (Jahveh smile upon it!) Siren needs it, what with the editor taking a forced vacation in Kansas City, victim of old man Noivuss Brake Down, the staff scattered to the four winds, and contribs noteworthy by their presence elsewhere.

But this should not be entirely a lament: there's a bright side,—somewhere. Anyhow, we gotta glad-hand these frosh, and tell 'em how glad we are to see their subscriptions roll in, (\$1.00 a year, eight issues, half-price, buy now.)

Then to the frosh again, especially that half of the class in the Sigma Nu house, we announce the presence of contrib boxes about the Campus, at which points the University police maintain order in the daily rush of contributors. These latter storm our citadels regularly, but of course we can use only the most perfect of material. We do not say this to discourage you, girls 'n boys; only, we repeat, to let you know how popular we are.

Now this reminds us of the frosh last week who subscribed to our great and glorious monthly, (\$1.00 a year, eight issues, half price, buy now).

When the salesman asked for this youth's address, he admitted having pledged "some frat on Green Street,—but I can't remember which one!"

It so chanced that our bright Siren salesman knew his pledge buttons. 'Twas Alpha Rho Chi.

Remember, we accept everything from wisecracks to pop-bottles.

And How—The Siren Originated

Tw'as hundreds and hundreds of years ago,
That the wily Odysseus,
Escaped the snares of those siren girls,
Like Pandora did Epimetheus.

Those siren sisters had the art,
Of vamping the old-time sailors,
But Ody got by when he tied up his boys,
To keep them from being such wailers.

So the two older sisters gave up in disgust,
And jumped in the deep blue sea,
And King Jove turned them into beautiful cliffs,
For a kind-hearted old fossil was he.

But the younger sister determined to live,
And so she refused to jump,
For this young Siren gal was a good lookin' fish,
So she left for a better dump.

She searched o'er the sea for another ship-load
Of those butter and egg men from Homer,
But she finally concluded 'twas an co-ed's job,
So she gave up her job as a roamer.

She strove to improve her vocal renown,
And challenged the Muses to duel,
Just because they to their old proteg'e,
Would not send a ship cross the pool.

Well, she won the duel from these dear old maids,
And so great was their chagrin,
That they tore all the feathers off of her,
Which left her exceedingly—thin.

So she cast about for a new place to work,
Where the Muses would never dare come,
Mirabile dictu, she heard of Champaign,
Now that Siren wasn't so dumb.

She packed up her tape in an over-night bag,
Starting out in the morning mist,
She swam up the Boneyard with smiles on her face,
And arrived at the campus—sun kissed.

Here at last, a Utopia she'd never dreamed of,
Where the Muses would never arrive,
The cancer of culture—and all that it brings,
'Twas a marvelous, wonderful dive.

She chuckled with joy as she took out her tape,
Prepared for the rest of her days,
And she laughingly signed a gilt-edged contract,
For a monthly appearance—always.

And so here is the Siren—the voice of this Wit,
May she live on forever and aye,
And when you read this you are hearing her voice,
The voice of our Campus, what say?

O. R. SHARP, *Georgetown, Illinois.*



A LA SOPHIE TUCKER

"When she was at the seashore some fellow pulled up and pinched her purse."

"But I thought she wore a garter purse?"

"She did, but she never once suspected that he was a thief prowling around after her money."

—Scream.

————S————

OILED: Do you wear teddies?

SPOILED: Yes, we are both in the same fraternity.

—Widow.

————S————

"Who killed cock robin?"

"Me," said the sparrow. "Wid my little gat I shot him full of lead, and I'll do the same fer any other high-hat hoid dat comes nosin' around dis south end of Chicago!"

—Harvard Lampoon

————S————

PETE: Boy, my girl is good necking.

AL: I'll say she is.

PETE: What's that?

AL: I say, is she?

—Argwan.

————S————

"I'm a traveling man."

"Well, don't stop."

—Character.

————S————

Admiral Berry and wife were out taking a walk.

SENTRY: Halt! Who goes there?

MRS. BERRY: We're the Berry's.

SENTRY: Don't give a damn if you're the cat's meow. You can't go by here.

—Cracker.

————S————

"Is Mary congenial?"

"No, she isn't that kind of a girl."

—Pup

BRIDE OF 72 HOURS A SUICIDE

Too young to marry anyway.

—Harvard Lampoon

————S————

"We've knocked a man down. Aren't you going to stop?"

"Oh, that's all right. We'll read all about it in the papers."

—Phoenix

————S————

"My good man, you'd better take a taxi home."

I she no ushe. My roommate wouldn't let me . . . keep it in the house anyway."

—Dr. Ford.

————S————

THE COP: Say! I almost broke my neck followin' you around them curves.

SHE: Well, I hope this teaches you not to chase after every pretty girl you see!

—Life.

————S————

"I hear that Harvard is going to give up her crew."

"Yes, the water is getting too rough."

—Yale Record.

————S————

"Do you know the last thing in stripped poker?"

"No. What is it?"

"B. V. D's."

—Brown Jug.

————S————

'28: "Who were the two women you and Jack were out with last night?"

'29: "A pair of convent girls."

'28: "How?"

'29: "Oh, it was nun o' this and nun o' that."

—Jester.

Style Tradition

Every style tradition of college atmosphere has been faithfully observed and developed in a vast collection of materials—exclusive, unusual, collegiate, principally imported—and nothing else but.

CARSON - MOONEY

—College Clothes—

619 East Green Street, Champaign, Illinois



DILL: And how did you find the weather in California?

BILL: Oh, easy! Just outside the hotel.

Two Stores

202 South Mathews
and
610 East Daniel

Completely equipped and conveniently
located with books and supplies
for every course.

THE REAL CO-OP

Illinois' Only Cooperative Bookstores

The SIREN

ALPHA TAU OMEGA

At last the greatest politician the A. T. O.'s ever had is gone — yea, he was even greater than dear Dean Clark, a brother fratter — but his deeds shall not be forgotten, for new furnishings are being placed in the house. This is no insinuation against Ted Doescher—the politician referred to—who was senior class president last semester. And as a supplement to The Daily Illini we might add this news item: the senior class affairs brought in a lot of profit. Perhaps you haven't heard of the freshman who fainted last year when he tried to pick up the knocker on their door (that last one was to prove they TRY to do things on a massive scale).



—S—

CHI PSI

A wild jubilant Representative shot off a firecracker in the last session of the state legislature.

No doubt it was a Chi Psi for we know of at least one local chapter member who took a cap gun to a Philosophy lecture here last semester. We'll bet it was Prof. Lamprecht's section. They think they're a game bunch so they named their house after a hunting lodge. Anyhow, the walls on the third floor of the shack are plastered with pictures of women. There you can find Sadie of the 7 veils and Tillie with a Turkish towel around her neck.



—S—

KAPPA SIGMA

We always had the notion that monstaches were signs of manhood. Last spring we saw such hirsute adornment straining the soup on the upper lips of most of these dear boys. Can anyone tell us why and how they acquired them (maybe they're harelips?) A year's subscription to The Siren will be given for the solution to this enigma. Last year they won the Intramural penny pitching contest (they practiced all year on their front porch). But there is one contest they have never won, i. e., they always lose out in the annual battle for grades with the faculty. In fact, every year at Commencement they always come out several degrees lower than they expected.



—S—

ROOMMATE No. 1: You might at least thank me, I saved you from being criminally murdered last night.

ROOMMATE No. 2: Oh, and how did you ever do it?

R-M No. 1: I changed my mind.

ALPHA KAPPA LAMBDA

And in this cage, L-a-d-i-e-s (not Illinois coo-eds) and gentlemen (not the A. K. L.'s) we have the rudest, loudest, and most rambunctious group of he-males ever assembled. Their manners, customs and traditions are the most robust that was ever subjected to a University campus. Everything they do runs parallel to the actions such as stated in that song "We're the Girls from the Institute"; the editor of the Y's "I" book after which this edition of The Siren is somewhat modeled is a prodigy of this fraternity and it was only fitting that the "Y" selected a boy of his fraternity's character to edit such a book for the guidance of the poor innocent freshmen.



—S—

PHI SIGMA KAPPA

If you think you will become an athlete in the future wait until you become a junior or senior and then Phi Sigma Kappa will pledge you. That is just exactly what happened last year to the varsity baseball captain and two rather famous football players. We believe that this fraternity is trying to get a corner on athletes for it claims as members the present varsity swimming captain, another letterman in baseball, another football man and a track man. And THIS is the fraternity which played host to the Pierrots' dancers who swayed to the beautiful rhythmic strains of an orchestra — and all in the dark — all through the night.



—S—

CHI PHI

Just as school closed last semester The Daily Illini printed an item stating that three loving cups were stolen from the Kify house. And now they haven't a single cup to keep their matches in. But with such an apartment house which they possess they should have all the latest built in equipment, including wine chests, sunken beer gardens, etc. We'll say they were sunk, all right, all right, for the Council of Administration is letting them slide along this semester without any social functions.



—S—

CHARLIE HICKMAN: Why you dumb girl, I really don't believe you know the difference between a jackass and a ballot box.

DELTAGAM FROSH: Well, I don't believe I would call you a ballot box.

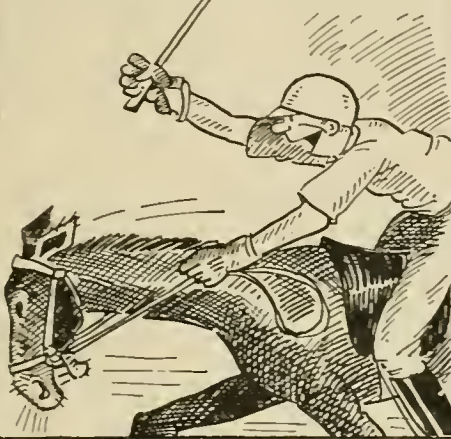
—S—

They call Benlah 'Olive' because she hates to leave her bottle!

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?

By BRIGGS

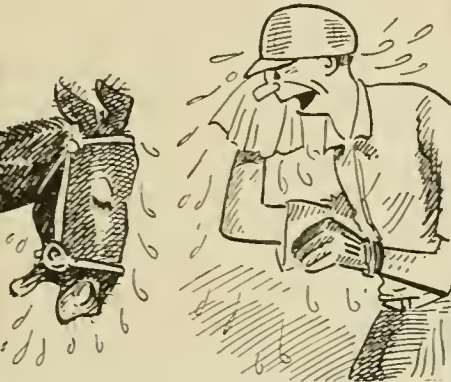
WHEN YOU'VE BEEN RIDING
"GREAT GUNS" FOR EIGHT
DESPERATELY-FOUGHT CHUKKERS



AND IN THE CLOSING MINUTE
OF PLAY, YOU'VE SLAMMED
THE BALL HOME FOR THE
WINNING GOAL



AND, WHEN YOU DISMOUNT,
IT'S A TOSS-UP WHICH IS
THE WETTEST.... YOU OR YOUR
PONY



AND YOUR TONGUE IS
HANGING OUT FOR A
REGULAR GIGARETTE



AND THAT NIFTY-LOOKER
IN THE FIELD BOX ANTICIPATES
YOUR WANTS AND ASKS YOU
TO HAVE AN OLD GOLD



OH-H-H BOY! AIN'T IT A
GR-R-R-RAND AND
GL-L-LORIOUS FEELIN'?



© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload

"CHUCK" BAILEY
Class of '14

SHELBY HIMES
Class of '20

To the Class of '31 and to all old Illini, we extend a hearty welcome. You'll find this a real Illini Store. "Wan'ch to meet the folks:"

"Chuck" Bailey '14-----General Manager
Shelby Himes '20-----Sales and Purchases
Ora Keating '07-----Drawing Department
Dorothy Edwards '30-----Womans' Athletics
Si Huntington '29-----Fountain Pens
Walt Wessman '23-----Athletics
Bud Jolly '30-----Athletics
Jack Treece '28-----Note Books and Stationery

Jim Bonnett '24-----Athletics
Harold Minister '28-----Paper and Supplies
John Orsley '28-----Electrical Supplies
J. Hazen Fletcher-----Office Manager
Grace Campbell-----Bookkeeper
Earle Gladding-----Shipping Department
Velma Ulrich-----Stenographer
Truxon Keating-----Tennis Rackets

All these people are anxious to meet you and to serve you.

BAILEY & HIMES

"Athletic Headquarters for the Campus"

"Chuck" Bailey

Shelby Himes



She: Say! What do you think you are doing.
He: Oh, about forty-five.

SIGMA CHI

The Sig Chi's claim they have the best 'sweet-heart song' of any like boarding club, yet not a single girl took a Sig Chi pin away last year (this isn't a Scotch joke.) They may be singers but they're not politicians. Why? Judge for yourself: Bill Kent, President of the Illinois Union didn't even make Ma-Wan-Da. We have a good one to tell on John Browning, another singer (?), but we don't dare razz him for we still need publicity in The Daily Illini. He runs it this year, you know.



—S—

TAU EPSILON PHI

Since three brothers in this organization were given the gate by Illini Board of Control when they applied for the editorship of the Illio and Technograph and the business managership of the latter publication, there has been a continual calling line established between their house and the Dean's office. Perhaps they called there so often to prevent the University from cutting down the cost of the new house which they are completing this fall. This is probable for they want to spend all the money they can.



PHI DELTA THETA

Long time ago the Phi Deltas were active. Now the only active thing about them is the squad of pledges who cavort around in the front yard with a lawn mower. But how they get so many pledges is a question for the only attractive thing they can offer is "the most beautiful house on the campus" (this is a verbatim quotation). Another thing: they have a knack of running for the big jobs and missing out in the end. To wit, Bill Ward was an aspirant for the Illio editorship and "Skip" Fox went out for the "Y" presidency last spring and ended up a la Phi Delt. And this is the fraternity which never accepts a transfer Fidelit—unless he forgets to wear his pin the first day here and is pledged.



—S—

PROF FLOM: And how did you like the Norwegian fjords, while you were on your tour?

FACULTY FEMALE: Oh, but my dear Professor, we never rode in anything cheaper than a Rolls Royce the entire time!

—S—

JACK: Honey, I'm wild about you.

RUTH J: Thank you, Dearest . . . where shall we eat?

JACK: I'm wild about you Honey . . . not crazy.

—S—

PI KAPPA ALPHA—The ones who made T. N. E.'s membership swell several years ago; but they're good sports.

—S—

SIGMA PHI EPSILON—They're still trying to raise a lawn in front of their house. In summer school it looked like a weed patch.

—S—

SIGMA ALPHA MU—Regular rounders (grab an Illio and look at the picture of their house), and their pin shows it, too.

—S—

SIGMA PHI SIGMA—Their house here is like Sigma Phi Sigma abodes on every other campus; not a very original gang, we'd say.

—S—

ALPHA EPSILON PI—Their big new house is imposing a great burden on them these days. Figure that out for yourself.

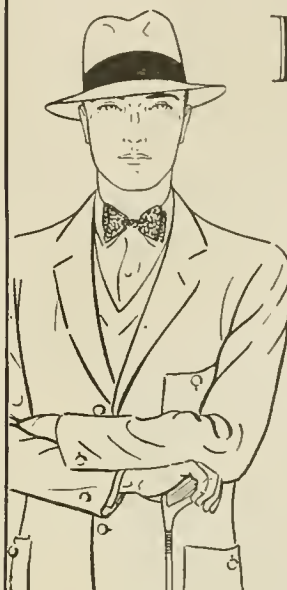
—S—

DELTA PHI—The house with a curved walk. A great help to staggering homecoming brothers.

—S—

PHI EPSILON PI — Les Weinrott, Illinois' greatest actor, made this one famous.

STETSON HATS



THE smart style and fine quality of a Stetson are merely reflections of long experience and superb workmanship, matched by no other fine hat maker in the world.

Eight Dollars
and up

Styled for Young Men

PHI KAPPA

Shhhhh! We hear that fish is served regularly at the Phi Kap house. This is the first time to our knowledge that Hebrews did such a thing. And with this astonishing news comes the report that Ku Klux Klan is meeting at the abode. With such a combination we can readily understand why they won the Intramural baseball championship last year. Of course you know what we mean by that for you have heard the story of the game played between the Catholics and Hebrews, being refereed by a K. K. K. and whose proceeds went for the construction of a home for Negro orphans.



—S—

Phi Tau: For two cents I'd kiss you . . .

Kappa: Well, here's fifty cents, let's get going.

—S—

Mother: When I was your age nice young girls never held a young man's hand.

Daughter: Well, nowadays a nice young girl HAS to hold a young man's hand.

—S—

Wife (at head of stairs): Is that you Johnny?

Hubby: Sure, who was you expecting?

—S—

The agriculturist makes his living from dirty dirt. So does the Siren.

The SIREN

KAPPA DELTA RHO

Best known for their activities in journalism; just count their members in Sigma Delta Chi. They are also acute politicians; they give everyone a pain. For that reason their attitude in rushing, entertaining and conversation is always mistaken. But maybe their founders were Scotch and if that is true we can't blame them for trying to get everything they can and keeping everything they've got (this is not an advertisement). And this is the only fraternity which gives its annual formal in the fall. They just can't stand the warm weather of spring — or maybe it is given so the brothers will have a chance to have return dates again in the year.

—S—

TAU DELTA TAU — Their fortunes rested on the broad shoulders of Bernie Shively, All-American football guard. Now that he has gone, the poor boys, m'gosh, what'll become of them?

—S—

GAMMA PI UPSILON—Professional chemists. They're sure to have snappy comebacks for they're always working on retorts.

—S—

My Resolutions Upon Entering College

1. To never go out with women—over thirty.
2. Not to smoke—my own cigarettes.
3. Not to swear—when there are ladies around.
4. To drink no more liquor—on the 30th of Feb.
5. To study every night in the week—except seven.
6. To go to bed early—in the morning.

—D-r-e-d-

—S—

THETA XI—Their proposed home has the appearance of a palatial apartment; the place will be so large that each brother will have to carry a pair of semaphore flags in order to communicate with the rest.

CHI BETA

As the editor of this publication is a member of this organization which ranked 59th in scholastic standing last semester it would not do to razz the house too much for fear the writer might get kicked off his staff. Anyhow, this unsocial group of prisoners (because they live in an abode which has the outside appearance of a prison) is known for having rules which prohibit brothers from drinking and gambling while attending the University — but please tell us WHY three of them were up before the Council last fall following the football game with Michigan and why one of them was kicked out of school and the other two "disciplined."

—S—

PHI GAMMA DELTA

Yes sir, the Feegee's have a national reputation for solidness. They are good neckers; they like their booze, crap shooting is a favorite indoor pastime; politics are indulged in to the very lowest extent. It is even said that one of their boys who was the "Y" president here in recent history got his office by the most silent method ever used in politics—and the "Y" claims to run everything on the honor basis! The last two editors of The Daily Illini were Feegee's but not so this year (all the good junior news editors were already pledged last fall). But we won't say anything against the fraternity (?) for our beloved Prexy, David Kinley wears the organization's pin; we aren't sure he does, but if he doesn't we wouldn't blame him for wanting to keep it a secret.

—S—

DELTA SIGMA PI—These boys go in for the light and fantastic light of artistry; they're supposed business men but can't give a straight account of themselves.

Never Before so Much for Your Money

Suits to Your Individual Measure—Choice of 200 Patterns

\$25.⁰⁰

ROGER ZOMBRO & CO.

PROF. ZEITLIN: I call my 8 o'clock quiz the Pullman class . . . because it has three sleepers and an observation section.

DEAN CANTOR: Very good. I call my nine o'clock Vergil class the pony express.

—S—

NURSE: It's a girl, Professor ...

ABS. M. PROF: Very well, show her in.

—S—

*Evening star,
Summer's night;
Old time wish that goes
"Star bright . . ."*

*School is on,
Love's insane—
The same old star . . .
Another . . . name!*

—S—

MINISTER (reading text): "I am alpha and omega."

ABSENT MINDED FRATTERS: What chapter, brother, what chapter?

HEARD AT TRACK MEET

BO: Did you see that broad-jump.

BO₂: Must be a Pifi—they're always doing something crazy.

—S—

KENTUCKY DERBIER: Do you play the ponies?

SENIOR: Why, yes—at exam time.

—S—

I've had this cold in my nose so long. I've nicknamed it Horatius.

Why?

Horatius at the Bridge.

—S—

MARY: Oh, dear, I've lost the second hand on my watch!

JANE: You're in luck, there's a second hand store next door.

—S—

SIGMA ALPHA IOTA

These goils may not be so hot looking, but they admit (without modesty), that they have unexcelled musical talent. We understand the girl swore awfully keen on being in the Shi Ai Sing last year, but dear . . . dear I guess the S. A. I's aren't as popular among the other houses as they'd like to be.

The Murray Label on the suit you buy is a badge of style authenticity, a stamp of conservative good taste. Clothing bearing the Murray Label appeals to men in whom dignity and refinement are inherent qualities



NEW YORK • ROCHESTER • LOS ANGELES

ADLER ROCHESTER CLOTHES

DELTA ALPHA EPSILON—The house without any windows—the founders of this organization were Christian Scientists who do not believe in panes.

—S—

DELTA CHI—The only house which can get excuses consistently at the health service station; they have "Doc" Beard as a facultyman.

—S—

DELTA: Hey you, don't spit on the floor in this house.

UPSILONS Why not? Does the floor leak?

—S—

T.K.E.: How come you went Chi Psi, Bob?

BOB: Well, you see it was this way . . . the Sigma Nus and the Chi Psis had a fight over me . . .

T.K.E.: Oh, I see, and the Sigma Nus won!

—S—

PI KAPPA PHI—Their activities usually run to dramatics, but they're natural actors — always pretending.

—S—

KAPPA TAU BETA—The best chapter of this organization is at Illinois.

One Man Tells Another



Come in—

and look 'em over. Our Braeburn "Royal Oxfords," "Hopsac Stripes," and "Highland Cheviots" sound the new note in fall clothing for the University man. Skillfully designed and smartly tailored.

Shown Exclusively by

Rosens'
Mens Stylists

Downtown—Champaign

She (over the telephone): Who is this?
He: This is Boo.
She: Boo? Boo Who?
He: Don't cry little girl, I'll take you out.

S

It is almost positive that the Alphachis will win the 'loving cup' this year. Such popularity must be deserved.

S

The famous speaker paused. One could have heard a pin drop. A young lady whispered to her escort: "Jimmy have you a pin?" He smiled understandingly. She blushed. Evidently he had not heard the pin drop. (*re-ramped from the REEL*).

S

Headline in Chicago Herald and Examiner: "Fighter to Train in Preserve."

(Ed's Note: These boxers always seem to be getting in jams).

S

DAN: "She swears she's never been kissed?"

DOTTIE: "Well that's enough to make anybody swear."

—Froth

S

"Having your girl down this week-end?"

"No, she's visiting her grandmother."

"But when her grandmother goes back to college you will, eh?"

—Princeton Tiger

S

SHE: "Sir, I want you to know that I am a lady!"

HE: "Oh, awright. You be that, and I'll try to imitate Napoleon."

—Sniper

S

THE GOLDEN VEST

Out where the waist band
Needs to be longer,
Out where the belt buckle
Needs to be stronger—
THAT'S where the VEST begins.

—Flamingo

S

Have you heard of the frosh who was so dumb she thought a neckerchief was the head of a sorority house?

S

Sigma Kappa: What kind of a dress did Sally wear at the party last night?

Kappa Sigma: Oh, I don't recall; I think it was checked.

S.K.: Hey, hey . . . what kind of a party was this?



—S—

Acacia: Do you mean to tell me you call your girl your step-mother?

Ilus: No . . . my STOP-mamma.

—S—

Lize: Ebenezer, y o' sure makes me think you got the equator on you.

Eb: Whadda you-all mean, Lize?

Lize: You've got such a hot line!

—S—

BLEARY BILL: Illinois politicians are grateful persons.

ANOTHER BLOKE: How come?

B. B.: They are very appreciative of Small contributions.

—S—

Sig: Ah . . . so you are boot-legging now?

Ch: Naw . . . the only lick I can furnish is for sticking stamps on letters with.

—S—

SANDY: What's the raison for raising th' price of gasoline?

GAS STATION GUS: Why should that bother you . . . you haven't even got a car.

SANDY: True, but I've got a cigar lighter!

—S—


FRESHMAN LAD: I say, Cutie, can you tell me how to get to the McKinley Hospital?

Z. T. A.: Surest thing! Just call me that once more.

CLOTHES

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And Cut to Order


ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
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OUR STORE IS THE

Charter House

CHAMPAIGN AND URBANA

The character of the suits and
overcoats tailored by Charter House
will earn your most sincere liking.

KAUFMAN'S

ON THE CAMPUS

THETA ALPHA — The only fraternity on the campus which found it necessary to keep its house open in summer school for roomers and boarders in order to cover up a deficit in the commissary; but we have to hand it to "Tubby" Keller who ran the dining room—not a patron was lost.

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Specialists in Photo Finishing
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also in

Picture Framing
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Victrola Repairing

The New Victor Orthophonic
Records Weekly
Rent a Victrola for Your Room
or Group.

STRAUCH'S

First Boarder: I hear the landlady has just given birth to a child.

Second Unfortunate: Is it a fact?

First: No, it's just another roomer.

Did I hear you call the Thetas "Gabriels?"

Yes: They're such efficient snubbers.

THREE GUESSES

GUEST: How old is your wife?

HUBBY: Well, when they brought in the cake at her last birthday party, two guests fainted with the heat.

As Bleary Billy says, you can't sniff and spot the car-owners any more in these days of automatic cigar-lighters.

Gammaphies are guarenteed gold diggers, but then you must remember that *beauties always skin deep*.

"Young man, I'll have you know I'm a power in this community," declared the Judge. "Why I can ride anyplace in the Twin-Cities on my face."

"Kinda looks like you'd been doing it, I'll admit."

SONNY: Dad, who lays the Easter eggs?

DAD: Why-er-the layman, I suppose.

Smith is the yellowest player I ever came across. Yep, but the coach is color-blind.

FIRST SUE (at baseball game, ninth inning tie, two outs, three balls on batter): If Bud doesn't put that ball across the plate, our whole team will go to pieces.

SECOND SUE: Yep, a pitch in time saves nine.

If you were blindfolded and had a red onion in one hand and a white one in the other, how would you tell which was which?

I dunno.

Boy, you ust don't know your onions.

TEKE: I've never had more than one date with any girl.

ZETE: With your reputation, I wouldn't brag about it.

You've heard of all kinds of Scotch jokes, but have you heard about the two Scotch newspapers which offered \$50 000 to the first person to swim the Atlantic?

THE BOY: Did you know Bill S— had a boy?

ANOTHER BOY: Oh, is he married?

FATHER: "Daughter, you're showing your irascibility again."

DAUGHTERS "I can't help it, Father, I can't pull this skirt down any lower."

—Purple Parrot

VOICE ON PHONE: Do you keep Prince Albert in a can?

PAUL PREHN: Yes sir.

V.O.P.: Then let him out!

SORORITY SYLVIA: Goodness me, Mary, you don't mean to tell me you are a senior already? Why I hardly recognized you, you've aged so much!

NON-ORG. NANCY: I wouldn't have known it was you, either, only I recognized the dress.

Five: Did you say this skirt made me look shorter?

Feet: Yes, dear, but it makes me look longer.

Where did you get the new hat?

It's a present from the wife. I came home early yesterday and found it on the table.

PROF. CONKLIN (*In Psych 8*): Now we'll push on as rapidly as possible through hysterics, and then I shall start you in insanity immediately.

—S—

WIFEY: Drop that deck of cards this instant and come home, you little rat!

HURRY: Shut up, tub! I play poker when I got a mind to, hear? Back to your dishwater!

They were talking over the long distance telephone.

—S—

The Doctor told little Sammy he must go to the hospital. When he refused, the doctor asked him why not. "I know a hospital is a nice place, Doc," the child replied, "but I don't want a baby, I want a puppy."

—S—

THE POKER PLAYER'S SONG:

"Let me call you, sweetheart."

—College Humor

—S—

How come your freshman brother got out of Hygiene?

Well, you see our parents are conscientious objectors and my mother wouldn't let little Archibald listen to dirty stories.

—S—

Isn't that just two killing remarked Queen Guinivere, as she watched 2 knights duelling.

—S—

'31: "Say, Jack, is it considered bad form to stare at a co-ed on the street?"

'28: "Oh, certainly, unless it's a good form."

—S—

ANGRY PARENT: What time did you get in last night anyhow?

DAUGHTER: Why . . . er-a . . . about three o'clock.

A. P.: Then why the hell didn't you turn out the lights. Do you think I'm made of kale?

—S—

Fem: Stop . . .

Masc: What's the big idea?

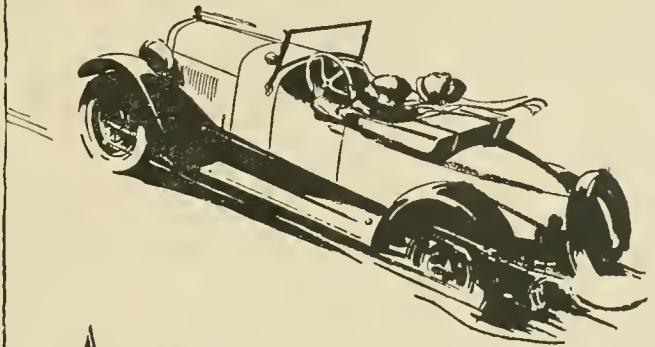
Fec: Wait 'til I take off my beads.

—S—

PROF. (*chaperone at a house dance*): I do hope you will pardon my dancing on your feet. I'm a little out of practice.

CO-EDUCATE CLARA: I don't object to your dancing on them. It's the continual jumping on and off that bothers me.

AN Essex Speedabout to some college artist



A TRIM, new Essex Speedabout with a special paint job, and seventy-five other prizes by Eugene Dietzgen Company will be awarded by COLLEGE HUMOR to the college artists submitting the best original drawings before January 15, 1928.

Drawings may be done in any medium in black and white. Several drawings may be submitted if return postage accompanies each drawing.

Three famous artists, James Montgomery Flagg, Gaar Williams and Arthur William Brown, will judge the drawings. In case of a tie two Essex cars will be awarded. Other drawings, if accepted, will be paid for at regular rates.

See the new Essex Speedabout you may win at

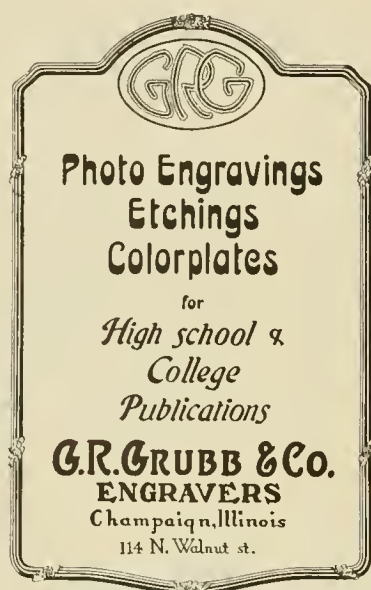
Hudson-Essex Sales and Service

H. A. SIMS, Proprietor

For complete details see a copy of COLLEGE HUMOR now on sale on the news-stands. Drawings should be sent immediately to the Art Contest Editor

CollegeHumor

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Marriott & Miles

BORED KAPPA (*to parlor date*): Say, wouldn't you like to take a long walk?

HE: Sure thing!

B. K.: Then don't let me detain you.

—S—

Salesman: This shirt is one of our best sellers; all the women like it.

Joe Collitch: Why?

Salesman: Oh, it's a broadcloth.

—S—

She: Wanna spoon?

He: Whaddya mean . . .

She: Looke at those couples over there spooning.

He: If THAT'S spooning, let's shovel.

—S—

People who live in glass houses should raise flowers and those who live in gas houses shouldn't smoke.

—S—

ZOOLOGY INSTRUCTOR: For this first meeting of the class we will start out by naming some of the lower animals, beginning with this young lady in the front seat.

—S—

ALPHA SIG: Did you hear that Stuart has joined the Straphangers Club?

PI K.A.: Yeh, I guess he's a member in good standing.

—S—

PLUMBER: I've come to fix up that old tub in the kitchen.

PLEDGE: Oh Mabel . . . here's the doctor to see the cook.

—S—

Bleary Billy says, that when he was in Chicago he saw cars parked on dark streets for no *good* reason at all.

—S—

SUE: Kind sir . . . please aid a maiden in distress.

HE . . . (*after giving her the once over*): No . . . not in THAT dress.

—S—

Nip: Do you know why they call sail boats 'she'.

Tuck: Sure . . . they make a better showing in the breeze.

—S—

—My girl's got the hoof and mouth disease.

—Yes? What are the symptoms?

—Eat and run!

—S—

Why do they call that Alpha Xi pledge Clara? Because of her Bow-legs.

What a difference

*—and at no more than
ordinary cost*

ANYONE inspecting GELVIN'S new Fall suits and overcoats is at once impressed with the great difference between these clothes and the ordinary run of ready made garments. GELVIN'S clothes MUST be different because they are designed expressly for Illini Men. Such original and altogether pleasing styles are not to be found in others. Yet GELVIN'S cost no more than ordinary clothes cost.



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Is Always Well Dressed*



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To smoke wisely and well, choose Camels

THERE'S an irresistible reason for choosing this famous cigarette. Not for its popularity alone, but for that superior quality that produces it. Camel wins its prestige with modern smokers by forthright value. It is rolled of the choicest tobaccos that money can buy, and its blending is the taste and fragrance triumph of tobacco science.

The Camel smoker is tobacco fit. He has

the best, with no scrimping or denial of cost. There are no four-wheel brakes on Camel; no brakes at all. It is full speed ahead, straight for quality.

Select Camel for smoking pleasure, and you'll join distinguished company. Particular, modern smokers have elected it on the principle of superiority.

"Have a Camel!"

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Page
copy 4

S I R E N

HERE-IN
THE ILLINI
MEAT THE
WOLVERINE

25¢



MICHIGAN • GAME • NUMBER • 1027

When you've picked the winner—

What a satisfaction
and joy when your
selection flashes
under the wire
ahead of the field!

**What a compliment
to your judgment!**



Fortunately, picking winners in clothes is largely a matter of choosing the right store. It is logical that a store like GELVIN'S which leads in thoroughbred clothes, should lead in all items of apparel. No matter what you buy at GELVIN'S you won't fail to pick a winner. And the satisfaction you get in wearing it is worth a good deal.



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THE longer you smoke Prince Albert, the more convinced you become that it is the most satisfying tobacco that ever nestled in the bowl of a jimmy-pipe. You get a brand-new thrill every time you open the tidy red tin and breathe that wonderful aroma.

And when you tuck a load into the business-end of your pipe, light up, and open the drafts—say, Mister! Cool as a letter from home, telling you to cut down your expenses. Sweet as an unexpected check in the next mail. Sweet and mild and long-burning.

So mild, in fact, that it never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how swift your pipe-pace. Yet it has that full, rich tobacco-body that lets you know you're smoking and makes you glad you *are*. Try Prince Albert, Fellows, and get the joy that's due you! Buy a tin today and get started!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

"One Man Tells Another"



"A Couple of Ringside Seats"

*And he will get them too,
—for he is smartly turned
out in a Braeburn Oxford*

Be sure of a dandy table and an evenings exhilarating pleasure by donning one of Braeburn's correct new "Royal Oxford Grays."

Braeburn
Smart Styled Clothes for University Men
Tailored At Rochester

procurable at

Rosens'
Mens Stylists

Downtown—Champaign

SEARCH

OR THE MAN WHO CAME BACK

(After the Russian)

Ivan was born in the darkest part of Russia . . . from the very first he realized the gloom and hopelessness of the land . . . in fact, being born at night, his first impression was of utter void . . . as he grew older he grew more solemn . . . "Nutski," said the neighboring peasants . . . "?," said his parents because they could not understand him . . . but Ivan said nothing . . . once he spent a whole day looking at a hole in his pocket trying to find out where the cloth had gone . . . he looked behind the table and under the straw where he slept at night, but he could not find it . . . he was just that way—always searching for something . . .

When his father and mother were beaten to death by the tax collector the neighbors thought the novelty of the occasion would cheer him up . . . it did not . . .

Now that his parents were dead the twelve year old Ivan went to Moscow still searching for something he could not find . . . for a week he tramped the streets cold and hungry . . . (all Russian peasants are cold and hungry) . . . he saw the soldiers tie three men on the gallows to be eaten by the birds but just walked on with a monotonous tread . . .

One night as he stood morosely by the river an old man asked him for a match . . . Ivan pushed him in . . . when the man came up and started to swim ashore Ivan pushed his head under again with a rock . . . the old man took the hint and didn't come up again . . . Russians are just like that . . . a policeman who saw this little incident arrested Ivan . . . within forty-eight hours Ivan was put on a train for Ibben where he was to be hanged . . . even this could not make him less dejected . . .

At Grachow the train stopped for water . . . Ivan looked out of the window and saw the college students with their vodka and kazatskis . . . it was the college homecoming . . . all at once Ivan jumped up with a shout and said (in Russian, of course), "I have found it!" . . .

"What?" (also in Russian) . . . said the guards . . .

"The most wonderful thing in life" . . . Ivan said staring at a man talking with the students . . . "there is an alumnus who just admitted he hasn't been successful in business . . ."

—S—

Our idea of a peaceful life, is a bookworm in a Hygiene text.



Distinguished by a favor that places it first

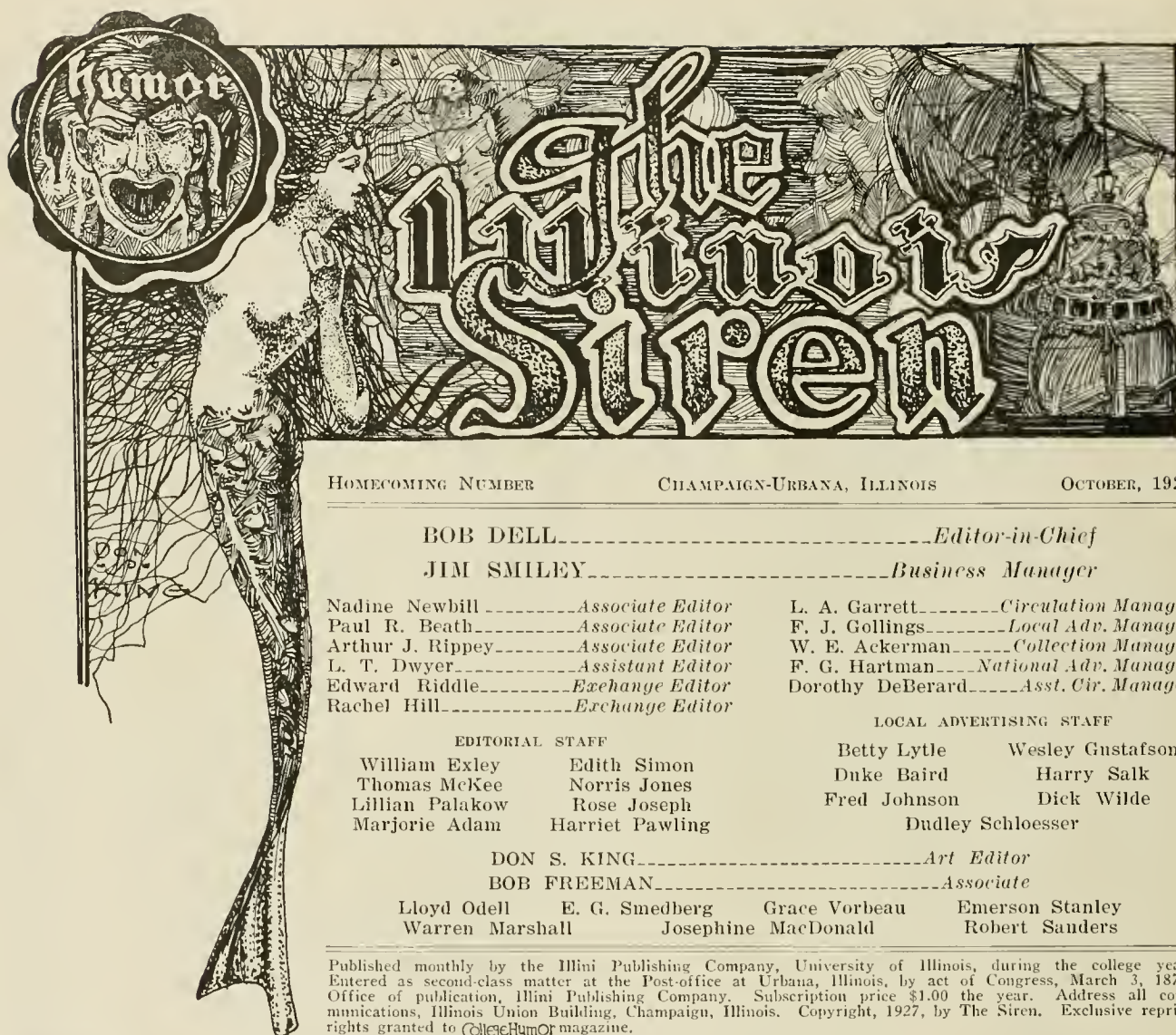
It is a natural pride that Camel feels for its triumphs. Not only did it lead the field shortly after its introduction. It passed steadily on with each succeeding year until today it holds a place in public favor higher than any other smoke ever reached. Camel is supreme with modern smokers.

Obviously, there is a quality here that particular smokers appreciate. It is indeed

the myriad qualities of perfection that are to be found in the choicest tobaccos grown. And the art of Nature is aided by a blending that unfolds each delicate taste and fragrance.

You will more than like Camels. You will find a solace in them every smoking hour. Their mildness and mellowness are an endless pleasure. "Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.



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CHAMPAIGN-URBANA, ILLINOIS

OCTOBER, 1927

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DEDICATION

This remarkable issue should be dedicated to our loyal, returning alumni, but, we must admit we hold a grudge. We fell for a gorgeously gay gazelle last year. However, she married our graduating room-mate (Pathos).

So out of pure spite we are giving the Delta Gams credit for this issue. This wonder organization boasts (and with good foundation) a hundred per cent chapter of Siren subscribers. Not only that, but Betty Lytle, the direct cause, secured eighty-six subscriptions in all, including one which she garnered from far off Japan. Great is the power of woman's tongue! (Applause).

Our noble supporters, the Chi O's also deserve honorable mention, coming in a good second in the sales, thanks to Dorothy DeBerard, energetic soul. (More applause).

We are greatly bucked with this display of enthusiasm on the part of the more subtle-sex, and have endeavored to put out a bigger and better issue by way of appreciation.

If you enjoy this number more than usually (thanx, we knew you would) do not tell us. Call the Delta Gams and the Chi O's too, and thank them—we did!

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BROADWAY and FIFTH—Gary

ORRINGTON and CHURCH—Evanston

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LYTTON COLLEGE SHOP
Has Everything for College Men

TOPCOATS , OVERCOATS , SUITS , HATS , SHOES
SHIRTS , HOSE , NECKWEAR , LEATHER JACKETS



To improve the machine

Two days after the victory. Yet the squad was hard at it developing a new and formidable attack. Always improving the machine!

Improving the machinery of telephone making has been the unceasing responsibility of Western Electric, since 1882 manufacturers for the Bell System.

If it has been a work big with responsibility it has been equally big with interest and opportunity. Many Western Electric men have found it so.

Among them are those who set new standards in the art of making wire—developed the utilization of organic materials for wire insulation—improved the method of using rubber in electrical equipment—and so perfected the processes of manufacture of cable as to make possible existing long distance communication.

This work of improvement, setting higher standards and then attaining them, goes on and on.



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* * *



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MILANO

"The Insured Pipe"

"It's a W D C"



No. 1739
A university favorite.
Has smart, long stem.



Quart—Betcha the Michigan team kicks off!
Her—I didn't even know they were sick.

A co-ed may love a boy from the bottom of her heart but there is always plenty of room at the top for at least one more.

THESE WOMEN

"How do you like the Siren since they cleaned up the humor?"

"Fine! I think it so noble of a College magazine to endeavor to be uplifting as well as humorous. Some College magazines are downright foul, you know."

"I'm glad you feel that way. Will you take a Siren subscription now?"

"Oh my stars, no! There isn't a thing in there for me to laugh at any more."

Salesman—Your boy friend will fall in love with these shoes.

Fresh She—He wouldn't stoop that low.



E. VORBAU

The Impolite Male (at open air party)—Say, it's cold here, among other things.

Chio—Well, you don't have to stay among other things.

LITTLE SIRRON'S LETTER HOME

Dear Ma:

Gee whiz, this is sure some place. It's so much bigger than Celery Center High. They have what they call "Frat clubs" here. They are something like the Christian Endeavor Club at home. A big crowd of boys live together, and have their meals in their house just like home. After dinner they all sing and talk and have a lot of fun. I went to one house for dinner one night. I must have made a big hit, because I saw fellows looking at me, and smiling. Some of them laughed. I think they'll pledge me next winter, because I heard one fellow say, "It'll be a darn cold day when I vote for him."

There's a place down here called Prehn's where everybody hangs around in the afternoon. A guy told me it was the Theta Phi Alpha chapter room. I wonder what he meant by that? A lad named "Fritz" is always running around saying "Hello Babe." I think he owns the place.

You know I wrote about the new library not being finished. That wasn't the library. It was the Theta Xi house. The library is smaller. The Gamma Phi's have a new house, too. Theirs has ten stairways. Guess they've a lot of weight to distribute. It would be too hard on one stairway. Speaking of weight, the Pi Phis must have put their rushees on scales before they pledged them.

Some lad wanted me to join the Illinois Union. I never was very interested in the labor question, so I let it pass. It sounded fishy to me. He said the Union did all the decorating for Homecoming, but I heard that the Alumni did most of the decorating when they came. He also said that the Union ran the elections, which is false. Anyone can see that the sophomore politicians run them, or think they do. I didn't join the "Y" because I've heard too many stories about the "Y" secretaries.

I received your cake, but the post man must have played soccer with it. It looked like a cross between the wreck of the Shenandoah and a Friday lunch at the Phi Kappa house.

That's all for this time, Ma.

Yours till I pass Hygiene.

SIRRON.

—S—

Deke—I recited forty minutes this morning.
Other Deadneck—Get an A?

First One Again—Naw, the Prof. dropped me from the course when I woke him up.



THE CHANGE

Oh what's become of the Co-eds fair
Who used to dress and talk so wild;
What's become of their short bobbed hair,
And what now makes them all so mild?

Oh what's become of those girls so rare
With hardened eyes and jaws so grim;
Who used all the Deans to dare,
With bold display of neck and limb?

What makes them now act so demure
Who once we thought all set for Hades?
Why it is Collitch Men for sure,
Who have changed them to College Ladies.

—S—

Oh, so here you are, I wondered if you'd be back
in school. Where are you staying now?
In school!

—S—

He (watching the game)—He's gonna pass now!
Her (as usual)—Why? Was he flunking?

The Homecoming Breed

THE RAH RAH BOY! The lad that is thrown on the screen of a thrilling college picture and except on rare occasions lives only on the screen. He gets off the train, looks around for the conventional band and is disappointed when he doesn't hear it proclaim his return by rendering sweetly and blatantly, "Hail to thee, blythe spirit." Then nonchalantly waving farewell to the porter he forces his way through the crowd and chases a street car a block before he boards it.

UP TO THE SIG CHI house drives a coon coat, carefully concealing the ex-politician, breaker of campus records (Victrola) and all around champion bla bla of '25. He drives up to the curb with his Chrysler roadster (he had been to Madison, his first try at higher education, and left because he found that the two pre-requisites to rate there are a coon coat and a Chrysler roadster) and stops almost as abruptly as he hoped for, at the same time voicing blabla on a couple of pieces of tin appendages prominently adorning the radiator. Some wise person guessed them to be African or wonga wonga horns. He opens the door, runs up to the house (the good old house), runs in and some innocent frosh steps up and says, "I don't believe I know you, Zutsky is my name."

AGAIN AT THE TRAIN may be seen, without much difficulty, the guy who came to school for a semester and was pledged Farm House and left immediately for a sojourn in the business world. He has been "college" ever since he left (the high school brats will break their necks to "date" him). His arrival is accompanied with honour suited to his own mind's level and he shouted to his companion with faked inebriation. Apparently they had been reading College Humor and looking at films depicting college life and knew it was the height of an undergrad's ambition to come back to Homecoming "ruffled." These two gay young blades not having the intestinal fortitude, or finances, were obliged to stand in the vestibule with two bootleggers on the train to get intoxicated by their conversation. They push and jam their way through the mob, at the same time giving their necks and voices a good work out, but still there is no one to meet them. Tough, we call it.

AT THE PSI U HOUSE are seen Packards, La Salles, Dianas, Lincolns, and so on, gracefully and proudly parked at the curb. Ah, joy and glee for the Psi U's. Fur bedecked bits of humanity, regardless of the fact that they probably smoke like Chicago and drink like elephants, step out, accom-

(Continued on Page 24)

AWFUL-BIOGRAPHY

of

One Robert Reisch '28, D.K.E.

Once upon a time dear readers, a football hero was born in Rockford. Rockford, as you know, is that unique Illinois village which exists between swede-town and wop-town. It is situated on the Rock River—a gentle rivulet which meanders pleasantly in and out among furniture and box factories. If the atmosphere of this clime seemed a little permeated with the delicate odor of glue it did not annoy little Robert for he was hard boiled from the minute he opened his pale blue peepers way back in 1907. To be exact, the date was January 11.

Little Robert Reisch attended the Rockford Grammar School and was as bad as any of the little wops and swedes he played with. He had an unusual appetite for a child of his age—in fact, at one time he ate moulding clay. This episode instead of ruining his digestion, merely made him more fit (spasm) for his future career.

In the 8th grade, our dear little Bobbie went to Hawaii. He has been heard to say he took a complete course in movements—he never could understand how avoirdupois made the femmes more beautiful. They were not like the Pearls of his youthful amorous adventures.

He made all the Joliet girls cry when his gang beat Joliet in Sectional Championship basketball. If Lois Delander ("Miss America") would only publish her diary we should see for ourselves what an exhilarating affect he had on the fair sex—even in those bygone days.

He played center in the R. H. S. and sorta got into the habit. "It grows on yah"—he has been heard to explain to the reporters.

Despite the efforts of his fond teachers and playmates he was fast becoming an athlete. To the dismay of all concerned, every team he joined won something—a cup, a medal, a championship—or—incidentally some kale. (E. G. Big 7 Basketball Championship, playing guard in the spring of 1924. His gang came second in both the state and national tournaments).

And he was champion, not only of sections and states—but—sh! of HEARTS! He has certainly improved in technique since the days of his first dates—on the *very* first one he was too scared to take a girl home from a picnic—and when she finally *did* go, he told her he had to be in at a certain time! Ah! how different now since the times he played blocks in his father's lumber yard!

(Continued on Page 31)



TWO OF THE THREE MUST-GET-TEARS



How'd you happen to come to College?
I lost my garters.

MEN I GAVE THE AIR

BY INFY

JACK was romantic, if you know what I mean. He actually thought I was his soul-mate, when I had four others on the string at the time. I listened to his emotional ravings and promises for a week. But it was purely a case of listening, so I gave him the air.

JIM was a he-man, but I didn't realize it at first. I knew him from Grammar school ya know, and Oh was I excited once, when we went skating, and he held my hand. Then one day, can you imagine? He asked me to feel the muscle in his arms. You can bet I gave him the air.

DICK was an auto enthusiast and rich. He was really a flat tire, but how is a poor girl to know? One moonlit night we went driving in his Lincoln. I love to drive Lincolns, anybody would. He drove

all the way. Can you stand it? I led him to a free air hose, too.

LARRY was Dick's Fraternity Brother and he was English, too. I met him at the Prom. He was a perfect dancer as well as a perfect gentleman. He had a positively disconcerting way of looking at you sideways, and the thrills used to chase up and down my vertabrae like when one steps barefooted on a jelly-fish. But I've already named his main fault. And I lent him the atmosphere.

BOB was the one I had always admired from afar, especially as a Freshie. The cutest smile, those kissable lips, and the most cunning shade of auburn curls—and Oh Girls, those eye-lashes, long and droopy. But he told me to fly a kite, so I took the gas myself.

The Homecoming Mail

Jake Wampus, c/o Delta Nace Frat. Champaign. Please send me tickets for Homecoming game. Art Hookum '03.	Oct. 10, 1927.	Art Hookum, Shelby, Mont. Jake gave me your last letter. I am a Campus politician, but can only get six. Dick Tate.	Oct. 17, 1927.
<hr/>			
Notten Nidea, Nat'l Sec'y Delta Nace N. Y. City. Who is Art Hookum? Jake Wampus.	Oct. 11, 1927.	Dick Tate, c/o Delta Nace, Champaign. O. K. Wife and kids are sick. Art Hookum '03.	Oct. 18, 1927.
<hr/>			
Jake Wampus, c/o Delta Nace, Champaign. Believe Hookum was pledged, but dropped from Illinois in 1903. Notten Nidea, Nat'l Sec'y.	Oct. 12, 1927.	Art Hookum, Shelby, Mont. Tickets cost \$18.00. Dick Tate.	Oct. 19, 1927.
<hr/>			
Art Hookum, Shelby, Mont. Will be glad to have you back. Jake Wampus.	Oct. 13, 1927.	Dick Tate, c/o Delta Nace, Champaign. What of it? Art Hookum '03.	Oct. 20, 1927.
<hr/>			
Jake Wampus, c/o Delta Nace, Champaign. Please send tickets. Art Hookum '03.	Oct. 14, 1927.	Art Hookum, Shelby, Mont. Will forward tickets on receipt of check. Dick Tate.	Oct. 22, 1927.
<hr/>			
Art Hookum, Shelby, Mont. How many? Jake Wampus.	Oct. 15, 1927.	Dick Tate, c/o Delta Nace, Champaign. Cancel tickets. Can't come. Art Hookum '03.	Oct. 24, 1927.
<hr/>			
Jake Wampus, c/o Delta Nace, Champaign. Ten! Art Hookum '03.	Oct. 16, 1927.	Art Hookum, Shelby, Mont. Tough! Dick Tate, Jake Wampus, Et. Al.	Oct. 25, 1927.



Were you taken in a Fraternity?
Yeah, taken in!

S

FIRST LAWYER: This three-sided divorce case looks hopeless. From what angle would you attack it?

SECOND LAWYER: How about a try-angle?

S

"I love to see a man flunk a pipe," laughed Doc. Beard as he marked F. on the quiz papers in Hygiene.

S

What makes you think that Jack is from Wyoming?

Well, Grace said that he acted like a paw knee Indian.

S

I call my sweetie Hinges cause she's something to adore.

HISTORICAL HOMECOMINGS

NOAH—The first man who was glad to return from a vacation with the family.

JONAH—Who came back with a whale of a story.

THE PRODIGAL SON—When he came home he walked under a ladder and his father slipped and fell on his neck.

HELEN OF TROY—After doing Paris, she was brought back by John Erskine.

ULYSSES—The first man to have a good alibi for his wife.

AGAMENNON—Who didn't have an alibi that would register, and he got it in the neck and elsewhere.

DANTE—The man who came back from the real hot party and told the world about it.

POMPEI—Who started a chain-store after his homecoming.

ANTHONY—Who went to visit his sick friend and never came home.

COLUMBUS—Like many Homecomers, was thrown into jail when he returned.

SWIFT—He brought home the bacon.

BABE RUTH—Who has a Homecoming several times a week.

THE DEAR OLD ALUM—Who return to their own homes after Homecoming with our best socks and ties.

S





This is Percival Hogan '28, vice-chairman of the senior breakfast committee's sub-committee. Hogan was a member of the Hospital Association during his freshman and second-freshman years. Having been born in this country he speaks English without an accent.



The handsome portrait above is that of Alexopoulos McGuire '29, sergeant-at-arms of the Junior cap committee. Alex early demonstrated his ability as a campus leader when on the third Tuesday of his second semester the R. O. T. C. commended him for having all but one button on his uniform.



The seraph-like countenance pictured above belongs to Hedvig Uppsengraff '28, fifth assistant Tea Pourer of the Woman's League. Hedvig enjoys the distinction of having broken nine of the Woman's League rules in one week, besides several cups. In private life Hedvig is a blonde.



Behold, behold, before your eyes the angelic features of Harold "Pug" Van Deventer '28, chairman of the Y. M. C. A. ping-pong committee. Harold will be remembered as the ground man of the freshman pyramid in the Interscholastic Circus who fell down and quite naively wrecked the affair. He is, however, a very nice chap when he manages to stand up.



This, dear readers, this is none other than he himself, J. Schuyler Clancy, II, '30, sophomore proof-reader of The Daily Illini. Clancy early showed promise as a journalist when he made the Scout on December 3rd last. Schuyler is also a promising poet, one of his best effusions being "Ode to A Tailor."

—S—

FROSH: Hey, what do you take in physical ed?
SOPH: Shower baths and cuts.

—S—

SUMMER SCHOOL CO-EDS Don't you think that plastic surgery could improve my features?
HE: No.
S.S.C.: What remedy would you suggest?
HE: Blasting.

Lapses Into Literature

BACK HOME

Back home,—the cool clean breezes blow
Over pine-clad mountain fields of snow,
Down to the sunlit slopes of grass
Where serried ranks of shadows pass
Across the slope:—while in the trees
Sings the eternal mountain breeze.
Back home,—the coyotes' sobbing wail
Echoes down the spruce-edged vale:
The fires leap up at end of day,
Letting the ruddy shadows play
Along the walls of soft-voiced fir—,
And I am gone—Ah! Would I were
Back in the Hills, no more to roam
Away from all my heart holds dear—,

Back Home!

—*The Blind Tiger.*

S

SUGGESTIONS

by *Francis J. Koenig*

To Follow:

(with and without reservations)

"A Good Woman," by Louis Bromfield, (without) if "The Green Bay Tree," "Possession," and "Early Autumn," all by the same author, have been previously read. Four books which are delightful panels of American life.

"Are You Decent?" by Wallace Smith, (with). "Decent" stories of people in the "profession."

"Death of a Young Man," by W. L. River, (without). Unusual style, unusual story, unusual ending.

"Giants in the Earth," by O. E. Rolvaag, (with); a powerful story of settlers in the West. Translated.

"Our Times," (1900-1903), by Mark Sullivan, (with). A great deal of propaganda: too much W. J. Bryan.

"Bronx Ballads," by R. E. Simon (without). A compilation of famous tunes from a famous part of New York—words and music—and cartoons by Hershfield.

S

CHOICE

Never for me the opulent man,

Protected by money and laws:

I am heart and soul with the hungry fool

Who fought for a hopeless cause.

Never the bird in the gilded cage,

Safe through the golden day:

Give me the bird with the broken wing

That cried once, and crept away.

L. R. Lind.

THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

I have never been true son of yours,
Mother of men.

Mine was the open sea—

Mine was the delight of drifting—

Mine the singing sadness of leaving.

I have never been true son of yours,

Queen of the Plains.

The rolling campus,—

Uni Hall,—the sun-drenched Field,—

The whole beauty of tall grey walls
Were never mine.

I?

I am the waster—the wastrel,

The dreamer of futile dreams:

There was no place for me

In your muffled corridors.

Mine are the wayward trails.

For your sons the Road is clear:

Yet still may I sing of you,

My Alma Mater?

—*The Blind Tiger.*

S

WHEN AUTUMN COMES

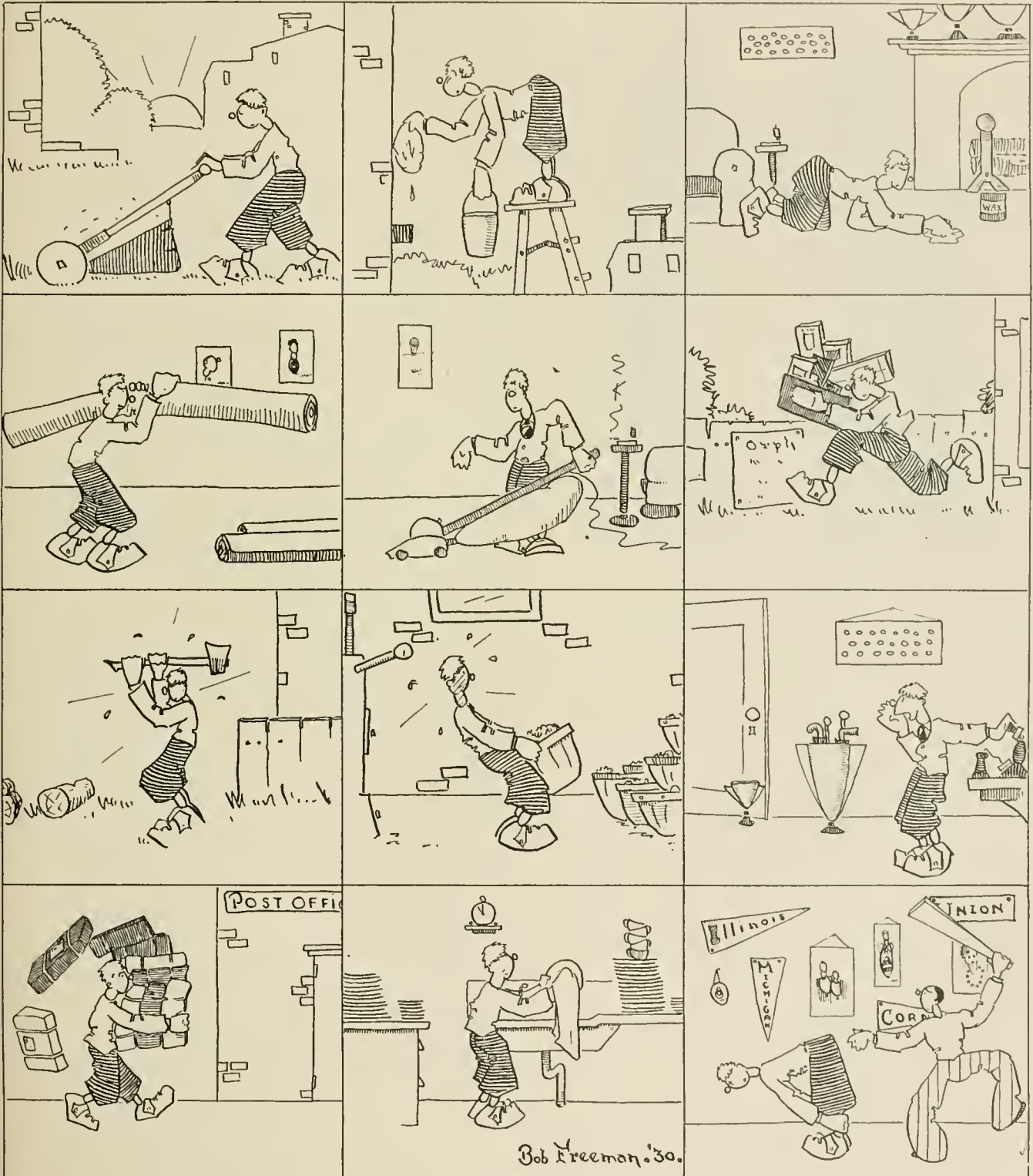
The other night I watched the changing of the seasons. No lines of chill rain swept the ripe countryside; there was nothing tangible to announce the metamorphosis in so many words. Only the cricket chirped less cheerfully, as though in his small black body abode a vague premonition of snow-dusted lanes and frost-nipped grasses. And one could sense a hint of November in the burgundy of the sunset, whose crimson oriflammes receded silently before the wave of night.

"Like a shaving thrown up from a bar of gold," the moon slid into the evening sky. Pale, golden,—it hung for a space. Then the glow went dim in the west, and star-lamps came on. Pulled by an invisible string, the saffron goddess of the dark hours began her upward journey. A faint cobalt haze, weaving and swaying in whorls, rose above the whispering corn fields. Insects murmured in hushed tones. Life was at low ebb.

Then a puff of air,—strangely chill in the dead heat of departed day,—set the poplar leaves a-twinkling. Came a second puff of wind, cool and bracing,—of the quality that one would drink of one could. Came the rich fragrance of burning leaves. The yellow moon climbed steadily. Insects raised their eternal chant. Autumn was come.

—*Shawn o' the Quiet Lands.*

THE REWARD OF THE PLEDGE'S SATURDAY.





PASSING THE BUCK

—S—

Pifi—I like Jack, but he's so homely.

The Other Brunette—Don't be sil. He can't be perfect in everything.

Pifi—I know, but I like 'em perfect where they show.

—S—

Some girls are such born gossips they wear scude shoes so they can catch more dirt.

—S—

The Girl (at formal open house)—And this is the dorm.

The Boy—Yuh know I adapt myself so easily to any situation, why my foot's asleep already.

—S—

Kappa Sig (over the phone)—I tried to call all week, but your line was out of order.

A. O. Pi—You brute! I have no line.

—S—

Homecomer—How's business?

Other Inebriate—No, I'm a dentist.

—S—

Zeta—Well boys, I'm off to study Psyc.

Bete—You'd have to be off.

Advice for Frosh at Homecoming

At this exciting time of the year, as you will soon discover, every hairy-chested son of Zeus and his nephew who was ever connected with your Greek Eating Society, whether he graduated (from Summer School) or was invited to leave by the Dean back in '02, will return to the fold, bent on having a good time at your expense. This is the testing period in the existence of the Frosh. If he lives through the Gladiatorial contest, he will more than likely be initiated. This is almost a certainty (with the possible exceptions of Psi U and Delt) since few Fraternities break pledges after Homecoming. They can't afford to have the actions of their Alumni spread about the Campus, save by Rumor.

Seriously speaking, or nearly so, when these past Union members and Paid-to-Date Stadium Subscribers return for the week-end of free board and the enjoyment of breaking all rules and traditions, there are several points on which a Frosh should behipped.

In the first place, be sure to greet affably all the old Team Captains, Campus Politicians, Phi Betes, Pool Room Hounds, and Box Car Artists or what have you. Grasp tightly the hand of each one in turn and register delight and admiration. These are not in the same class as prospective pledges, so forget all your instructions on that point. Any House President will tell you that it is no use trying to lead-pipe an Alumni.

In your first breath bring to light the fact that you are of the class of '31, in case the Alumni has White-mule blindness and doesn't notice your button, or if you have left it on your other coat or something. This is just to do away with any embarrassment on the part of the Juniors and Seniors in the House, when the '06 or ex'18 or whenever he gave up, wants someone to chase cigarettes, ice, shoe-polish, nail-files, or what not and like commodities. It's just as well to let the Alums know where you stand early in the day anyway, because you're going to get to know each other on *very* familiar terms. They'll be wearing your pet socks and shirts, ties, topcoats, and Sunday suits within the hour. You might contrive to bump some of them from the rear, during conversation. Just so you'll know who to hang around with when the time comes.

By the way, if you have been at all curious about the goings on in the Chapter room on Monday night, it will be absolutely of no avail to sound out these old Boys. They have all long forgotten the high points of the Ritual (if any). Neither will they be able to explain the crest to you, though they will

more than likely recall the amount of the assessment for its placement over the fireplace, and several of them will be able to tell you many different *true* versions of how the bullet holes got into the panelling of the dining room.

Now if you have been so foolish as to cache any blankets from your bed with an idea of future warmth and a nap on the sofa, take them back immediately. This will save no end of time when whoever has your bed cries out for more covers. The sofa will be full anyway, so make up your mind to sit up all night, or stand if the chairs are occupied, and they will be.

That brings to my mind another point. There will always be two or three Homecomers with not-so-greatly-suppressed desires to start a dime limit game in your room. Wire home immediately for money. You will be very popular with the Old Brothers if you are a good loser, and you *must* be. Remember that the Old Grads like to display their never-waning vigor, and if you should be the cause of any displeasure on their part, the most formidable of the lot will probably suddenly remember how he used to paddle the present House President way back seven or nine years ago. He's sure to want to demonstrate his old batting arm on your rear portions if there is a wand handy, and there always is. You should always fall in heartily with any suggestions on this order. You will have to give in sooner or later anyway, and its best to appear to enjoy it as much as they will. They are kindly souls really, and they are sure to lull you back to consciousness later in the morning or at least before the game.

Another thing. If these world's greatest purveyors of Collegiate bunk come out right and state that they don't want you around, more than likely your presence is not desired. Stick a minute or two longer to see if they'll give you any, or if they really mean what they said, and then you'd better leave. You won't have any trouble coming to a decision about this, your departure will be ably taken care of.

In conclusion, let this advice stand foremost in your mind. Do not under any circumstances allow your Mother's Husband nor your Sister's Father, nor any other blood relations, have any silly ideas about coming down Homecoming. They would *not* understand the Alumni at all, and would probably make trouble about your initiation. And now, as a return favor, burn this article and loan it to a friend. We thank you, and we know you will thank us.

Heard at the last Kentucky Derby: "Ten dollars on Relled Stocking to show."



Backfield Man—Jack sure is a fast dancer.
The Better Half—Uh huh, he beats time with his feet.

—————S—————
So she's a blonde, hey?
Yeah, preferred stock.

—————S—————
She—Your suit looks like it has been slept in.
Him—It has.
She—I thought you were going to cut today.

—————S—————
House President—Please don't play your violin while these prospective pledges are here.
The Idiot—Why not? This is a Russian Lullaby.

—————S—————
Physician—My goodness, you're thin!
Shade of a Z.T.A.—Naturally. Our house mother said it was unmannerly to talk while you eat.

—————S—————
"I think that's terrible," said Alice McGinty, stamping her foot.
"So is paper," snapped Jim, ripping a bum check in two!



A FROSH UPRISING

THE HOUSE DANCE

(Apologies to Lloyd Mayer)

THE DANCE? My dear, it was SIMPLY ex-CRUCiatingly Awful, I mean the LIGHTS went out and NObody KNEW it for over an HOUR until some dumb FRESHman dropped his SHIRT stud and tried to turn on the LIGHTS and found the FUSE had BLOWN, can you BEAR it, and JACK WAS terrible, oh I was NEVER so MORTified in my NATural LIFE, I mean he kept LEADing me over to the PUNCH which was MOST aTROcious and it tasted posITIVely PUTrid, if you know what I mean. Well ANYways I FINALLY told him if he took ONE more SWALLOW, I was going HOME and can you IMAGine, one of the CHAPerones heard him SAY it and SPOKE to him about it. My DEAR it was PERFECTly KILLING and Jack was SIMPLY RAVing, and darling, to make MATters worse, WHEN DON was DANcing with the SAME CHAP-erone, Jack yelled HEY! hey! get HOT there and

the LOOK the chaperone GAVE him was SIMPLY DEVAStating and then Jack felt so DARN cheap that AFTER one MORE DROP of the PUNCH he PASsed and Im not going to give HIM any more DATES because I THINK that a MAN that can't take ONE GULP of punch and LEAVE it ALONE is POSitively NO man at ALL because NO man would give OUT right on a GIRL'S HANDS and make her so conSPICuous in front of the CHAPer-ones. I have NOTHING but conTEMPT for JACK because I HATE him, I mean I ACTUally do!

S

MADLY: Sweetheart, I adore you and I want you for my wife.

INFATUATED: For the love of mud, what would SHE do with me?

S

JOHNNIE SHIRK: I'm an awful ladies' man . . .

BORED DATE: And are you right! I've seen you with some *awful* ladies.



Copyright 1927 Hart Schaffner & Marx

*It is said that Cassius had a "lean and hungry look"
—but we could have fitted him in Hart Schaffner
& Marx clothes. Sizes are here for every figure.*

..at Kaufman's

—TWO STORES—

ON THE CAMPUS

DOWNTOWN

EATING PLACES

(For Special Benefit of Homecomers)

THE GREEN BOTTLE is a nize place. According to its advertisements, even the intelligentsia eat there. After carefully watching for one, we found a fellow reading poetry. But maybe he was a freshman English prof. getting his next day's assignment. There's music there, too. When soup is on the menu, it's hard to hear it, but if one tries hard enough, he can discern strains of "Mon Homme," and "Sing Me a Baby Song." The motto of the two-man orchestra is "sweet, simple and girl-ish music. Nothing he-manish for us!"

PAUL PLOTZ'S. The slowest dump on the campus. No one ever goes there. It's so empty at lunch time that they have to have an orchestra every afternoon to pep up trade. And the owner has been reduced to teaching aesthetic dancing.

THE SOUTHERN BAR-ROOM is the lurid dive. All the wicked older people hang out there. It can only be entered by stealth, and one is often shocked by the sight of depraved young girls or boys playing jazz on the dirty-keyed piano. This is a good place to take your family when they visit you on Dads' Day. But be sure to warn your mother about the lurid sights if she has a weak heart.

—S—



"Smoke all you wish, darling,
but —"

But—. Guess what the but meant. Give up? Well, simply that the gentleman in question should remember to take some of those little Pep-o-mint Life Savers between smokes and make his breath pleasant and sweet.

She could tell him the truth about stale tobacco breath. It's lots easier to love a person who takes Life Savers between smokes.



THE FIRST HOMECOMER

—S—

Just because a Sig Ep soph ripped his tron going out of the Sigma Kappa house was no sign he had been on a tear.

—S—

GRAB (*reading an excerpt in Greek*): "Twice I put my arm about her neck."

PROF. OLDFATHER: That will do Mr. Nelson.

—S—

RHET 10 INSTRUCTOR: Try this sentence: "Put the cow in the pasture." What mood?

GREENHORN: The cow.

—S—

WORRIED WIFE (*at bedside of sick husband*): Is there any hope doctor?

Doc: I don't know. What were you hoping for.

—S—

"Yep," said the Kentucky moonshiner, "Never put off until tomorrow what you can brew today."

And So the Day Was Utterly Ruined

By BRIGGS



© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760



15¢

.. not a cough in a carload

"One Man Tells Another"



FOR THAT "BIG SHOT"

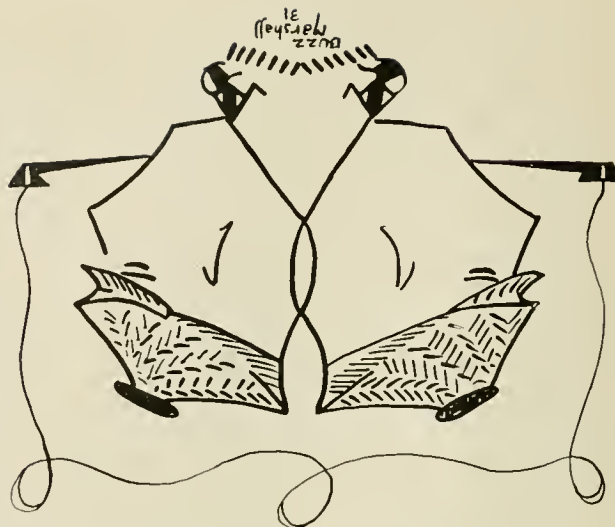
A Smart Learbury Tiger

The sweetest girl in the world—
two tickets to the hottest show
in town—you'll need to get into
a "Tiger," our clever sack suit
for this occasion of occasions—

*to be had as low as
thirty dollars, at*

Rosens'
Mens Stylists

Downtown—Champaign



I have a frightful cold, Aeschylus.
Even so, Euripides. My watch also runs.

S

(Continued from Page 10)

panied by mothers, brothers, fathers, sons, daughters, uncles, et. al., and look amazedly about them. The delighted Psi U's run gleefully out to meet them and are met with the interrogation, "Which is the Alpha Chi Rho house?" or "Which is the Delta Upsilon house?"

THE PSEUDO FAIR SEX, the much flaunted gentle creatures, arrive too. They are not to be denied. They must go down because it is a chance to get away from home and besides, there are men and who knows, anything might happen? There is excess kissing, rushing around, and duties for the poor males who get sucked in for another week end gyp. Ah, woe to the males. That creature who lugs bags, grips, and suit cases; who drives the cars; who explains every play of the forthcoming game and, last of all, but largest and most colossal, his female companion to pester and worry him almost to the verge of a nervous collapse. True, for the married men it is a true homecoming, and for the engaged a real initiation to the time when he acquires an obstacle.

BLACK AS IT ALL SEEMS and apparently senseless as it all is, Homecoming is an event to look forward to with interest. It gives one a feeling of pleasure to be there, and do, and act with hurry and reluctance. It is good to see the old grads back, shaking hands, swapping stories, and bragging about '87 or '13. One unconsciously looks forward to the day when he may be in the alumni's position and tries to remember incidents to relate in years to come. The crowds, the noise, the decorations, and congested traffic are but symbols of interest and devotion, not to the University wholly, but to students and the occasion.

HEAR AND THERE

Morry Daily is back on the campus again, and still expanding. He must wear tire pumps on his feet.

—S—

Bud Stewart and Stetler, the chap in Knickers (see College Humor) were talking seriously about bare facts. "Use Kerosene," said Bud, "I used it on my hair and it came out beautifully, all of it."

—S—

Ruth Martin, the "Chicago Fire" of the Pi Phi house was all out of gear over "the acrobat at the Orph." who called her for a date. However, there was no acrobat on the bill that week, so Ruth's reputation for S. A. took an awful drop with the sistern.

—S—

Bob McMurtie, Sig Pi, says he positively will not take any more blind dates with Theta transfers from Texas. His last one turned out to be a Pi Delta Phi from here, and just too bad.

—S—

Delta Cam Frosh—College is an immoral place.

Second Good-looking Babe—You're right. It has no principal like high schools.

—S—

Ag—Why the increased enrollment of women in the Ag School, I wonder?

Mag—Simple, they're after the courses in husbandry.

—S—


WHAT PRICE GLORY?

Two A. D. Pi's succeeded in crashing the gates of fame by having the pictures taken with a bunch of clothing store salesmen, depicting what the well-dressed men will wear. The picture is to be used for College Humor. Trude Snowhill and Beulah Holland have subscribed to two copies already. No, the pictures are not for the comic section.

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KAUFMAN'S

ON THE CAMPUS

"I hear Bill was thrown out of college for cribbing."

"What happened?"

"He sneezed while he was taking an exam in Russian and they threw him out for conjugating a Russian verb."

—Punch Bowl.

Do you want a free trip abroad?

Exceptional opportunity for a limited number of students in your college to earn a scholarship tour through Europe with all expenses paid. Pleasant part time work enrolling members in the Literary Guild. Write now for details to:

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A BREEZY BIT FROM HOLLYWOOD

Betty, the chorus girl, lay dying alone in the big city. A bit of sunkissed fruit from California, she had found the hothouse life among Mr. Zigfield's glorified peaches too stifling. Her brother Jack had raced at breathless speed from Hollywood in his leaping lena.

"Is there nothing that can save her?" cried Jack to the consultation of doctors.

"X-ray treatments," suggested the first.

"They've been tried, but were ineffective."

"Heart stimulants," from another doctor.

"Useless."

"Massages."

"No good."

"Transfusion of glands."

"Even that did not help her."

"If only," said the last doctor, "we could get her to California maybe the climate would help her. But that's impossible: she will die before we could get started."

At this suggestion Jack ran downstairs and brought the four tires from his car to his sister's room. He punctured them, letting out the pure, invigorating, health restoring air into the room.

Betty, the chorus girl was saved.

(Paid Adv. Expected)



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—and smart line and beauty is not sacrificed to get that comfort. We now have a complete new line of fashionable NEW styles of the famous Arch Preserver shoes, for women.

Expert shoe fitters to see that you get a skilled attention and scientific fit.

W. Lewis & Co.
CHAMPAIGN

HE: Hooray . . . Stine broke the tape!

SHE: Hevins . . . and will they have to stop the meet until they mend it?

—————S—————

HE: Hey, Collegiate, want to ride?

SHE: How'd ya know we waz co-eds?

—————S—————



TAKING HIS LAST CUT

OUR TESTIMONIAL
DEPARTMENT

Dear Sir:-

A year ago, I couldn't spit over my chin. Since taking your wonderful anti-fat pills, I spit all over it.

KAPPA SIG.

Dear Sir:-

My father had been sick for two years after taking 13 bottles of your wonderful nauseating Irons, he has never needed a doctor, and never will.

IMA ORPHAN.

Dear Sir:-

All through my childhood I was weak and puny. After four of your famous "oxo exercises," I made four touch-downs against Coe College, and swam the channel with ease—foot ease.

JOE KERR.

Prof.—What do you think of Aristotle on the whole?

'Fessor—Pretty deep!

Teke—Four out of five have it.
Deke—Yes, and the fifth one borrows it.

Fraternity Brother — Those trousers fit you like a street-car.
The Other—How's that?
First Tie Borrower — You have to stand up in them.

Theta—I was going to warn him not to kiss me.

Kappa—Why didn't you?

First High-Hat—He took the words out of my month.

Delta Gam—You had no business kissing me.

Commerce Senior—It was not business I assure you. It was a pleasure.

Him—I went to an automobile school.

Her—Let's hear your class honk.

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Alpha Phi—I can't see why they make so much fuss about these South Campus dates.

Second Wow—Neither can I, they're such petty affairs.



HORRIBLE

There had been a train wreck and one of two traveling authors felt himself slipping from this life.

"Good-bye Tom," he groaned to his friend, "I'm done for."

"Don't say that old man," spluttered the friend, "For God's sake don't end your last sentence with a preposition."
—Goblin.

I became interested in him during the summer months. As time went on he became an hourly passion. I would rush to him and gaze deep into his very soul to make sure he had not changed. At night I could not sleep for thinking of him. His memory rose like a crimson flash in my dreams. I would wake with the perspiration streaming down my forehead. But I soon found that he was as changable as the weather and the thought cooled me. As time went on and the summer wore on to fall I saw less and less of him. He was but a summer passion and now completely forgotten. His name? Ah yes, it was Arthur, none other than our thermometer.
—Puppet.

Now comes the story of the absent-minded professor who rolled under the dresser and waited for the collar button to find him.
—Red Cat.

Patient—"Doctor, what are my chances?"

Doctor—"Oh, pretty good, but don't start reading any continued stories."
—State Lion.

Fritz—I was ved yesterday.

Ritz—What? I didn't even know you were engaged.

Fritz—I'm not, I vent swimming.
—Purple Parrot.

Mother—Good-bye Oswald, and remember to dress warmly at college. I don't want you to catch that fraternity grippe.
—Purple Parrot.

Mud Guard—"You see tha poor fellow over there? He lost all his money in the world war."

Draw Back—"Holy smokes! What did he do? Bet on the Germans?"
—Cornell Widow.

Doctor—"I'll examine you for ten dollars."
Patient (very)—"All right, and if you find it, give me half."
—Cornell Widow.

She—Is it dangerous to drive with one hand!
He—You bet. More than one man has run into a church doing it.
—Cornell Widow.

Late to bed and early to rise
Keeps the dear Brothers
From wearing your ties.—Whirlwind.

"Name eleven of Shakespeares characters."
"Easy, 'Ten Knights in a Barroom' and the 'Merchant of Venice'."
—Flamingo.

DON'T GET DIRTY

Say it with flowers,
Say it with sweets,
Say it with kisses,
Say it with eats,
Say it with jewelry,
Say it with drink,
But always be careful
Not to say it with ink.—Flamingo.

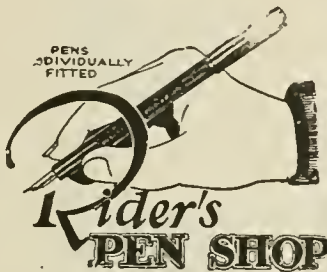
THE HEIGHTH OF DUMBNESS—The girl who thought Joan of Arc was Noah's wife. —Jester.

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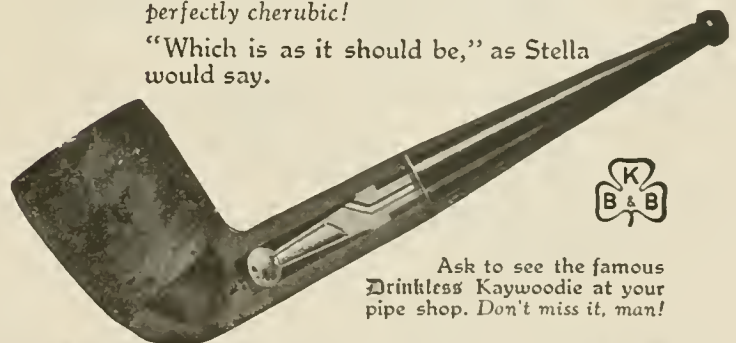
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Never gurgles, drips, or trickles juice!
No bite—either!

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Eight Dollars and up

S



—What did you write the check for?
—For my suit. It was pressed for money.



Smoberg

Kids used to give a show for two pins;
Now, two pins are a free show.

S

PIE: Can you tell me where the showers are in this house?

FACE: Naw, I've only lived here a semester myself.

S

SHE: Do you file your fingernails, Jack?

R.O.T.C.: Naw, I just throw them away after I cut 'em off.

ON THE HOMESICK SPECIAL

SCENE: Interior of choo-choo.

ACTION: Very little.

CHARACTERS: Nondescript.

FIRST AND LAST SCENE

Conductor—Hey you, wake up, where's your ticket?

Frosh (dazedly)—Wadja say?

Energetic Youth (in the rear)—Here, lemme try. I can open anything.

Weak Feminine Voice—I wanna play bridge.

Frosh—Here it is. Now let a guy sleep.

Second Energetic Youth—There you idiot, you've cracked the glass.

Another Weak Voice—Cards tire me. Lets (yawn) sleep.

Conductor—Hey, how about his ticket? Wake him up.

Frosh (sleepily)—Who?

First E. Y.—The darn thing slipped.

W. F. V.—I wanna play bridge.

Junior and Senior Duet—Zzz-zz-zz-phooee-zz-zz.

Conductor—C'mon snap into it. Wake yer bud-dy up. I'm tired of standing around (yawns).

Second E. Y.—Aw whatsa difference, I'm gonna knock off a nap.

Second Frosh (dazedly)—Ya wanna ticket?

W. F. V.—I wanna play bridge (yawns).

First E. Y.—So'm I (yawns vociferously).

Conductor—Yeah, that's it. Thanks, guess that's all (yawns).

Other W. F. V.—Zzz-zz-zz-zz-zz.

J. A. S. D.—Zzz-zz-phooee-zz-zz-zz.

Conductor (two hours later)—CHAMpaign, all off.

Chorus—Zzz-zz-zz-zz-zz.

DRAPE.

S

AWFUL-BIOGRAPHY

(Continued from Page 10)

That was before collitch days. Being interested in feetsball, the lad came, of course, to this noble institution of labor and learning to be a success. And he *is*.

From the banks of the Rocky Rock River to the banks of the Bonny Bonny Boneyard, this hero has risen from fame to famous. Nationwide he is praised as the best center going—and he is not gone yet. And it isn't every D.K.E. who rates the color-atto section of The Tribune. Capt. Bob Reisch '28, by golly—! Raise 'em high, boys. Sh! it's a deep secret, but off and on the dear boy has even been known to rate a certain little black-eyed Pify—off and on, you know—but nevertheless—

If this hasn't got Johnny Erskine beat for a "Private Life," dear readers, buy the next issue of The Siren (paid adv.) and we guarantee satisfaction!



1 something's in the air!

THERE'S something everywhere about you—something as sparkling as the crisp November sunshine. Gay as the pennants fluttering from the stadium walls. Into that something goes the dull percussion of punted footballs . . . chrysanthemums . . . hawkers' cries . . . crowds hurrying, laughing, happy. . . .

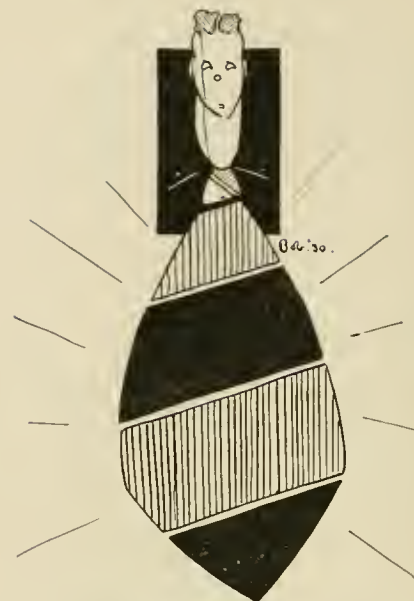
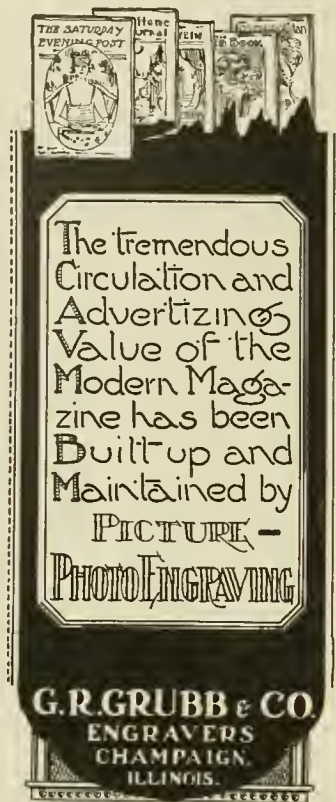
Does it catch you up—sweep you along?

If it does—if you warm to the charm, the verve, the gay light-heartedness of Youth—we believe you will like COLLEGE HUMOR. You clever collegians write the things we feature; our stories by today's front rank writers are written with you in mind, as an audience.

Scott Fitzgerald's article on *Princeton*, and a complete novelette by Lois Montross, *The Return of Andy Protheroe*, are two features of the many that compose the December issue.

CollegeHumor

At All News-stands, the First of Every Month



This is an ode to a striking tie
The like of which one seldom finds,
Its got a punch that hits the eye,
And really is a tie that blinds.
It has but one redeeming feature,
Never, never will it roam,
Not even the lowest type of creature,
Except Alums, would take it home.

S

TRAGEDY

ACT I—Man with blonde Delta Gam.
ACT II—Same man with dark Delta Gam.
ACT III—Still the same man with blonde and dark Delta Gams.
ACT IV—Man.

S

"Where there's smoke there's fire," muttered the Dean eyeing the girls in the back of the Arcade.

S



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IT'S TIME

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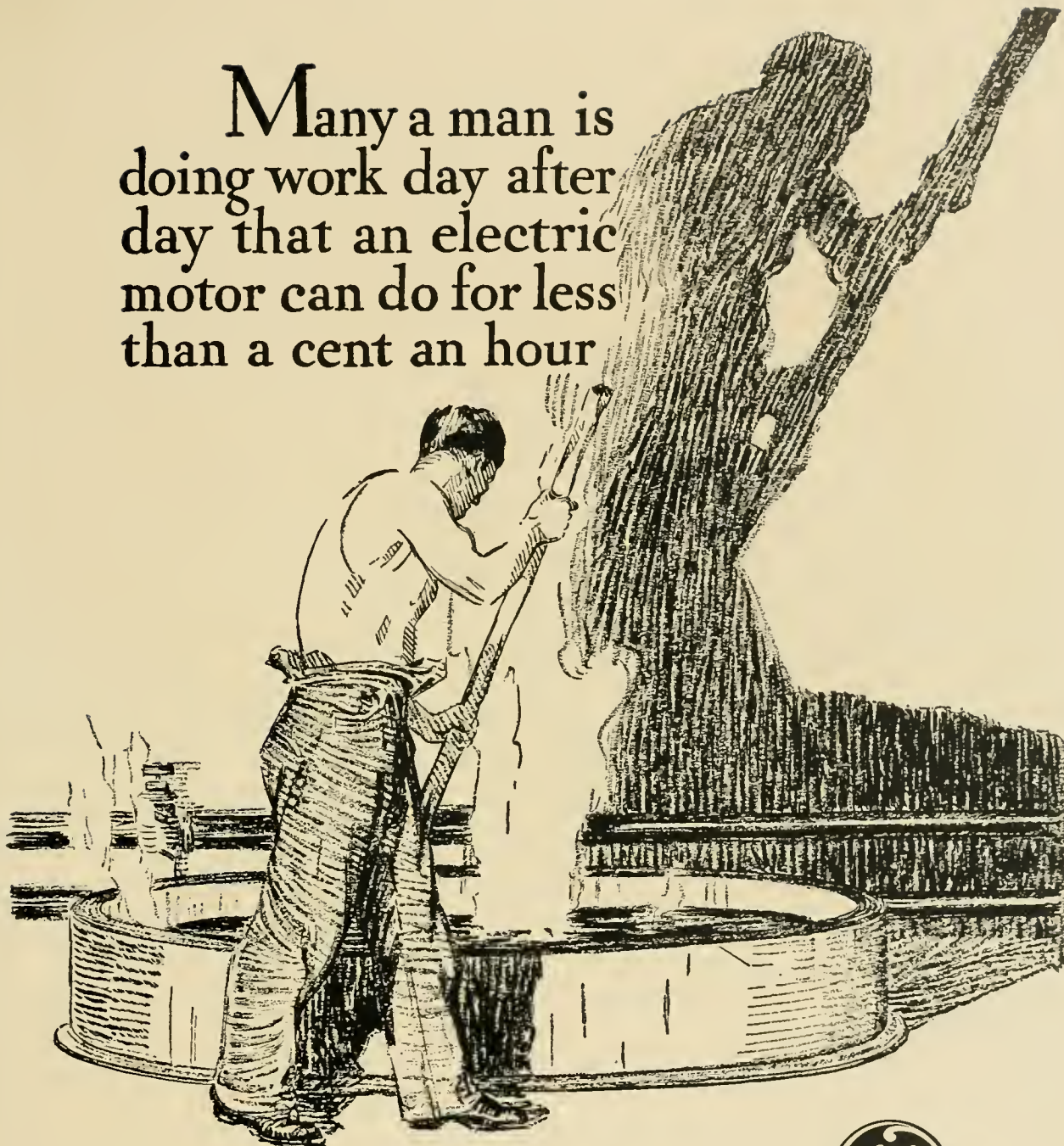
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"The voice is to the actor what the chisel is to the sculptor. He must beware of dulling its qualities. Naturally I am vitally concerned about the voices of my players, so I always advise the one cigarette that I discovered many years ago that does not impair control of the subtlest vocal shadings or cause huskiness or harshness. I mean the 'Lucky Strike.' It is the player's best friend."

David Belasco.



"It's toasted"

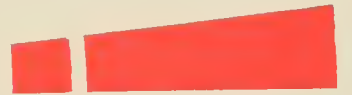
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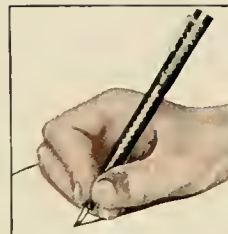


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Only by grinding a special ink channel between the prongs of the Duofold Point can this be done. We must grind it by hand though the work is costly and few can do it.

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A Reason for Thanksgiving

S

Seller—"This book will do half your studying for you."

Feller—"Give me two of them quick."

—Golden Bull.

S

When better literature is suppressed, it will be read by Americans.—Scream.

S

She may wash, but you ought to see her neck.

—Burr.

In other countries they erect targets, but in Mexico they elect them.—Punch Bowl.

S

The only people nowadays who wake up and find themselves rich are professional boxers.—Judge.



To improve the machine

Practice — hours of practice. Every glee club knows the constant striving for improvement, for the coordinated smoothness essential to perfect harmony.

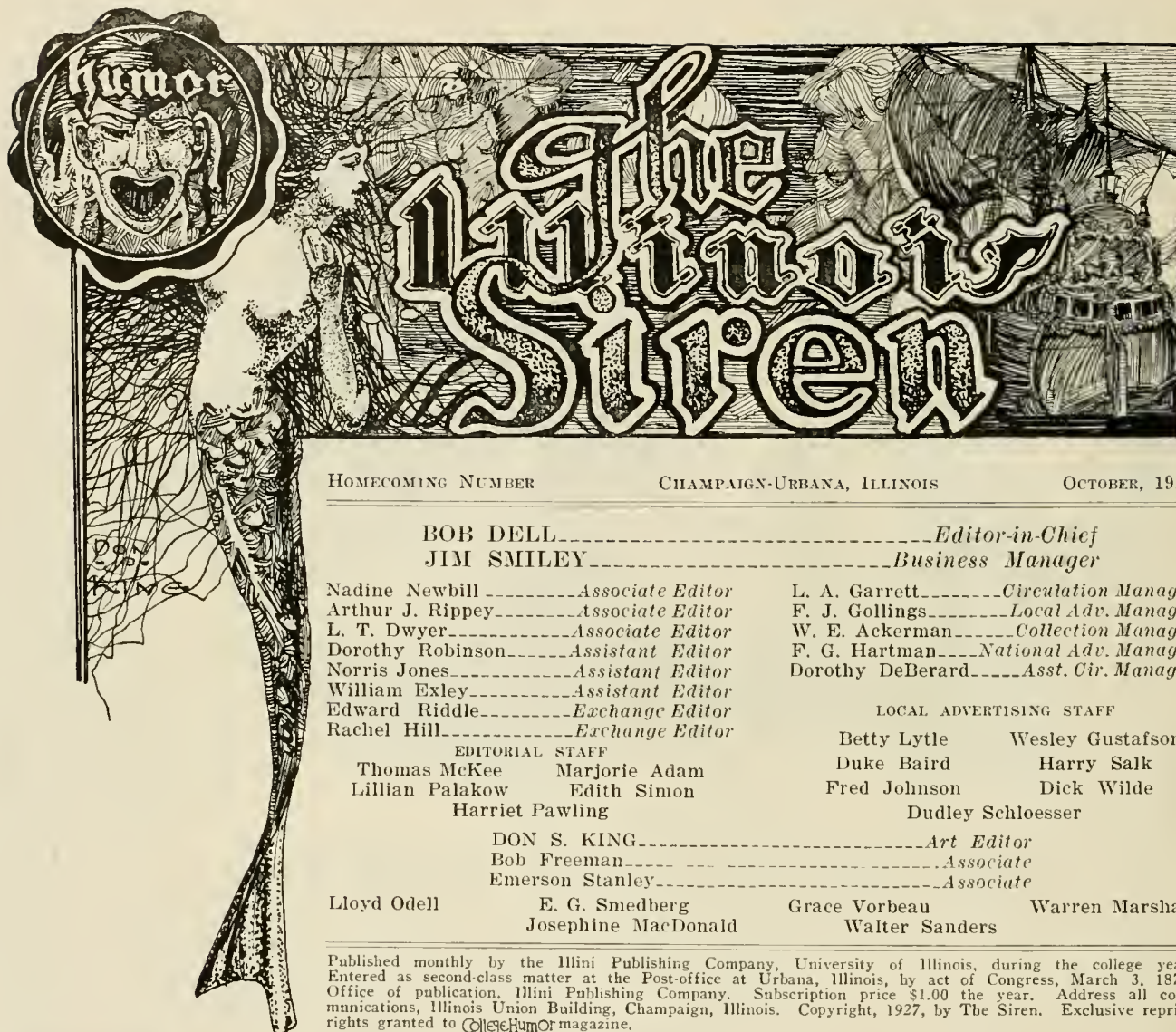
So, too, are Western Electric men engaged in the never-ending work of improving the machinery of telephone manufacture and keeping the stream of production flowing smoothly.

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OCTOBER, 1927

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WAR—NING!

Maybe it was the DEKE—PIFI scrap and maybe it wasn't that inspired us, but What Price Glory? Anyway, we heard the call, enlisted, drafted a few others and here you have it—the WAR ISSUE!

At first we were going to make this space a eulogy about the girl on the cover, but we thought that would be too much of a write-about-face, so we put that idea to rout and just carried on. Which reminds us that all's fair in love and war is hell freezes over the top of the morning star course, meaning nothing in particular but expressing it beautifully.

We have endeavored in this number to cull with great care all the good wheat from the chaff, and as usual we have printed the latter. Should you find anything so out of place as to cause you to break into a smile, dear reader, do not hold a grudge, merely phone us and we will immediately discontinue publication. However, we are certain there will be no such wire-entanglements or barbed remarks.

Not having any scars on us, we will light an editorial cigarette, and pass the office typewriter over to the other member of the staff. Bugler! Sound Taps!



Pipe paths lead to P.A.

YOU can take the long, circuitous route and come to P.A. by degrees, as you eventually will, or you can cut corners and *start* right with The National Joy Smoke. Open a tidy red tin of Prince Albert, drink in that rich, rare aroma, and you will decide on the quick route.

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P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.

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—the national joy smoke!



The SIREN

PLUTO'S LIVES

THE LIFE OF MAY GETTAMAN:

May's father was Prince of the Northwestern Mounted Police (not connected with the University). Her mother used to croon to her "Get your man, my darling, get your man." But Prince Sir-shooter grieved whenever he looked upon his daughter, for he knew she would be no good in the proverbial man-hunt. She could not hold a gun, neither could she ride a fiery steed. But the Princess was a wise mother, for she taught her daughter how to hold hands, and ride in college fliers without walking home. And the first week the young girl was at Illinois she sent back the following telegram—"Dear poppa, I got four men instead of one. Is that all right?"

THE LIFE OF JOE COLLEGE:

And the rosy-fingered dawn came up like thunder on the most noble day that Joe College was ushered onto his domain. He went to kindergarten and astonished the ample-waisted teacher by reciting the Greek alphabet. And he went to grammar school and astonished the thin-haired teacher by reciting the Greek alphabet. And he went to high school and astonished the near-sighted principal by reciting the Greek alphabet. And he went to college—and made a fraternity.

THE LIFE OF E. Z. RHETPROF:

Ezra's grand-father was that famous man for the things men of his type were famous for. His father was another Rhetprof who was not so famous for the famous things men were famous for. So little Junior grew up under a handicap knowing by the laws of Zeus that he would not be famous at all. But he did not cry as other little boys would, but he bought some shell-rimmed glasses and went to Harvard. And there he read every short story written and dated nine Radcliffe girls. Then the great god Zeus smiled upon him, and said, "You will be a man, my son," and sent him to Illinois, where he was to read short stories three times a week, and pique the short-tessed co-eds by his seeming indifference. As the gods will, so be it!

THE LIFE OF N. E. FROSH:

Nebechanezzar was born on a most auspicious day. Every omen pointed to a most useful life. It was Monday and the beginning of house-cleaning time. When the paternal Zeus noted this he beamed approvingly and said to the white-armed Achilles, "That there kid will be some bimbo when he grows up. He'll be useful." And Achilles spoke unto the

father of the gods, "You said it, grandpop, he'll be some hot baby." And Nebechanezzar went to Illinois and pledged Wotta Gang, and now every day is Monday and the beginning of house-cleaning time.

MORAL: BY A SIREN

Can you remember a girl's favorite brand of cigarettes from one date to the next? Have you enough personality to make the head of the department smile at you when you come into his eight o'clock late? Would you like to have the physique and magnetic eloquence of athletes like Buster Keaton and Cal Coolidge? After reading our helpful book, you won't even wish for a car when you date; you won't need one.

My dears, you simply must buy our latest book. We knew you would! At our expense, absolutely free, (absolutely free), gratis, with no charge, for only \$4.83, (reduced from \$4.98), it is the book of the semester.

Read our book, and even if you look like a Phi Bete, you'll never get the busy signal again when you try to call a sorority house. Anyway, be sure to swipe or borrow somebody's copy of "WHO, WHEN, AND HOW," by Howta B. A. Heman.

After you have read this charming book, be prepared to have us pester you with much dumb reading matter about some of our other books, a few of which are: "HOW TO DATE WITHOUT A CENT IN YOUR POCKETS"; "HOW TO AVOID MARRIAGE"; and "BLONDE OR BRUNETTE." These are only a few of our asbestos bound volumes. Don't wait until too late to absorb this cultural knowledge! Fill out the coupon below, and send it to the Registrar's office. Or any place else.

NAME (almost anybody's)-----
SECOND CHOICE-----
WHO IS SHE?-----
WHAT'S HER PHONE NO.-----

Kind Old Man—"And do you know why Santa Claus didn't bring you anything, little girl?"

Doll-Faced Child—"Yes, darn it, I trumped father's ace in the bridge game last Christmas Eve."

—Punch Bowl.

One of the things most needed in the present collegiate world is a motometer for sofas.

—Belle Hop.

What'll I give her for her birthday?

Does she smoke?

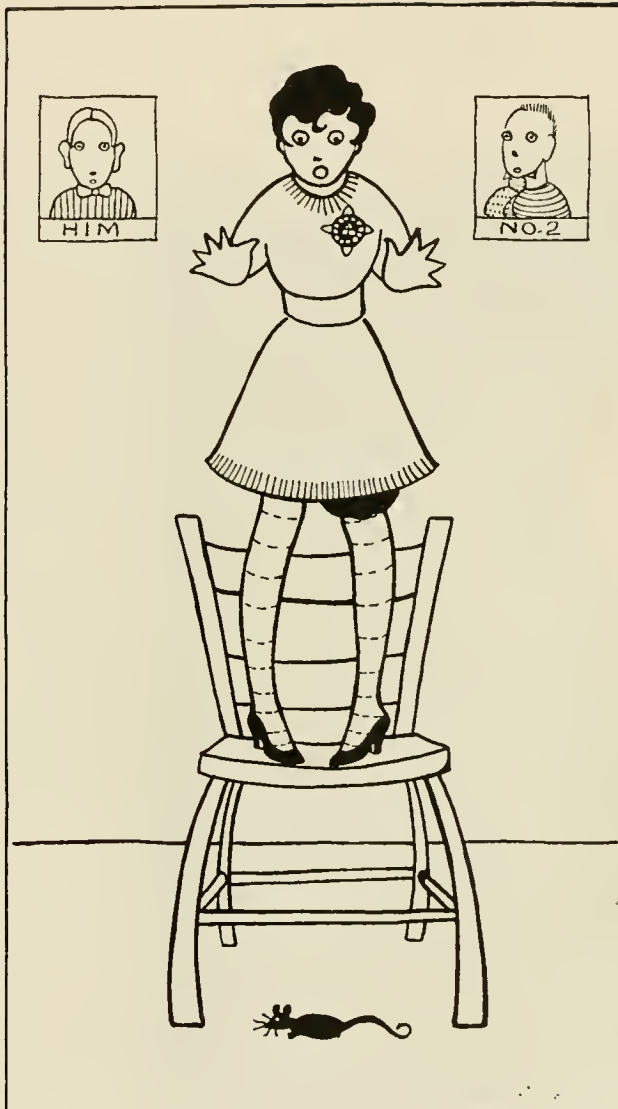
Yes!

Give her some sheet music.

WAR!



Dorothy Robinson



KAMERAD!

—S—

Why on earth did Dave go Alpha Chi Rho?
His girl wanted their pin for a radiator ornament for her car.

—S—

HAIL GAMMA PHI!

Tw'as a dear little face all framed in gold,
And the bluest of eyes not in the least bold,
A sweet little mouth, a figure petite,
Oh this little girl was all that was sweet.
The man on the platform his long speech did say,
And he handed the prize to the maid of the day.
A prize for jack's contest?: A cute little ring?,
A medal for skipping: No, only this thing—
A solid gold shovel for competitive gold-digging.

THE MAIDEN'S PRAYER

Please, Dear Lord, help me to be half as popular
as the dog that ran through our lecture room this
morning.

—S—

Gosh—My Soc. Prof. told me that someone dies
every time I breathe.

Durn—Try Listerine!

—S—

Sigh—Did you ever have your palm read?

Wren—No, they use paddles at our house.

—S—

Fee—I couldn't see that girl that just passed:
what did you think of her?

Nix—I think you're right.

—S—

Embroyology Prof.—Have the fish a leader?

Pifi Pledge—Sure, the Prince of Wales.

—S—

She—You look a little blue.

It—No, I'm a Marine.

—S—

First Prisoner—I guess they've got us where they
want us.

Second Condemned—I'll be shot if they have.

—S—



TAPS!



BEHIND THE LINES

The Wright Street Wrangle (1925—?)

It was war!

Peace had been destroyed during rushing season when a Theta casually remarked that the picture of the new Kappa house must be a bit dusty after having been on the Kappa mantel for five rushing seasons. The Kappa's, not to be outdone, retaliated with the remark that they at least would have real desert when they moved into their new house. Both sides mobilized for war.



The Tri-delts, being more of a Theta annex than a real sorority, sided with the Thetas, as did the Chi O's who needed prestige and glory after Jean Faulkner graduated. Davenport house and the Y. W. C. A. went solid for the Kappas because they are all on one block and some of the Kappas DID say, "Hello," to the other girls' on the street.

The first skirmish started when the Kappas or somebody hung a certain chair on a tree in front of the Theta house. The outlook was bright for dear old Kappa Kappa Gamma. The Thetas with cunning worthy of the Indians of old kidnapped the Kappa dog. (No, not that one.)

The Kappas came back by having their freshmen eat ice cream and cake on the porch to make the

Thetas jealous. This infuriated the Thetas, so they instructed their dates to throw empties on the Kappa lawn. In a week all the sistern were preparing the walk.

While the storm was raging all the smaller sororities were making a big haul. The Kappa Sigma Tan's, Phi Mu's, Pifys, and other locals ran away with every activity. Conditions were so bad that an Alpha Phi took the Woman's League presidency, and an A. O. Pi (Imagine It) captured the Tribune Beauty Contest.

It was evident that this war could not last forever as the Thetas, outweighed almost 20 pounds to a woman, were being pushed back further and further in the campus life. One Theta even went so far as to date Len Sturdyvin three times in a row. Tears came to every eye with the thought that the old slogan, "Oh my, no! This is the Kappa Alpha Theta house," would soon be a term of ridicule among the Green Street Gangsters.

So, after much back-biting, mud-slinging, and what-have-you, the warring factions agreed to an armistice, whereby the Kappas would move to the other side of the campus, and the Thetas would cede their right to the last booth in Mosi's.

Quiet once more reigned on Wright Street.



G. VORBAU



Awful-Biography

OF

RICHARD GLASSBROOK FINN '28

I was born, white haired, in the thoroughly Irish district of Webster Avenue, North of Chicago. I am not quite sure whether the baseball bat was a part of me at birth or not, at any rate, it soon became a permanent part of my paraphernalia. Anyone who knows Webster Avenue, of April, 1906, knows that you had to be a Mick, and a brat to get along. It was in this atmosphere of belligerency and Catholicism, that I was fetched up until I was old enough to go to school.

My first impression of St. Vincent's was one of a short, dark, big-bonneted sister with a razor strap hung from her belt. I felt its presence in mind more often than in body, but it certainly dinged respect for "authority" into my head.

One incident remains always with me. A certain Joe Sweeney and I were playing catch in the street when he let fly a high one. There was a crash—we ran—and the butcher later came to my father to collect damages. I sweat blood while he was there, so did my father when he was gone, and *I felt* the incident deeply.

Then dad got more prosperous and we moved to Rogers Park among the silk sock Irish. At St. Ignatius there was always a contest to see who could tie the largest knot in his tie; needless to say I was last.

If Bob Reitsch had a funny incident in his eighth grade, I think I have one to match. My sister, now a young lady, was a red haired freckled faced brat of ten, who was as inquisitive as a puppy dog and always poking her nose in something. On the morning of the Eighth Grade Picnic I started out upon my first date, having concealed the identity of the favored one. I stealthily rounded the corner, basket in hand, when who should I spy sleuthing me but Marge, my red haired brat of a sister, who could not resist the temptation to report my "wampus" to the family.

You'd never know from my present status that I was once an angelic choir boy—one of the famous Paulist Choristers of Chicago—and a soloist at that. My special number, "Old Black Joe"—made quite a hit, but the hit was registered particularly with the niggers—"up where your noose bleeds." It was during the war and we were singing for the French Relief Fund. We traveled all over the United States and Canada for six months and then came home to perform for the folks. Boy, weren't they proud of

At Loyola Academy, along with Ernie Dorn, I was one of the "big shots"—a big fish in a little pool. Played two years of football at quarterback, and managed to break both shoulders, both wrists and a measley rib. I was a real asset. Just when the big game would come along, I'd break something. Once I broke my shoulder and the coach, trembling with emotion, said "Shucks, take him away, he's no good anyway!"

I was also a dramatic star. The height of my career came when in Benson's "The Upper Room," Judas (Mike, the football star) threw someone (none other than me) across the boards. It was a dramatic moment—tense and gripping—but my wig fell off and spoiled the scene, for tears changed to roars in a moment and the ghost of my dramatic ambitions went up in the noise.

If that had not put a finale to my aspirations, an incident two scenes later certainly did. As I remember a parapet or railing had been erected up-stage over which I was supposed to lean to view the crucifying mob as they passed by. The "mob" was composed of the remnant of the football team lying on their backs behind the parapet and passing crosses and spikes along. All was silent, with a sigh of something that was supposed to be terror I wended my sandaled way, ala Larry Lemon, to the parapet, leaned over, and was knocked cold by one of the passing crucifixes. I gave up acting.

Oh! I forgot about baseball. The height of my career came in the first season, when Fred Lindstrom was our shortstop. It was near the beginning of the season, and a practice game had been scheduled, else I would have warmed the bench as usual. But Old Jake Weiner decided to give his ambitious recruit, who had hitherto been bat boy, ground keeper, and general liability a chance. Little did he know that I had taken castor oil the night before. The ninth inning came and there were men on the bases. Although I had struck out three times before, the coach had confidence in me. And lo and behold with the help of the castor oil, I hit a home run. It has been my regular diet ever since.

That concludes my pre-college career. Since entering my natural affinity for red headed girls has come charging to the fore. I have looked them all over carefully, and have settled on a certain little Theta Phi Alpha, who can hit me with a lance any day and still call me Glassbrook with impunity.

The Terms of War



A. O. Pi—Why don't men kiss each other when they greet, like we girls do?

Other Lipstick Ad.—Oh, they "do it with gas."

WAR—When Greek meets Greek (fraternity Greek.)

LOVE—Fiftieth word of a night letter.

ARMISTICE—The donation of car permits.

BIG GUNS—Milt Cook, John Browning, Bob Reitch, Pony Marshal, et al.

GENERAL—Usually applied to nuisances.

FIRST LINE—Any Delta Gam frosh's beginning speech.

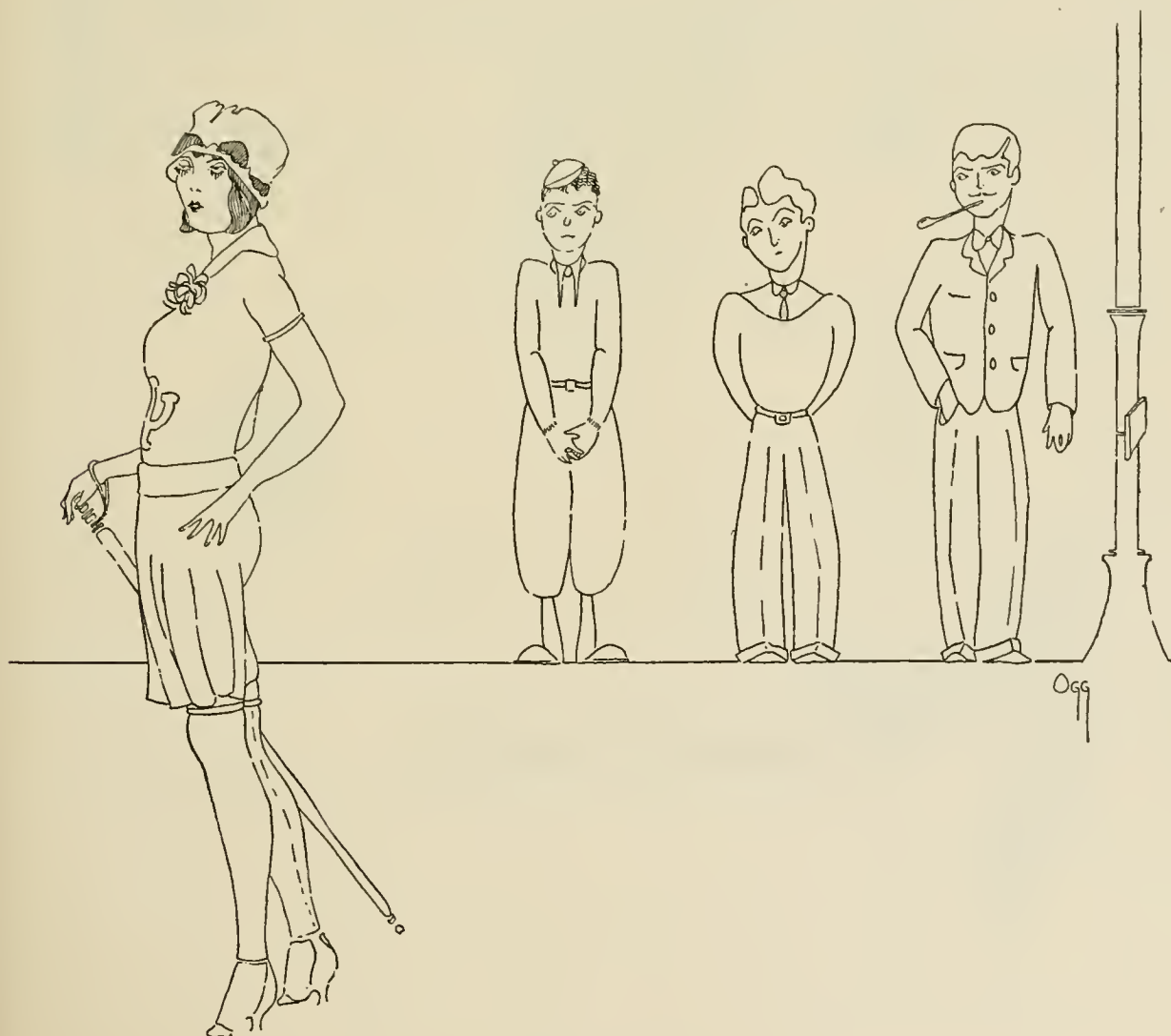
RETREAT—The Arcade.

FIRE—It happens every Tuesday.

SKIRMISH—A Friday night date.

ENTANGLEMENTS—Dates met at Chrysler Hall.

EXPLOSION—The result of a girl wearing a Delt pin on Psi U date.



EYES RIGHT

The SIREN



Surprise Attack

Lieutenant—The Ohio team is counterfeit.
 Second Nuisance—How come?
 Other One Again—Aw, the halves are full of lead, and the quarters can't pass!

—S—

Fraternity Man—Get any good pledges?
 Second Restaurant Patroniser—Naw! Raukest bunch I ever saw. Not a single one wears a 15 collar or a 12 sock.

—S—

He—Buy your Illio now!
 She—No thanks, I've got one.
 It—Buy another and use them for book-ends.

—S—

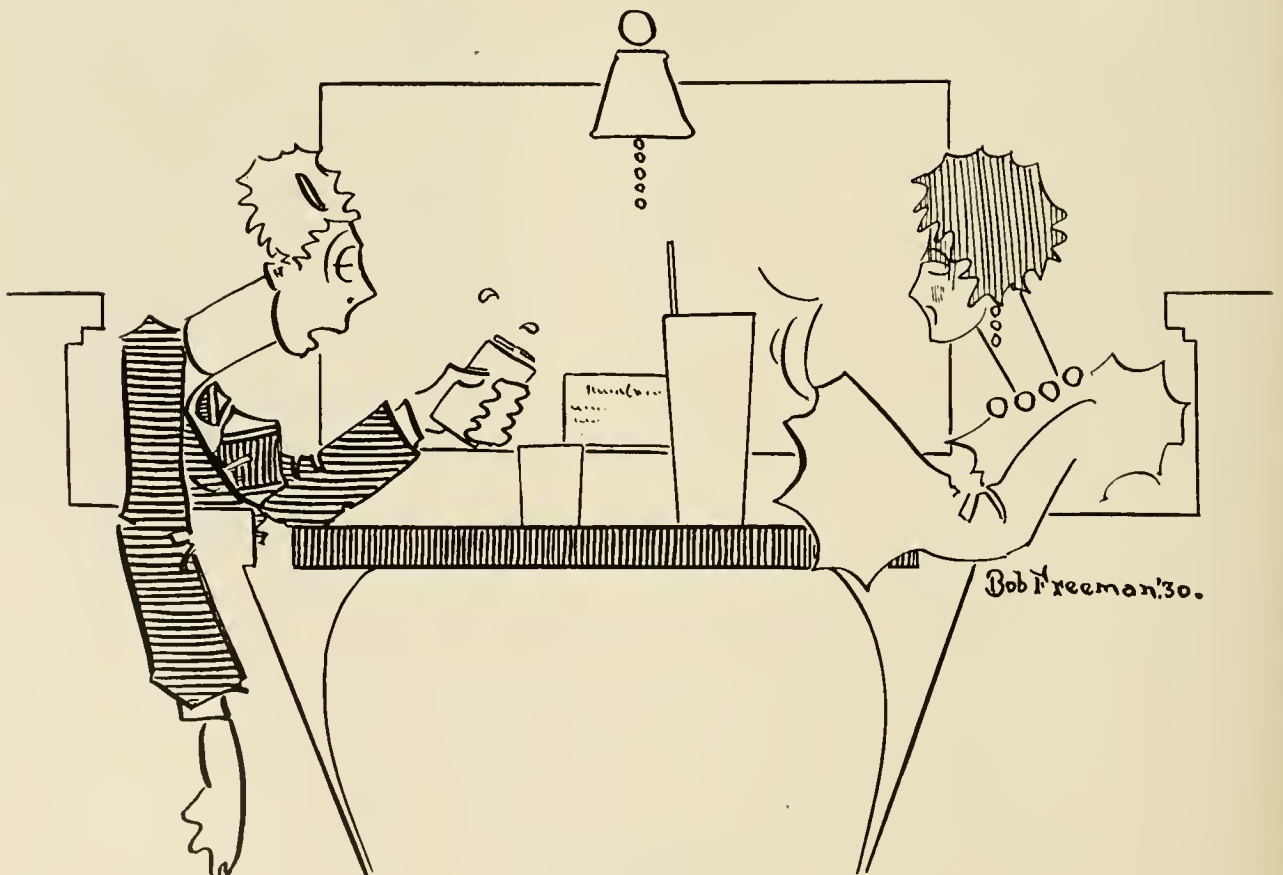
"I've got a game leg," cried the track feller as he picked up a rabbit's foot.

—S—

Rookie—Ha, ha! Joke on the general.
 Color Sergeant—What's so funny?
 Rookie—I'm being shot at sunrise, and I'm the wrong guy.

—S—

The Gal—What were you before you joined the army?
 The Gunner—Happy!



WATER! LOU!



RIFLE PRACTICE

WAR

This particular scrap began over the fact that Marcia wanted Joe to take her to such and such a place, because so and so was going to happen and this and that were going to be there. (Co-eds are so indefinite in their descriptions anyhow, so they will understand just what she meant).

The engagement developed when the advanced guard of the aggressor met the outposts of the weaker, but more tenacious Joe. Joe immediately entrenched his objections, throwing up sandbags in the form of ill health and other engagements.

Marcia, by this time had sought out the weak points in the defense and had concentrated her forces on the natural weakness of Joe's position. She sent over a general barrage in the shape of good times and diversion, then sent over her majesty's own troops, personified in her ego, her pleasure, her satisfaction, and her will, to be right in the fray.

So far Joe's defense had proved stubborn. The engagement had become general and the bombardment was taking toll of his best support. He sent for reserves and without much difficulty his best line defense was bolstered against all attacks. Joe was waiting for the attack of caresses and offers. This finally came and Joe met it with an annihilating machine gun fire of parents, transportation, clothes, and place. Then as Marcia persisted, he opened up with gas and a counter attack with his last hope—lack of finances.

Marcia had one resort to win. She had undermined the ground with high explosives and as Joe came over it with his strong and determined contingent of finances, Marcia blew him up with the offer to defray the expenses.

Joe was beaten, and beaten badly. He knew it, but at the same time, by using a little strategy, he could turn defeat into victory. He proceeded to make it a triumph by securing the finances then and there.

Lapses Into Literature

I WELL KNOW

My Mary sleeps
Where all is still.
A shadow creeps
Along the hill,
Beneath her cross.

But I well know
That where she lies
The lilies grow
'Neath softer skies.
Yes, I well know.
—*Douglas D. Considine '29.*

SUGGESTIONS

By FRANCIS J. KOENIG
to follow:

(with and without reservations)

"Adam and Eve," by John Erskine (still in serial form, and so far, without). Another novel by the author of the inimitable "Helen of Troy," and "Galahad;" and quite as inimitable.

"Something about Eve," by J. B. Cabell, Robert McBride and Co., \$2.50 (without). The Eve woman comes in for a number of stories. Like Cabell's other books, this is pure allegory, altho not as good as "Jurgen" and "Figures of Earth."

"Variety," by Paul Valery, Harcourt Brace and Co., New York, \$3.00 (without). Not a novel, but a group of essays, perfectly written, of which the best is "An Introduction to the Method of Leonardo da Vinci."

"The Anatomy of Virtue," by Vincent Sheehan, Century Company, New York, \$2.00 (with). Another novel, merely. One, again of British society, with no apparent reason for its being.

"The Harvest of a Quiet Eye," by Odell Shephard, Houghton Mifflin, New York, \$3.00 (without). "A book of digressions," being a group of informal essays on walking tours.

"America," by Hendrick Van Loon, Boni and Liveright, New York, \$5.00 (without). A journalist's history of this vast country written more entertainingly than any history book could ever be.

"Certain Rich Men," by Meade Minnegerode, G. P. Putnam and Sons, New York, \$3.00 (with). A group of biographies of some of our most famous millionaires, done with a complete bias, and with the obvious idea of making some of the, at least, not as bad as they seem, or really are.

"I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH"

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year
And the first meadow-flowers appear.

God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Where hushed awakenings are dear
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

—*From POEMS by Alan Seeger.*

THE URGE

Oh, to be up in the blue again!
Tossed like a leaf on its slender stem;
Bucking the wind and racing the rain,
Lost for e'er to the dim terrain!

Oh, to be borne through the buoyant space,
Exultant at heart, with the wind in your face,
Dreaming yourself the God of that place—
Oh, to be up in that space!

Wild as the bird that wings away,
Lightsome as butterflies circling at play;
Out of the blue and into the gray,
Happy to go where the cloudlets stray!

Then to drift where the rainbow lies
Arched across these tempting skies;
Then to fade as its color dies—
Lost and gone where the star-mist lies!

Douglas D. Considine '29.



Salome Gets the Big Head!



The Ayes Have "It"

—————S—————

Captain—Button up your blouse.
Frosh (absently)—Yes, mother dear.

—————S—————

Colored Recruit (pulling himself out of mud hole into which he had stumbled)—Assnau!
Officer—What do you mean, Assnau?
C. R.—That's the biggest dam in Egypt.

—————S—————

After all a pledge is only a promise to pay.

—————S—————

EPITAPH!

This covering of sod is the best
These bones have ever had;
For she was a true blue co-ed,
And like co-eds she was clad.

—————S—————

Top-sergeant—Rastus, what is your nearest living relation?
Rastus—Ma'aunt sub, Ma'aunt.
Top-sergeant—Ain't you go no mother?
Rastus—Shuh, I got a mother, but ma ' mother lives four blocks away and ma ' aunt lives only two.

Thanksgiving

Folks let me tell you how I was cured of the curse of malteds and cokes.

Gosh! What a slave I was to it, and the tortures it brought on, were worse than being pledged.

Nights, I would stagger home down the broad walk and would reach my hovel where my wife, who I had acquired in the years I waited in line to register as a freshman, and my children, all seventeen of them would await me.

The kiddies had cried, "Father, dear father, come home with us now," so ften that they learned it in chorns, harmonized.

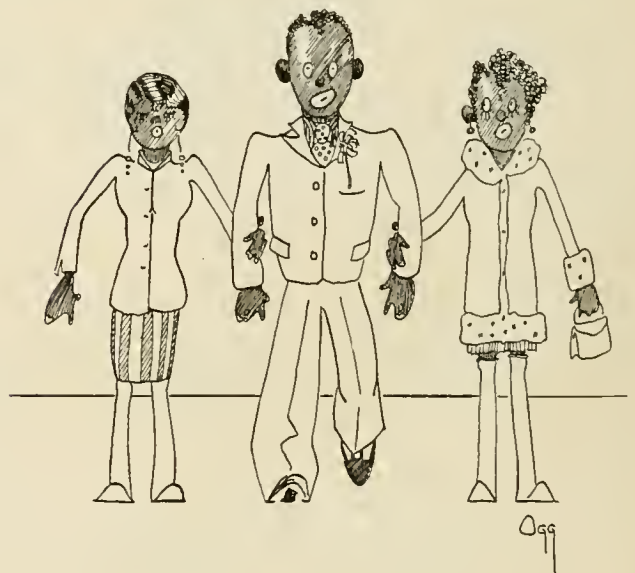
Sodden brute that I was, sent them out on Green St., to sing it. There it brought in more money than, "Dardenella, Three O'Clock in the Morning, Yes, We Have No Bananas, Charleston, Sing Me a Baby Song in our large and small sizes, in silks, satins, crepes, georgettes; in napolean blue, nile green, sand and chanel."

But I waver in my narration: one day, heaven be praised! Frank Merriwell, head and president of the Y. M. C. A. kindly and in a Listerine seented breath, explained to me: the joys of spiritual peace, and regular seminar studying, and helpful hands of professors, in conference, office hours, M. W. F. from 3-5.

What a reecompenee! How I thank the Star course for my timely salvation from a happy uncultured state.

Now, I, a cured man can walk into Prehn's and refuse a double chocolate marshmallow nut Velvet with ease—especially when my monthly cheek hasn't come in.

—————S—————



Escort To The Colors

“DUDS”

(High Explosives Which Fail to Go Off)

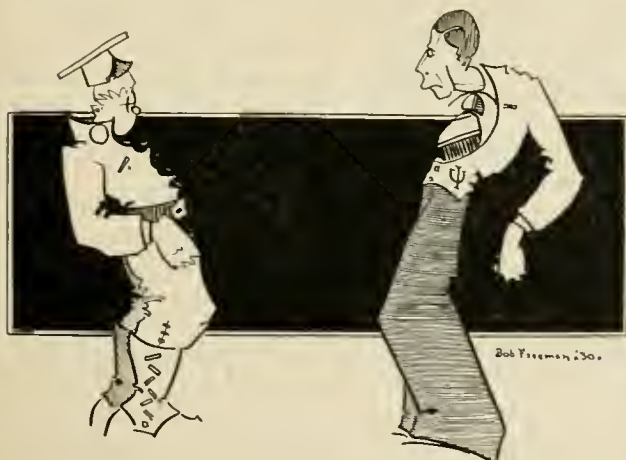
When the phrase, “pretty and intelligent co-ed,” is mentioned we instinctively recall the one who daily betook herself to a beach near the pride of California (Loz Anglaze), there divesting herself of a beach robe and earnestly and impersonally going through some arm and leg gyrations to the amusement and comment of others who were trying to find out WHY Californians were so self-satisfied with their state and selves.

One girl, that was never misled to try and get in the movies, but would give any Mack Sennett prodigy a good argument, exclaimed, “She ought to take those exercises for her head.”

Fitting, we calls it, and sitting there on the beach of the state having more hot air, ugly women, earthquakes, fogs, torrential rains, and fruit than any other, we watches this “squab” try to build herself up. Maybe she was tubercular. That’s nothing, there are lots of T. P. A.’s that have coughs.

Anyhow, after about three weeks of that she gets a little courage, goes down to the rope guide and hanging on, walks out until the ocean brushes against her knees and almost submerges her. Becoming sympathetic and wanting her to drown very quickly, we walks over with the intention of giving her a little advice. We gets a little closer and stops dead. She looks good, except that apparently someone has hit her in the face with a bat when she was a kid.

Well, as we were saying, we think of that incident when somebody says, “pretty and intelligent co-ed.”



AS YOU WERE



SHORE LEAVE

First Alpha Gam—Dj’a have a nice date?

Second Neck Rest—Yeh, I got the cold shoulder.

First Year—I want my mind read.

Mind-reader—My boy, I am a mind-reader, not a discoverer.—*Punch Bowl.*

“Are you positive the defendant was drunk?”

“Well, your honor, I saw him put a penny in a patrol box and then he looked up at the court house clock and roared, ‘Gwad, I’ve lost 14 pounds.’”

—*Yellow Jacket.*

“I doctor myself by the aid of medical books.”

“Yes, and some day you’ll die of a misprint.”

—*Augwan.*

TO AVOID:

(without reservations)

“The Case Book of Sherlock Holmes,” by A. Conan Doyle. Holmes feebly revived with cheap detective stories.



DUMBELL RHYME

Go hand the prize
To Gladly Sears
To cool her engine
She stripped the gears.—*Goblin.*

—S—

"Pop, I want to go to College."

"What do you want to go to college for? The traveling salesmen know just as good ones."

—*Brown Jug.*

—S—

Tess (arrogantly)—Down in Blackburg they call me the "village queen!"

Alice (with a sneer)—That's because so many of the town poker players have held you.—*Soul Owl.*

—S—

The marriage ceremony should be changed to "Love, Honor, and Hey! Hey!"—*Sour Owl.*

—S—

Drop in at the Post Office some time and attend the commencement exercises of the correspondence school graduates.—*Soul Owl.*

—S—

"Doctor I'm going to die."

"What makes you think so?"

"Mi life-time fountain pen just broke."

—*Jack O'Lantern.*

—S—

A college student rose from his table at a fashionable dining room and walked toward the door.

He was passing the house detective at the entrance when a silver sugar bowl dropped from his bulging coat.

The guest glanced calmly at the officer and then turned with an expression of quiet annoyance toward the occupants of the room. "Ruffians," he said, "who threw that?" and walked out.

—*Brown Jug.*

HOW COULD YOU

The tramp approached a door marked Dr. Roberts, and knocked. A lady answered the summons and he inquired politely: "Has the Doe, an old pair of pants or two, that he could let me have missus?"

"No," the lady answered sweetly, "they wouldn't fit you."

"Are you sure?" he questioned.

"Quite sure," was the reply. "Yon see, I'm the Doctor.—*Goblin.*

—S—

"But my dear young fellow, what makes you insist that he's so dumb?"

"Well, the other day I sent him to the Post Office with a bunch of letters, and money for stamps. When he got back he told us that he noticed several fellows slipping their letters into a little hole in the wall, and he just sneaked up quietly and put mine in for nothing.—*Ollapod.*

—S—

Child (saying prayer)—"And make Ireland independent!"

Mother—"My dear, why ask such an absurd thing in a prayer?"

"I put it that way in an exam."—*Pitt Panther.*

—S—

"Heavens! My husband! Quick, say your a burglar!"—*Every Body's Weekly (London).*

—S—

Not so Deadly—How come you're not wearing my fraternity pin any more?

Deadlier than the Male—The boys complained of it sticking their fingers.—*Kitty Kat.*

—S—

Ahoy, Toodle-oo, hast heard the one about the absent-minded professor who swallowed the gun and shot his lunch.—*Red Cat.*

Wonder What an All-Star Half Back Thinks About : By BRIGGS



© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload



15¢

The SIREN



QUAKER!

Bob Freeman.

The Oop Unit OR THE SCIENCE OF COMOMETRICS

Is a banana more humorous than a scrambled egg? Or is a brick more facetious than either?

These and other perplexing questions have been answered by Prof. Phlegm in his newly formulated science of comometrics. With his comometer he could measure the vibrations set up by the humorous qualities of individuals and objects. The degree of drollery is measured by certain units called Oops.

Although a whimsical scrambled egg which has an Oop rating of 89.95 is 2 points higher than ambiguous hash, it is entirely outclassed by the droll banana (153.72 oops.)

The height of ridiculousness was thought by Prof. Phlegm to have been reached by the No-Car Rule which rates 212 units. This record, however, was pushed aside by the Alpha Phi's when they pledged a girl containing 215.04 oops.

Any of Bruce Weirick's courses are good for at least 57 oops. On the other hand, Dr. Cahn's bird courses have never fallen below the century mark in oop units.

In discussing objects of varying oop values it is interesting to note that the abstract forms will often have a difficult effect than will the concrete forms. For instance, BABY in the abstract has a very high rating. But let us put the baby in the concrete. It's no joke. If you don't believe us, ask the baby.

The absolute zero in humor is to be found in Walter Eckersall.

Our own R. O. T. C. was tested and it—but the "R. O. T. C. is no fit subject for jest."

The other day the Illinois Siren was subjected to examination with the comometer. At first it gave no stimulus at all. Then the indicator began to fluctuate wildly. Ye editor became panic-stricken. Could his beloved Siren (The Heart of Illinois) be a joke? The committeemen swarmed around him. "I'll not have it!" he cried as the indicator rose. The needle point was fast approaching the 1,000 mark. All at once the machine exploded.

The only comometer in existence was destroyed but the Illinois Siren was saved!

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BROADWAY and FIFTH—Gary
MARION and LAKE—Oak Park

ORRINGTON and CHURCH—Evanston
STATE and JACKSON—Chicago



Dick Brown, '29, Visits the New, Enlarged Lytton College Shop

THE Lytton College Shop is the talk of men on every Middle Western University campus—its comfortable, inviting roominess, its authentic "undergrad" styles, its unquestioned values. You'll certainly want to see it.

OVERCOATS • SUITS • TOPCOATS • HATS • SHOES
SHIRTS • HOSE • NECKWEAR • LEATHER JACKETS



Tuxedo vestings by Catoir now include smart Black-and-White effects—exclusive and correct.

CATOIR

VESTINGS FACINGS LININGS

CHOOSE

Grew a rosebud, pink and pale
On a rosebush in a sunny dale.
The sun looked down on the bud and smiled
Till it grew as red as a rosy child.
A dirty boy on his way to school
Stopped to play in a muddy pool.
But a pretty girl so pure and sweet
Plucked the flower at his very feet.—Dot.

First History Student—What do you mean a “good omen”?

Second Unfortunate—Didn’t you notice, a bee just passed us.

—S—

You out for track?

Naw, for cribbing an exam.

—S—

Deke—There’s darn few sororities like the Kappas.

Pifi—Yeah, darn few.

—S—

A. O. Pi Pledge—My brother is an “I” man.

Other Slave—You’re none too modest yourself.

—S—

Hiss—She certainly has an appeal.

Torry—You said “it.”

—S—

I adore you, kid.

You talking to me or your gloves.

—S—

For two weeks George, the college graduate, had been afflicted with sleeping-sickness. The doctors despaired. Little Jimmy came home from college for the week-end. Suddenly he had an idea. Producing a bicycle bell, he rang it, and then in a deep voice said: “That will be all fo today, then.” George sat bolt upright in bed, grabbed a book from the table at his side, and ran from the room. “Cured!” cried the crowd. “He thought he was back in college.”



Little Sirron's Letter Home

DEAR MA:-

Well, I guess I haven't written since the last time, because I've been busier than a new hat at Home-coming. With all these foot-ball games every week-end, I don't get much time to myself.

Homecoming came and went without much loss of life. You know home-coming is the time when all the grads come back and put on the dog. Then they go home and eat coffee and doughnuts for two weeks to make up for the dough they spent.

I don't know much about the game, but I think we won, because they were our guests and they should let us win.

On Dads' Day we played Chicago, you know, that's the school that was founded because Rockefeller had some loose change to spend. Chicago has a stadium that's capable of comfortably seating 10,000 visiting rooters behind the goal posts. They have changed their style of architecture from Gothic to Gas Station.

Well Ma, I haven't been in any of these new houses yet. I'd like to see this A. O. Pic house I've heard so much about. I'll see it yet even if I have to date one of the girls.

No foolin' Ma I really think the Kappas are going to have a new house. It's about time they built tho, because the Illio editor is getting out of patience with them. The Phi Mu's are going to build next to the Kappas with the hope that some Kappas dates mite get mixed up and call on them.

They've been doing a lot of razzing about rating systems down here. Somebody said the CHIPHIS were sore because no one preferred them. I was up to Chrysler Hall one nite, and they seemed to be preferred up there. At least there were more of them than anybody else except maybe Harry Mitchell and his Zeta Beta crowd.

I'm writing this in class, Ma, while the others are taking a quiz. The instructor told me I didn't need to take it, as it couldn't affect my grades any.

Yours till D. K. E.'s date Pi Phi's,

SIRRON.

—S—

Mother—"Cards are a waste of time."

College Son—"Yes, Mother, especially the time wasted in shuffling."—Tiger.

—S—

Cinderella—"Godmother, must I leave the ball at twelve?"

The Good Fairy—"You'll not go at all, if you don't stop swearing."—Octopus.



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how dry I am!"



SINGS the Drinkless Kaywoodie
"until they smoke me!"

Here's a modern pipe that earns
"A" on any test. And you can't
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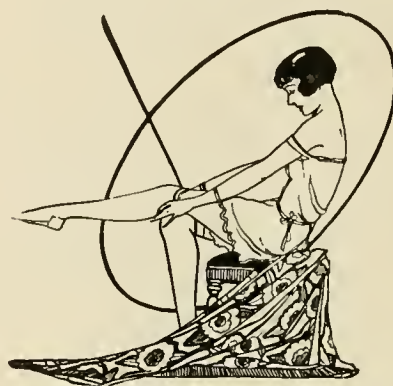


Etc., Etc.

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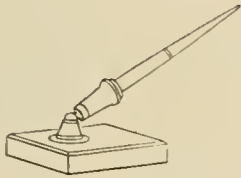


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The Sad Smile—Our love is deformed.
The Gasp—How come?
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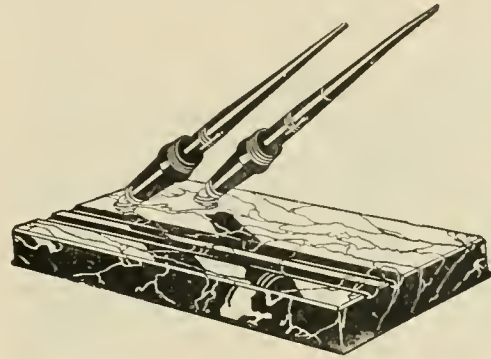
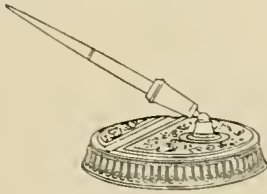
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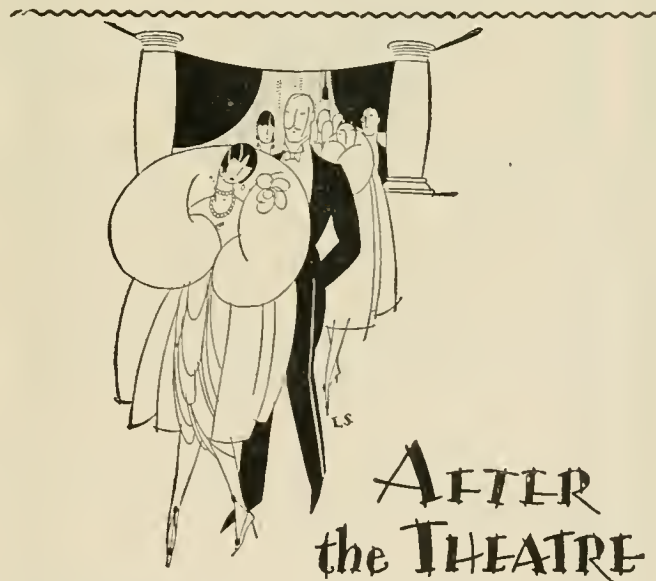


THE DANGER LINE

He—"I love you!"

—S—

SHE: I got seasick last night.
DITTO: But how could you in Urbana?
SHE: Bob had water on the knee.



AFTER the THEATRE

Then the dance. And remember—all those cigarettes you have been smoking between the acts have positively *not* improved your breath. They have if anything—well, why go into details? A tobacco breath and romance do not go together.

A breath-sweetening Pep-o-mint Life Saver after smokes is a life saver indeed. She'll agree.

"One Man Tells Another"

THEY'RE HOT!



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They're Plenty Hot!

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to be had as low as
Thirty Dollars, at

Rosens'
Mens Stylists

Downtown—Champaign



ROOKIE

S

"Clement hasn't changed much," exclaimed the fond mother, examining her son's first consignment of soiled clothes from college.—*Punch Bowl*.

S

There are girls and girls, but the kind that go to heaven are the dead ones.—*Ski-U-Mah*.

S

"How far off from the answer to the first problem were you?"

"About four seats."—*Belle Hop*.

S

"Hey, mister! Yer engine's smokin'."

"Well, it's old enough to!"—*Ranger*.

S

Teacher—If a number of cattle is called a herd, and a number of sheep a flock, what would a number of camels be called?

Little Johnnie—A carton.—*Lampoon*.

S

"Where have you been for the last two years?"

"At school taking medicine."

"Dju finally get well?"—*Rammer Jammer*.

S

"McDonall, will ya not have a cigarette?"

"Thank ye, no, I never smoke wi' gloves on. I canna stand the smell of burning leather."

—*Lampoon*.

Famous Wars

— — — m Alfa Gam
 — — — Tax
 — — — blings
 — — — ing's Pennsylvanians
 — — — ped Minds
 Hot — — — fuls
 Flu — — — d
 — — — shing on the Line
 — — — ner System
 George — — — shington
 Daddy — — — bucks
 — — — den
 — — — tel on the Rhine
 — — — t

— — — S — — —

She—What's the lowest thing
 you have in a girl's dress?

Salesman—Ahem.

— — — S — — —

Illini Rooter—The men on
 the team sure think fast.

Illini Rooter—Yeah, they got
 special headgear.

— — — S — — —

"Well, I swan," said the fancy
 diver, jumping off the board.

— — — S — — —

Will you love me always
 dear?

I'm afraid I don't know
 them.

— — — S — — —

Awful-Delt—I'm crazy about
 you.

Delta Gam—Maybe you'd be
 all right, somewhere else.

— — — S — — —

Got a quiz next hour?

Yeah, have you?

Uh huh.

Where shall we go?

— — — S — — —

He—What are you taking
 Rhet. for?

Her—Yes, and English too.

— — — S — — —

Phi—I gotta new girl.

Delta—What's she like?

Phi—Me.

CLOTHES

Ready-made
 And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
 STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
 CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
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Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats



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CHAMPAIGN AND URBANA

The character of the suits and
 overcoats tailored by Charter House
 will earn your most sincere liking.

KAUFMAN'S

ON THE CAMPUS

Little Girl—"Mother, there's a man in the kitch-
 en kissing the cook."

Mother—"What! In my house! Send her up-
 stairs this minute."

Little Girl—"April Fool! It's only father."

—Burr.

"Zackie Moore"
and his orchestra
(The Illi-Noisy-Seven)

The only recording band in the state
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Hear Our Paramount Records
"Barbara" and
"Blue River"

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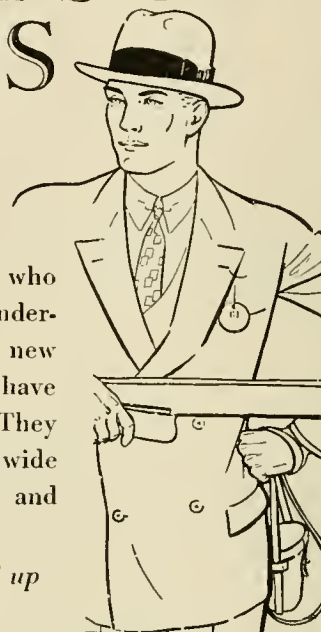
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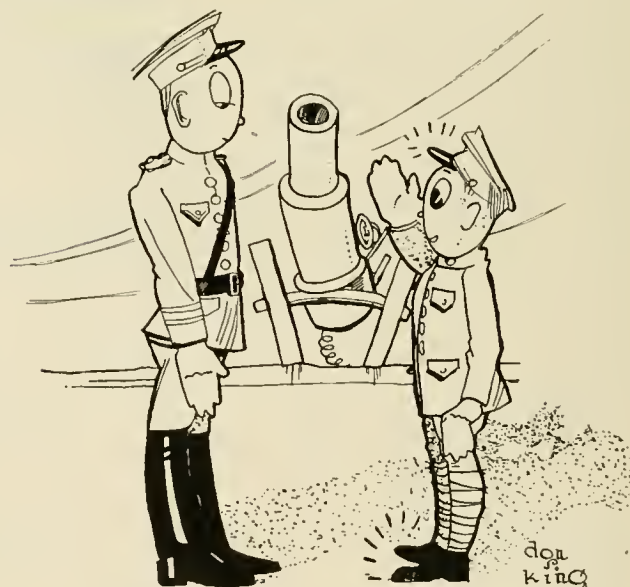
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HATS**



To the young man who
discerns *style* and under-
stands *quality*, the new
Stetson soft hats have
a natural appeal. They
may be had in a wide
variety of shapes and
shades.

Eight Dollars and up

Styled for Young Men



Captain—Your uniform is certainly immaculate this morning.

Frosh—Thanks officer, yours looks nice too.

—S—

Traveling—If I had known that tunnel was so long I would have kissed you.

University—Heavens. Wasn't that you?"

—Cynic.

ART OF BORROWING

Hy, Smith, will you need your lawn-mower this afternoon?

Yes, Jones. I'm afraid I will.

Well then, Smith let me use your golf clubs, you won't be needing them.—*America's Humor*.

—S—

1st Enfant (braggingly)—“We got a new electric ice-box.”

2nd Enfant—“My papa trusts mama.”

—S—

DOWN? DOWN? DOWN.

It glittered upon the floor and I stooped to pick it up.

Suddenly, from behind me there came a stealthy step, the low inhale and exhale of restrained breathing. And then a hand touched my back and slipped softly under my coat. My biceps tightened; my heart fluttered; my stomach muscles rippled!

Then with a resounding crash the awakening came amidst the titters of the crowd. At my next step the terrific truth fell upon me.

Who unbuttoned my suspender?!?!—*Ski-U-Mah*.

—S—

THERE MUST BE A REASON!

Came Saturday night; three juniors were playing leap-frog. Suddenly the phone bell rang, and continued to do so until a Frosh dragged his weary steps across the room and grabbed the phone. He turned and ventured to remark that a sweet young thing wished to talk to one of the upper classmen. “Take the message,” he was ordered.

“Please, sirs, it's a Tri-Delt with three sets of comps and a couple of cars. Would any of you care to go?”

“Too tired,” sighed the juniors, continuing to play with the phonograph records.—*Ski-U-Mah*.

—S—

Hell hath no fury like that of a woman so popular that everyone thought it useless to ask her.

—*Chanticleer*.



On, Wisconsin!

Jack McGrath gives a vivid picture of Wisconsin in the January College Humor. All about its students, fraternities, problems, its great and near-great.

Other special features include *Back to Mother*, by Wallace Irwin, a complete novelette of two young people which shows all the tenderness and dismay of the first year of marriage.

Peter B. Kyne's first story for this magazine appears. Grantland Rice writes on *All-Americans of All Time*, and there are many others.

[\$2,000 art contest closes January 15, 1928. Important announcement in College Humor following issue. Send drawings now!]

CollegeHumor

Two Gift Subscriptions for \$5

It's Turkey Next

Football is over, basketball will begin soon after the Thanksgiving Holiday.

THEN COME

The dances before the holiday vacation. We want to print your programs and offer you the best that can be had.

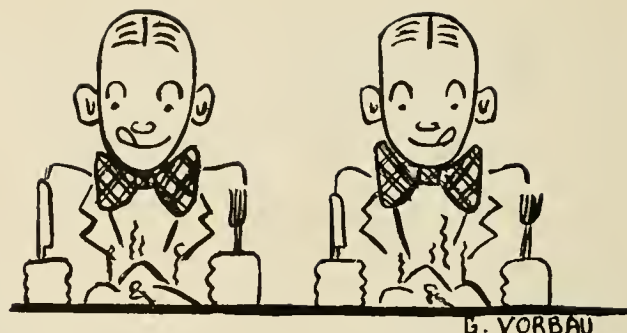
If you've tried us once we don't have to prove it, but to newcomers we are ready.

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THANKSGIVING, 1927, OR CIVIL STRIFE AT HOME!

War was evident! As the sun rose Thanksgiving morning, four powers were on the verge of severing relations and sending armed troops to the fray.

Pa was going around with a pig on his back because the milk was sour. Ma lost two bucks at bridge the night before, just because Pa didn't take her out on a no-trump bid. That put him ace-high with her. Somebody brought Sister Mary home and left her in the hallway all night. She'd be there yet only Pa found her when he went out to get the paper. So Mary didn't feel so good. Brother Bill wanted to see what the new car would do. It did three lamp posts and a milk wagon before it finally stopped in a cigar store window. One wheel wasn't broken a bit. So Bill was in a bad humor.

The morning passed with no signs of battle except for the few in the kitchen. Then came the dinner "these potatoes taste like last week's wash" said Bill.

"Yea," said Mary. "And this turkey lived thru last year's spring." Ma shut them up with a barrage of cups and plates followed by a rapid fire of silver ware.

"That's college education for you," said Ma.

"Well," pa snickered, "they weren't far from right. These turnips haven't been near a fire in weeks." He almost made the door but a chair dropped him in his tracks.

"Thankgoodness that's over," said Ma, as she walked out picking her teeth. "These holidays bore me."

—————S—————

No, Mable, a neckerchief is not the head of a sorority house.—*Moonshine.*

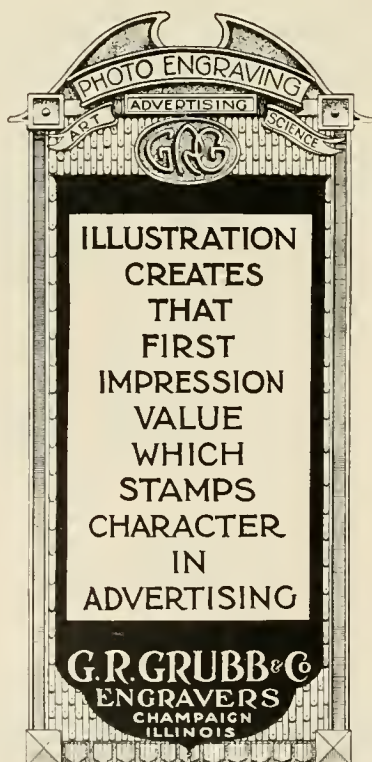
—————S—————

"Boy, your overcoat is rather loud!"

"Not when I put my muffler on."—*Green Goat.*

—————S—————

College Graduate, showing his diploma to his father: "Here's your receipt, Pop." —*Wampus.*



How will your office look?

Not like this, of course

Yet you will find in it a dozen jobs that can be done more quickly and effectively by electricity—and done so quietly as to be practically unnoticed. In fact, electricity has completely revolutionized many office methods.



TO-DAY in a modern office you will find these electrical aids:

Addressing Machines; Dictating Machines; Adding Machines; Multigraphs; Check-writers; Calculating Machines; Cash Registers; Interior Telephones; Card Recorders; Card Sorters; Time Recorders; Accounting Machines; Time Stamps; Clocks; Mailing Machines; Typewriters; Fans; MAZDA Lamps, and many other electric devices.



This familiar mark appears on many electrical products, including motors that drive time- and labor-saving office machines.

YOUR FATHER probably will recall the days of high stools, eyeshades, and evenings overtime.

...

But visit a modern office! A thousand letters to go out by four o'clock. A new price list to all customers in to-night's mail, without fail. Enter electricity. Two or three people turn switches, and the finished letters come out of an ingenious machine. Another motion and they are sealed and stamped. Only electricity could get that job done.

...

Here's a statistical job. The reports are in; thousands of figures to analyze. Looks like overtime for fifty clerks. "Certainly not," answers electricity, as a button starts the

motor-driven sorters and tabulators. Key cards are punched with lightning fingers. Electric sorters devour 24,000 cards an hour. Tabulators add quantities and amounts in jig time, and print the totals.

...

Go to almost any bank today. Hand in your account book. Click, click, click, goes the electric book-keeping machine and back comes the book to you. Five operations performed in that brief moment. Everybody saves time,—you, the clerk, the bank,—when electricity is the book-keeper.

...

In the office of to-morrow you will find "electrical fingers" doing more work than even to-day.

210-62DH

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You should know the tastes and fragrances that choice tobaccos really give. Camels will reveal an entirely new pleasure. And the more of them you light, the more enjoyable.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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SILENT

XMAS CHEER



New Clothes for the Holidays

THE HOLIDAYS are just around the corner. When you go away, no matter where you go, you will naturally want to appear at your best as a well-dressed university man. No combination of apparel will give your appearance quite the

assurance of good taste and dash of style as a *GELVIN* outfit. There is no getting around the fact that *GELVIN*'S clothes are decidedly different. Wherever well dressed men gather, you will find that these clothes are outstanding in style superiority.

A Man Wearing Gelvin's Clothes is Always Well Dressed



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It costs a lot, but Camel must have the best

It is true that Camel is the quality cigarette, but it costs to make it so. To make Camel the favorite that it is costs the choicest crops of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos grown. It requires the expense of a blending that leaves nothing undone in the liberation of tobacco taste and fragrance.

But the fame that Camel has won is worth all the trouble. It has brought

modern smokers a new realization of excellence. They are particular and fastidious and they place Camel first.

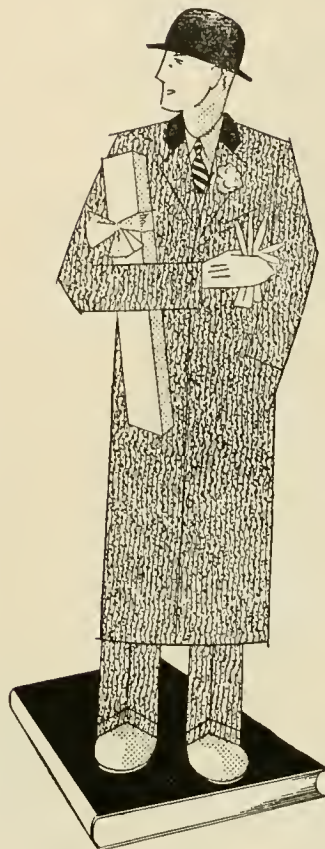
Your taste will delight itself in these choice tobaccos. Camels get better the more of them you smoke. Their subtle tastes are unfolded by experience. They are always delightfully smooth.

"Have a Camel!"

R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.

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"One Man Tells Another"



**A Smart Oxford
Grey Overcoat—
A New "Iron Hat"**

*These are the things that
will dress you up for your
Christmas trip home*

Braeburn in Rochester have made for us a clever, long, single breasted Oxford grey overcoat, with or without velvet collar, and its running mate is a new stiff hat—come in and look this combination over

*Rosens'
Men's Stylists*

Downtown—Champaign



Winter Queen

BY KAROL

I am a Jack Frost
Fallen low
For a wench whose neck's
White as snow;
Red holly berries
Are her cheeks,
Her breath of sweetened
Pine trees reeks.
And wow! she's warm as
Candle flame,
Her hands of frozen
Ice to blame;
Her eyes are clear as
Crystal flake
Her voice like Christmas
Chimes, does break;
As the stars of Bethlehem did shine,
So shines this Christmas "Carol" of mine.

—————S—————

What did you do New Year's Eve when the
clock struck twelve?

I went home before they could throw it again.

—————S—————

She—Please tell me about it.

He—I can't hear.

She—Oh! Please.



Where “good enough” isn’t—

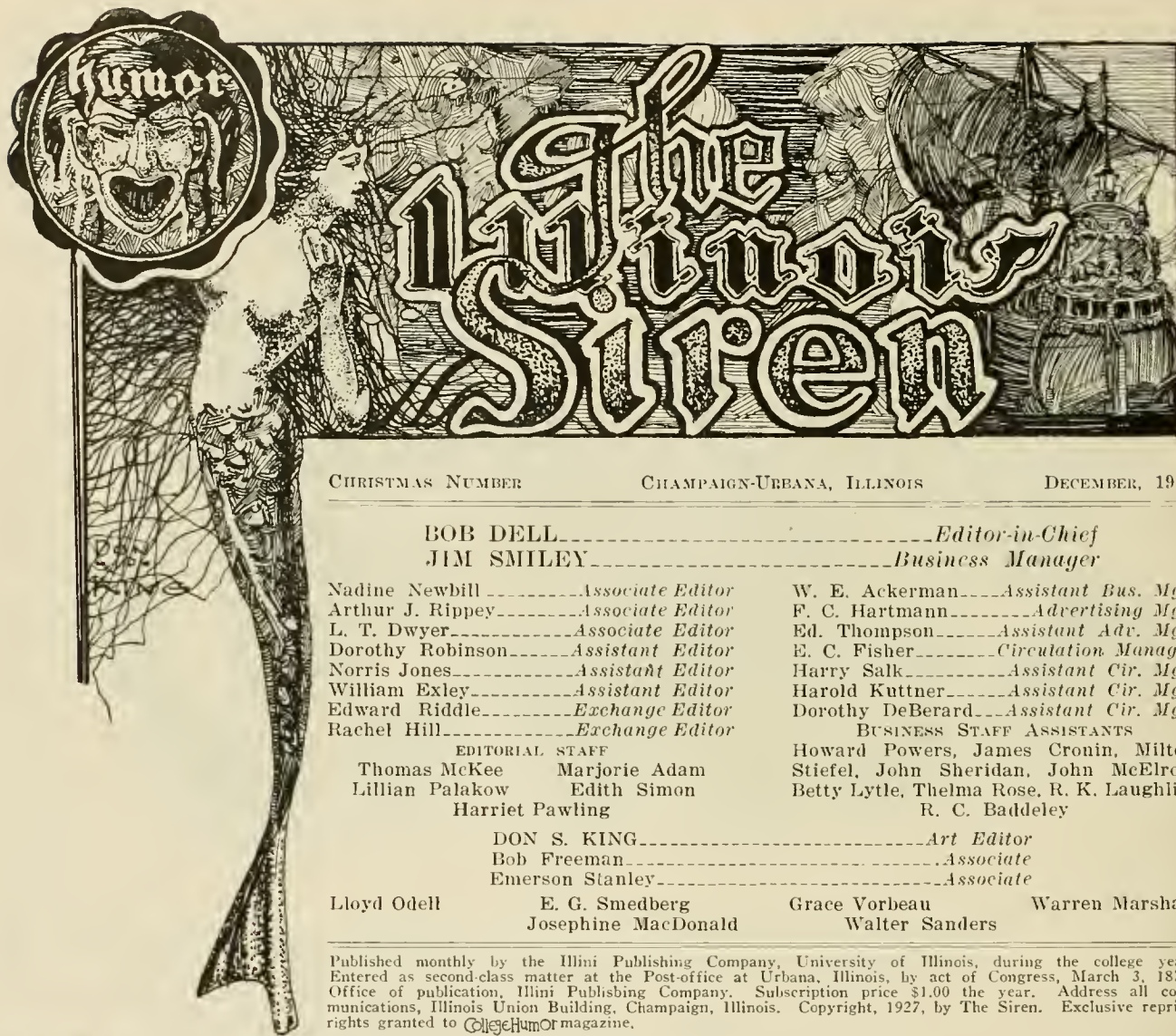
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This spirit is characteristic of every phase of telephone production at Western Electric. In the laboratory work, in machine design, in the cable plant and in every other department of the great factory—men are working together to set up new standards and to devise more exact methods of attaining those standards. The result is the inevitable improvement which marks this great industry.



Western Electric

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CHRISTMAS NUMBER CHAMPAIGN-URBANA, ILLINOIS DECEMBER, 1927

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Modern Christmas Eve

At midnight, Christmas Eve, little Oswald, aged 10, downed his ninth highball and staggered to bed. Just as he was undressing he heard noise downstairs. Lighting a cigarette and putting on his dressing robe, he crept downstairs. On entering the front room he saw a rather robust old gent whom he knew must be Santa Claus.

"Well, you old son-of-a-gun, who kissed you into this party," said Oswald.

"A little more respect, please," said the old man, "I'm Santa Claus."

"Hang that stuff up, we don't save them," returned Oswald, blowing smoke rings around the old man's nose. "Even if you were Saint Peter, you've no business running up and down chimneys this

time of night."

"But I've brought you some toys, little boy," pleaded Santa.

"Yeh," said the kid, "and I need toys like I need another nose. You're about as useful as a switch-man for the Air-Mail."

"I think I'll go up and tell your mother on you, young man," said Santa Claus, exasperated.

"Can't do it. Ma's out on an all night party and Pa's out with a keen looking blonde."

"Just for that you won't get any toys."

"Trifles bore me," yawned Oswald as he shot the old man and stuffed him into the fireless cooker. So turning out the light, he went upstairs muttering something about "these pesky peddlers."

You'll like P.A.— and how!



OPEN a tidy red tin of Prince Albert and give your olfactory nerve a treat. Never have you met an aroma that had so much come-and-get-it. Some fragrance, Fellows. And that's just a starter. Load up and light up. . . .

Cool as final exams. Sweet as passing. Mild as *cafe au lait* — mild, but with that rich, full-bodied flavor that bangs your smoke-gong right on the nose on every fire-up. You'll like this long-burning Prince Albert in the bowl of a pipe. And how!

One of the first things you notice about P.A. is that it never bites your tongue or parches your throat, no matter how wide you open the smoke-throttle. It is one tobacco that never wears out its welcome. You can stoke and smoke to your heart's content, with P.A. for packing. Get some Prince Albert now and get going!

P. A. is sold everywhere in tidy red tins, pound and half-pound tin humidors, and pound crystal-glass humidors with sponge-moistener top. And always with every bit of bite and parch removed by the Prince Albert process.



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Books of all kinds for every age. Fancy lamps, candlesticks, brass and copper wares, Roycroft hand made wares, framed pictures, prints and etchings, novelties from abroad, diaries, Illinois jewelry, book ends, pillows, song books, fine cigars, tobaccos, cigarettes, Kodaks, memory books, brief cases, fine stationery, fountain pens, pen and pencil sets, desk sets, and fine Christmas cards of all kinds.

THE CO-OP

On the Square

Green and Wright

The sweetest pipe in the world

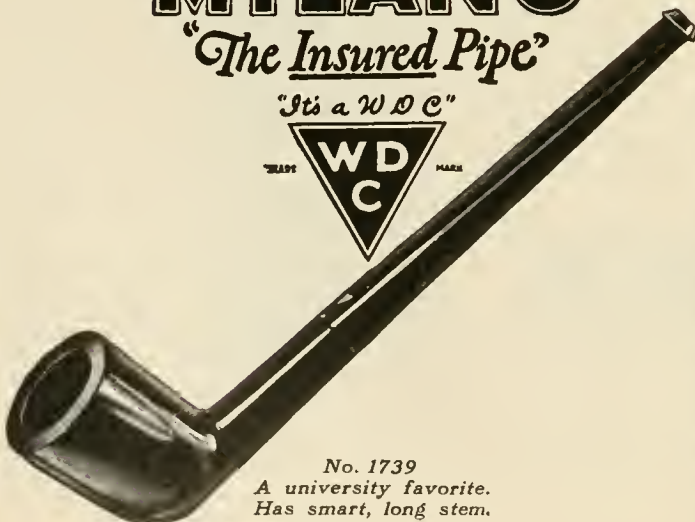
At any smoker, you'll usually see the widest smiles behind Milanos. They make even low-brow tobacco taste good.

All popular models—plain or rustic finish—\$3.50 up. All "insured" for your protection. Look for the white triangle on the stem.

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"It's a W D C"



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A university favorite.
Has smart, long stem.

DISTINCTIVE GIFTS FOR CHRISTMAS



Just a Few Suggestions:

Real Stone Costume Jewelry. Fine Stationery, Pen and Desk Sets, Tooled Leather, Etchings, Kodaks, Victor Records, Silver on Bronze, Pillows and Penants

Show your Illinois colors by sending Illinois Seal Christmas Cards

Attractive Gifts—Attractive Prices

Strauch Photo Art & Gift Shop
at Campus at 709 South Wright Street

Merry Christmas

You folks who read the Siren now
Are people we feel proud to know.

No matter if you read in haste,
There's no mistake about your taste.

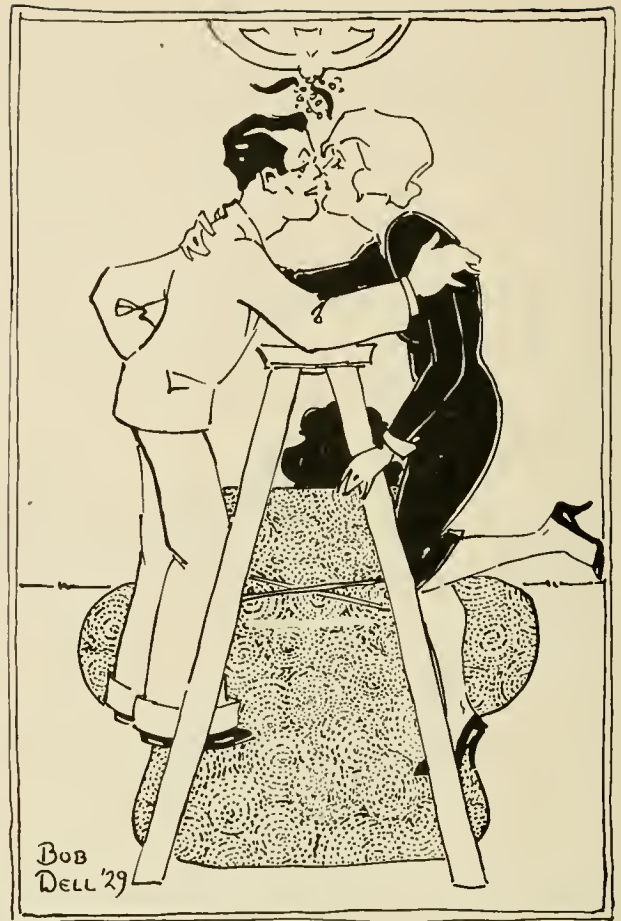
Dear students, welcome! As you pass,
We raise to each a brimming glass:

Good grades, and with your loves, Good Luck!

Be seated all of you and tuck

A napkin beneath your chin,
Then start your Christmas feast within!

--He Siren



THE HEIGHT OF SOMETHING

Two's a couple, three's a witness.

WE RESOLVE

"Butch" Nowack, resolves that he will not go into the movies, but will remain with the "Fighting Illini" next year.

"Skip" Fox, resolves that he will not leave school until he wins an election. (If he stays that long he may become a tradition).

"Milt" Cook, resolves to support the Old Line party to the end—win or lose.

"Kirt" Collins, resolves that he will not go on the Southern trip, but stay here and study.

"Dick" Finn, resolves that he will not throw the Michigan game as he did two years ago.

"Frosty" Lindsey, resolves that he will go national and date some place else, besides the Pi Phi house.

"Bill" Kent, resolves that he will not use his drag in order to get a grade out of Italian.

"Suede" Olson, resolves that he will stay eligible—with the help of a few fraternity brothers and faculty members.

"Mase" Aldrich, resolves that he will not accept

any GRAFT during the New Year.

Francis McGinnis, resolves that she will not attend any teas given by the Women's League.

Beth Stutson, resolves that she will TRY to smile during the coming year.

Alice McGinty, resolves that she will not take any (active) part in dirty politics.

"Norm" Miller, resolves that he will try and get down to earth next year.

"Don" Grimes, resolves that he will never accept another job except on his own merits.

"Casey" Jones, resolves that he will not let anything interfere with his work as basketball manager.

"Art" D'Ambosio, resolves that he will not take Dean Clark for any auto rides on Sunday afternoon.

Phi Sigma Kappa, resolve that they will not pledge any one that has an "I."

A. O. Pi, resolve that they will have an exchange dinner with the ALPHA CHI OMEGAS—no date set.

Sigma Kappas, resolve that their seniors cannot accept more than one pin at one time.



No! You're not crazy, nor dreaming my dear, it's
Just a cartoonist and Christmas tide spirits.

The SIREN

Wasn't Jack Chapman hot at the Prom?
How should I know? I wasn't with him.

—S—

Alpha—You say your date wore shell-rimmed glasses?

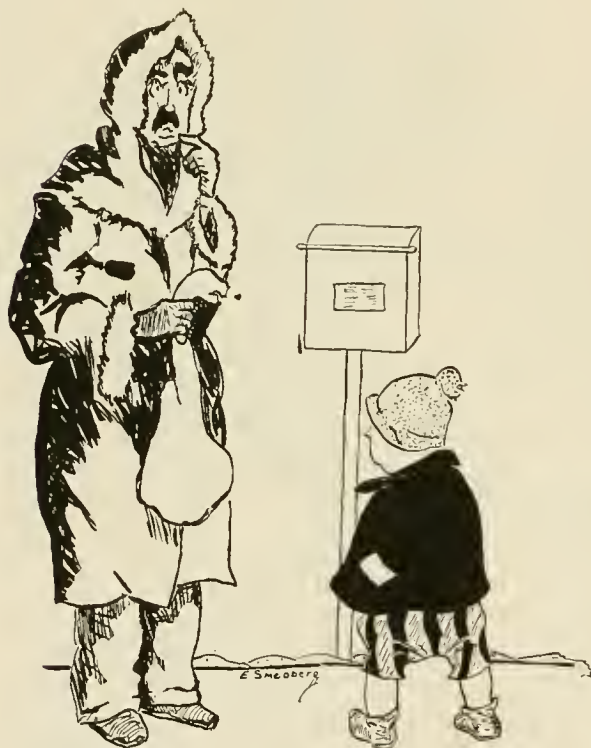
Beta—Yes, she was only a blind date.

—S—

Instructor—Finish this. "If winter comes—"

Instructed—"—A young man's fancy turns to red flannels."

—S—



THE ABSENT MINDED PROF. AGAIN

—S—

I wanna tell you a story.

You ought to know some good ones, you're bald headed.

—S—

English—I say, Yewcaliptus, Oxford is admitting women students. I wonder what kind of women they are?

Tweed—How now, Earasypalus, hast thou never heard of the Oxford bags?

—S—

Tired—I don't know what's wrong. I can't sleep.

Retired—You'll probably lay awake all night trying to figure it out.



What is Santa Claus' wife's name?
Merry Christmas!

—S—

The Christmas Cheers

Candy, compacts, what to give my girl, Jewelry,
hosiery, what to get for Pearl,

F-l-o-w-e-r-s

Did I say it right?

Well, I guess

ROSES, ROSES,

YES, YES, YES.

—S—

Another Cheer

Shop lifting,

Face lifting,

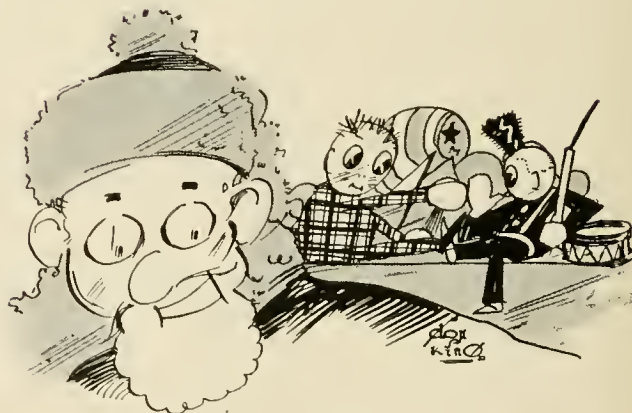
Zizz, boom, bah.

Dropped my girl,

Saved my dough.

Rah, rah, rah.

—S—

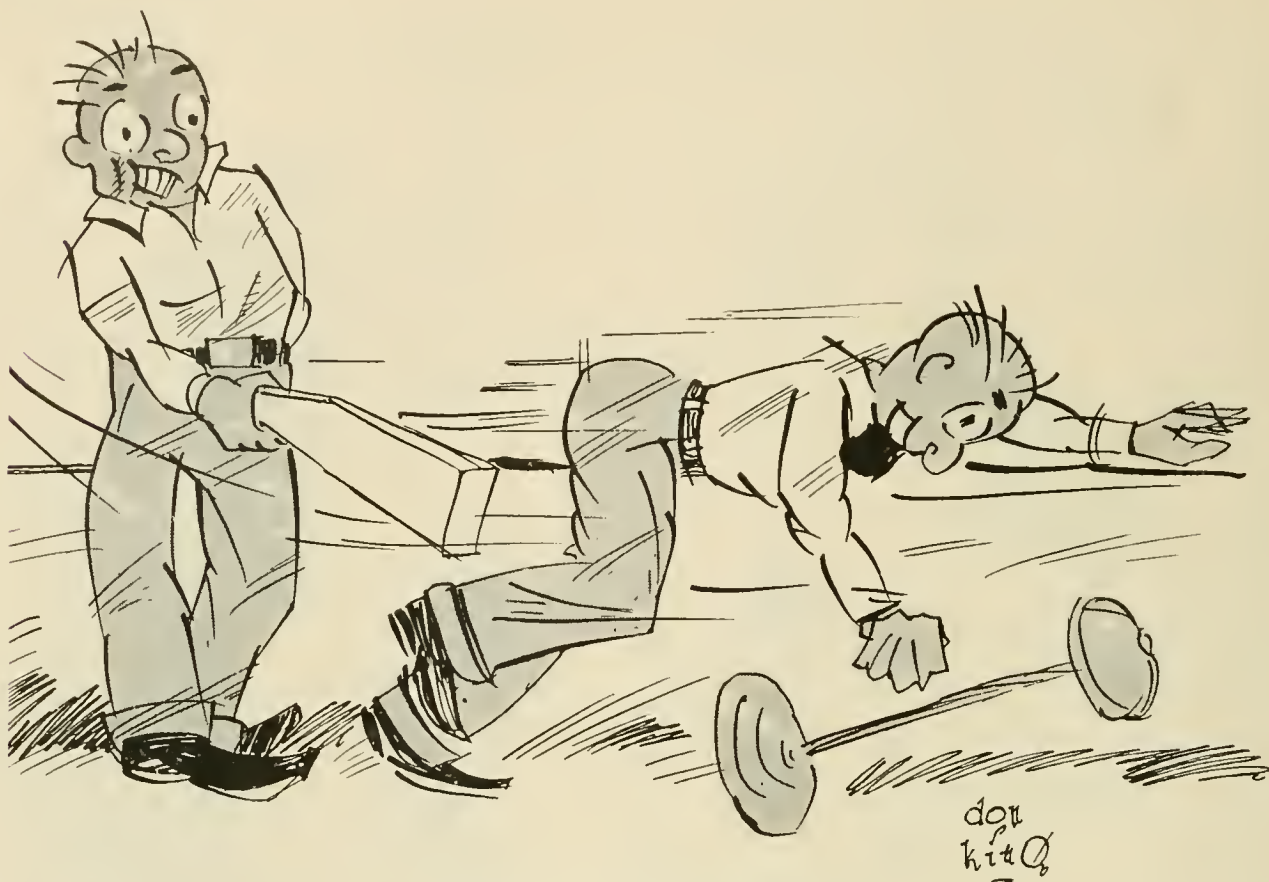


Why does Santa Claus come down the chimneys?

Because they just soot him, I suppose.



Consternation in a classroom.
Young man starts to leave without wishing
Professor a Merry Christmas.



MAKING AN IMPRESSION



LISH WHITSON-

PREACHER—What caused the young man's death?

FELLER—Coeds! He imported for the Prom.

CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

When hearts are trumps lead with a diamond.

Statistics Prove

That all that rate on this campus are not Kappas.
That all T. P. A.s are not good looking.
That all D. K. E.s are not captains.
That all P. A. D.s are not lawyers.
That all Sig Pis are not athletes.
That all Phi Kappas are not Irish.
That all Betas are not Phi Beta Kappas.
That all Thetas do not own fur coats.
That all A. D. Pis are not blondes.
That all Sigma Kappas are not engaged.
That all Phi Deltis are not tea hounds.
That the Alpha Chi O.s will not have a dance this
year.
That the A. O. Pis did not build their house with
the Tribune Beauty prize money.
That half of the married people on the campus are
women.
That Christmas falls on the 25th of December this
year.
That the SIREN is the BEST humor magazine on
the campus.
That the SIREN is the ONLY humor magazine on
the campus.
THAT STATISTICS ARE NOT ALWAYS
CORRECT.



COUNTER ATTACK

No. 165501 (jumping up in a rage after the prison movie show)—“Damnit, a serial, and I’m to be hung next week.”
—Parrakeet.

Would you say, roughly speaking, that the Football Season was a success?

Roughly speaking, I’d say it was!

Do they have dates at Annapolis?

Naw, they have naval engagements!

Fundamentalist—Who were the ancestors of the three wise men?

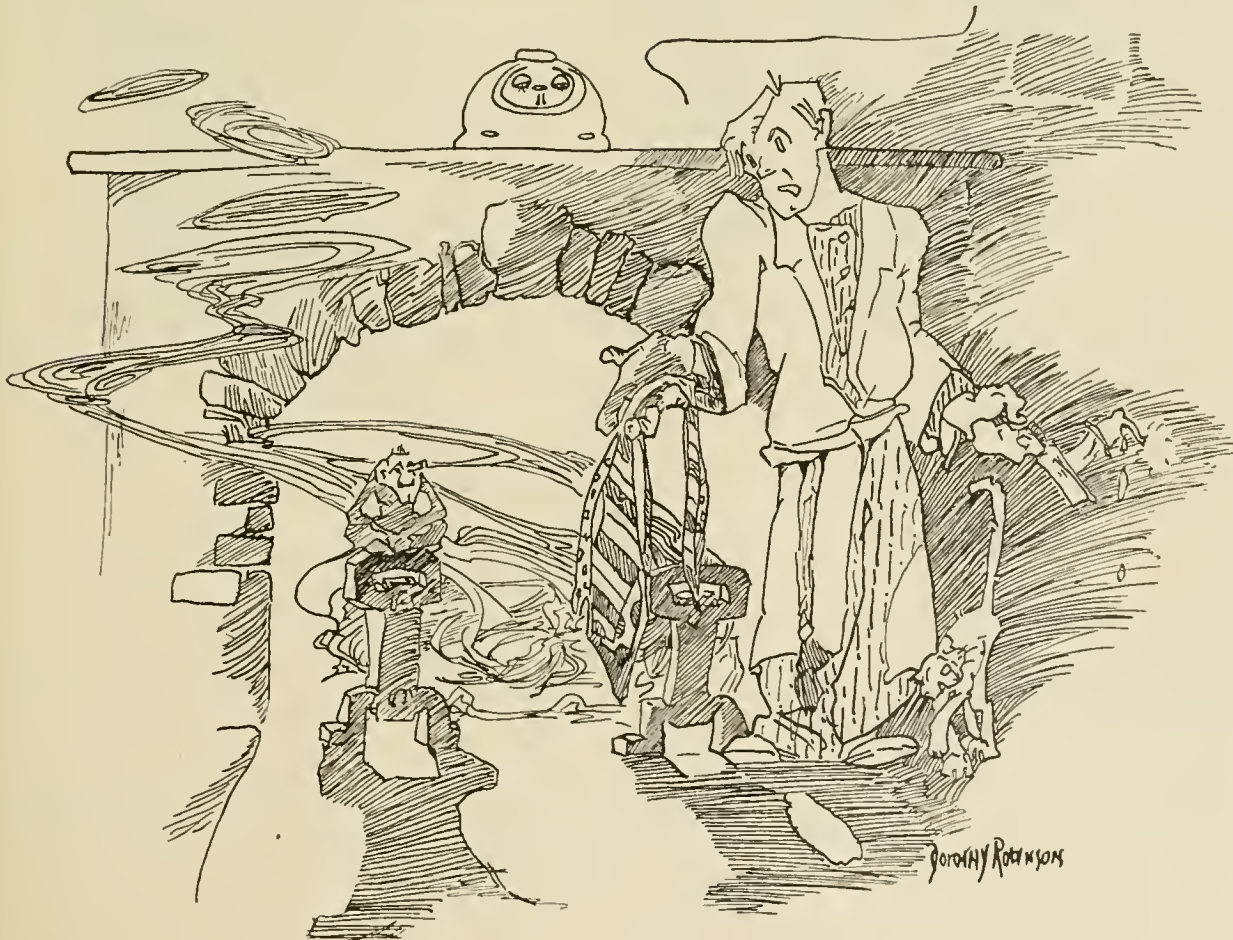
Evolutionist—The three wise monkeys.

Foot—Would you describe Bubbles Mitterwallner as stoical?

Ball—No—stomachal.

Ban—Let’s go in here and get some gingerale.
Ana—I can’t. All the money I got is a Canadian quarter.

Ban—That’s all right. Get Canada Dry.



THERE AIN'T NO SANDY CLAWS

Letters to Santa Claus

Dear Santa:

Please bring us a couple of brunettes, we are getting tired of these washed out blondes and build us a nice church in our back yard like the Phi Phis have.

Yours for another wicker-room,

CHI OMEGA.

Dear Santa:

When they built our house they neglected to put in any mode of transportation and we can't put in a street car line as the City of Urbana refused us a franchise so Santa please bring us about thirty-five pairs of roller skates.

Yours until we need an annex,

GAMMA PHI BETA.

Dear Santa:

You know that we are much better than the common run of students and all the girls in the house have rich Pas so we don't really need anything, but please instill into the students a greater appreciation of the BIGGER and better things on this campus. (We'll admit you have several of them).

Yours in respect to the dear house,

KAPPA ALPHA THETA.

Dear Nick:

All the girls in our house are so popular and our phones are always so busy that the cook can never get one to use in ordering the groceries, (this must be the reason they have such rotten meals) so please put a phone in the kitchen as we can't live on love all the time.

Yours for a good meal,

DELTA GAMMA.

Dear St. Nick:

It has leaked out that we had our social privileges taken away and now none of the fellows will come over any more. Please intercede for us and get our rights back.—We'll be good.

Yours for a dance,

ALPHA CHI OMEGA.

Dear Santa Claus:

Since we built our house we have pledged a couple of good looking girls, (where did you hide them?) who date now and then, but the same fellows never come back twice so please bring us five gallons of Listerine and build us a porch.

Yours until the "fifth one" gets it,

ALPHA DELTA PI.

Dear Santa:

After looking at our pledge class this year we have almost lost our belief in you, but if you crash through with a bunch of grades (we all know that the only way they could get them would be through a gift from Santa Claus), we will still retain that good old belief that is accepted by children and weak minded people. (There are no children in the Pi Phi house).

Yours until we vote Mrs. Coolidge out,

PI BETA PHI.

Dear Santa Claus:

We heard that they are going to tear down the Armory annex. Please Santa if you will arrange so that we can have it for our house we will never ask you for another thing.

Yours until we build,

ALPHA PHI.

Another Letter

Dear Santa Claus:

I am a student at the University of Illinois and have watched the way that all the schools in the Big Ten have humbly and modestly fallen before the Illini, without any excuse whatsoever. With this in mind I know that they would never think of asking you for anything so I am going to submit their humble requests.

Please bring Northwestern a football team and throw in just a little school spirit.

Michigan would be overjoyed if you would give them a better alibi than Gilbert, for their defeat at the hands of Illinois,

Josting told me that Minnesota would love to have a hand painting, by Zuppke, of all the Big Ten Championship trophies won by Illinois.

See if you can't help Chicago out by bringing them a few more Gentile students, then maybe they won't be so conservative in their yard gaining in the future.

Leave about eleven sheets at Indiana so that they may scare Notre Dame into letting them win a game.

Now that you have heard the humble requests of my friends there is only one thing more SANTA CLAUS PLEASE BRING ILLINOIS AN AVERAGE TEAM.

Yours until Purdue wins a championship,

E.57.II.



THE GIRLS—We'd love to go sleighing.
THE HERO—You must have some time to kill.

Lapses Into Literature

Winter

Winter is shaggy in its whitened covering of wistful snow. Joyfulness in hopeful bravery sounds the color tone of Christmas: verdurous branches splashed with red—and glittering little lights that brightly dance. The artistry of chilling winter in the annals of the moon softens the imagery of light that pours through lighted windows and leaves quaint peacefulness.

Hours of happiness, gifts and greetings—laughter and pleasing little things—couple-coloured ribbons gay—and mistletoe. All these fill the cup of brightened life at Christmas. —*Frestal.*

—S—

Suggestions

TO FOLLOW

(with and without reservations)

"The Unmarried Father," by Floyd Dell, (without). A typical Dell novel, and one in which the author has regained his old technique of telling a story. Probably the best thing of Dell's since "Janet March," 1923 edition.

"Men Without Women," by Ernest Hemingway, (with). A group of reprinted short stories, some of which are quite readable. "The Sun Also Rises," remains Mr. Hemingway's best book.

"Daybreak," by Arthur Schnitzler, (with). Another of Mr. Schnitzler's short "psychological" novels. This time, it is not quite so short, or quite so "psychological," or not quite so good.

"An African Saga," by Blaise Cendrars, (without). A thoroly unusual book which deals with the ideas of cosmology, and morals, and superstitions of various African tribes.

"Now We Are Six," by A. A. Milne, (without). A child's book with so much sophistication that it is quite diverting.

"My Pious Friends and Drunken Companies," by Frank Shay, with decorations by John Held, (without). Which is a collection of songs from the days of swinging doors, brass rails, sawdust, and lamp posts. Further recommendations are unnecessary.

—*François*

Winter in the Basque Country

It was that season when the Pyrenean villages, freed from the travelers that summer brings, shut in by clouds, mist, or snow, find themselves once again like those of olden times. In the taverns—only tiny dots of living light in the empty darkness of the countryside,—a little of the spirit of the past is revived on winter evenings. In front of the great casks of cider lined up in the background where it is black, a lamp, suspended from the rafters, throws its light upon the pictures of saints which decorate the walls, upon groups of mountaineers who chat and smoke. At times, someone sings a ballad which has come down through the blackness of the centuries: the beating of a tamborine makes forgotten rhythms live again; a guitar's whine awakens in one sad memories of Moorish times Or perhaps, one before the other, two men, castanets in hands, suddenly dance the fandango while balancing themselves with an ancient grace.

—*A translation from the French of Pierre Loti.*

—S—

VILLANELLE FOR LILITH

Lilith, shall you be nigh

At the pale end of Time
Under an empty sky?

When the bright planets die

And their fires are choked in grime,
Lilith, shall you be nigh?

When all the stars shall lie

Crusted with pallid rime,
Under an empty sky:

Where only mist-fields fly.

Where only doom-bells chime,
Lilith, shall you be night?

O, shall you hear her cry,

She, who would flee from Time,
Under an empty sky?

Eve, with her rivalry,

Bowed with her endless crime,—
Lilith, shall you be nigh,
Under an empty sky?

L. R. Lind.



The Night After Xmas

BY KAROL

*'Twas the night after Xmas and all through
the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a
mouse.
The mechanical mouse, a marvelous mouse,
He had run helter skelter all over the house.*

*His spring was demolished and unable
to run
From a blow by the soldier with his
little tin gun:
But the tiny tin soldier, he lay out of
view
In a crumpled up heap with his heart
torn in two
By the gay dancing doll who so gayly
did twirl.
While the head of the soldier, she kept
in a whirl.*

*And the calico cat, who had chased the
poor mouse
For hours on end all over the house,
His gingham unstuffed, with his shoe button
eyes
Gazed at the mouse with a look of surprise:
And the poor rocking horse had been rid-
den all day.
He couldn't protest, for he couldn't say
neigh.*

*The drum couldn't beat, the horn
couldn't sound,
And the tiny sail-boat with leaks did
abound,
While peacefully slumbered the brat of
the place,
His hands for once quiet, and a smile
on his face.*



THE ONLY MAN PRIVILEGED TO ENTER A SORORITY AFTER 12:30

What They Will Do Over Xmas

PAUL PREHN.....He and his cohorts, carefully concealed from all policemen and newspaper reporters will be concocting new recipes so as to do a more efficient job in beating the poor misguided students out of their money.

ZUPPKE.....Busily engaged in painting a picture of the much sought Big Ten Conference Championship.

BOB REITSCH.....At home in Rockford will be innocently playing with a little gold football, which some Santa Claus gave him for Xmas.

BRUCE MORSE.....Scheming schemes to make his sophomore intramural managers work harder.

O'BYRNE (of Chester & O'Byrne).....Same as Prehn, except he will try to give students less up and down ride and more ride toward destination.

CRAIG RUBY.....Hoping that Santa Claus will bring him a lot of tall men. Not like Lindsey, but ones that can play basketball.

MANAGERS OF ORPHEUM, VIRGINIA, ETC......Will reduce all prices 50 per cent in order to attract the patronage of the townspeople.

SIREN EDITOR.....Wondering what he will do if I quit.

TIMM.....Riding trains between Champaign and Boise, Idaho. But he probably likes it, if the yardage traveled on the gridiron indicates anything.

NOWACK.....Going to tea-dances in Pana and the vicinity.

MILTON COOK.....Dreaming of the time when he will be Mayor of La Grange and eventually President of the good old U. S. A.

"PONV" MARSHALL.....Telling the manager of The Tribune just how he does it. Probably devoting a little time on the side to turn down offers to manage the New York Times, or some other small town newspapers.

W.M.E.

How about the-er-Irishman-who wanted to spend Christmas eve and not very much else?

Puppy love is the beginning of a dog's life.

S

Judge—I sentence you to be hanged.

Cheerful prisoner—I love to be kept in suspense, it's so exciting.

S

What's a hypocrite?

A guy that smiles when he meets an Alpha Gam on the campus.



Mary M.—A portrait painter wanted to paint me yesterday!

Humpy W.—What was the matter—did he think you looked shabby?

S

“What first turns green in the spring,” asked the Botany Prof.

“Christmas jewelry,” said the absent minded co-ed.

S



A BROKEN RESOLUTION

S

HECK YES!

He sure was a far-sighted guy.

How come?

He had a fire-extinguisher put in his coffin.

S

Overheard in the Health Service Station—“The doctor felt his pulse and said there was no hope.”

S

SORORITY—They're serenading again, shall we give them something from the kitchen?

SISTER—Sure, serve them right.

S

HE—It's pouring!

SHE—Maybe it'll make Torch.



ALL AMERICAN END

The Vanished Poms of Yesterday

BY DEAN THOMAS ARKLE CLARK

Edward, the seventeen year old son my next door neighbor, was in a state of mind. He was going to take his "girl" to a party and was a good deal humiliated because the family did not own a coach or a limousine, and the journey from her house to the scene of the social orgie—a distance of four or five blocks—would have to be made in an open car.

"It's rotten luck to have to take a girl that way," he complained to his mother, all sympathetic as mother's always are. "I don't know what she'll think. All the other fellows have closed Packards or Marmons, and I have to go in an open Buick." It was indeed a cruel fate!

It was not thus when I was seventeen. We went in style then. I was to take Hattie Barlow to the Fourth of July celebration in Mink Grove. She was a mighty pretty girl, and she was thirteen. It seems a little young now, as I think it over, but that fact never occurred to me then.

I made elaborate preparations for the event. I washed the lumber wagon and swept it out carefully. I made a fresh cushion for the spring seat, and tied a new ribbon on the long buggy whip I carried. I trimmed the manes and tails of the mules I was to drive and brushed and curried them until their coats shone like ebony, though I didn't know much about ebony then. I oiled the harness, and got some new ivory rings for the cross lines. They looked pretty fine I'll say, and there wasn't a slicker team of mules in the country than mine.

We went in the morning so that we could be part of the parade which was headed by the local band and lead by Taylor Rowlett riding a spirited bay horse and wearing a beautiful red sash made of shiny paper muslin. It was some parade! I remember that Hattie wore a white shirt waist and a bright blue skirt that her aunt had sent her from Boston. Her hat was white with a band of yellow daisies around it, and as I said she was mighty pretty.

I had two dollars and a half to spend. We stayed all day and had lunch in the grove, and rode the merry-go-round, and ate ice cream, and pop-corn balls, and everything, but dinner we ate at the Martin House, the big hotel in town. It was the first time I had ever eaten at a hotel and it cost me twenty-five cents each for the dinner, but there were no tips. We didn't start home until after the fire works. We drove slowly, and the moon was shining and the night birds were calling and as I think I've said before, she was mighty pretty, and I was very happy amid the splendor of it. But it's all vanished

now, though Sir Frederick Hamilton didn't have a thing on us that night!

S



HE—I got a \$50 bill in the morning mail.

IT—Christmas gift from your Dad?

HE—Naw, Calvin's.

S

An Oxford Man Goes Home for Xmas

I sat before the old stone fire place and watched the little curls of flame lick around the logs. How good the old briar tasted! How homey it felt to sit in the Morris chair, beloved of old, and reflect upon this Christmas and those of other days.

Sounds of revelry came from the other room where the Christmas guests made merry. I heard them dip their mugs in the wassail bowl and drink to the King. Even as they did so a muted piano led the strains of "God save the King of England." What a brave and hearty tune it is and how typical.

I gazed at the old paintings of famous ancestors of mine hung about the wall. All of them great knights and bold who had lived in an age that breathed the romance of love and chivalry. As if to echo my thoughts, the piano sent out the stirring refrain of that great knight song. The very depths of my soul were stirred as the immortal words ran through my brain—

"In days of old

When knights were bold

They had no time for trifles."

Sam—"Mr. Gragg, I-I-I er-a, would like to er--that is I mean, you know I have been going with Ardyth a long time."

Her Dad—"Well, what do you want, a Pension?"—*Aggierator.*

—S—

Curious—"This liniment makes my arm smart."

Not-so-Curious—"Why not rub some on your head?"

—*Aggierator.*

—S—

A prom trotter is a girl who does what the chaperon would like to do and has the constitution to stand it.—*Lord Jeff.*

—S—

Prof.—"Now, men I don't mind you all looking at your watches, but please be courteous enough not to hold them up to your ear as if they had stopped running.

—*Aggierator.*



Tuxedo Waistcoats of Catoir silk or fabric represent the aristocracy of men's apparel.

CATOIR

VESTINGS FACINGS LININGS

Christmas Suggestions

A Selection of Lighters.

Cigarette Cases	Compacts
Bill Folds	Beads
Watch Straps	Bracelets
Rings	Watches
Pen and Pencil Sets	Mesh Bags

Kirmse

Campus Jeweler

613 East Green Street
"Gifts That Last"

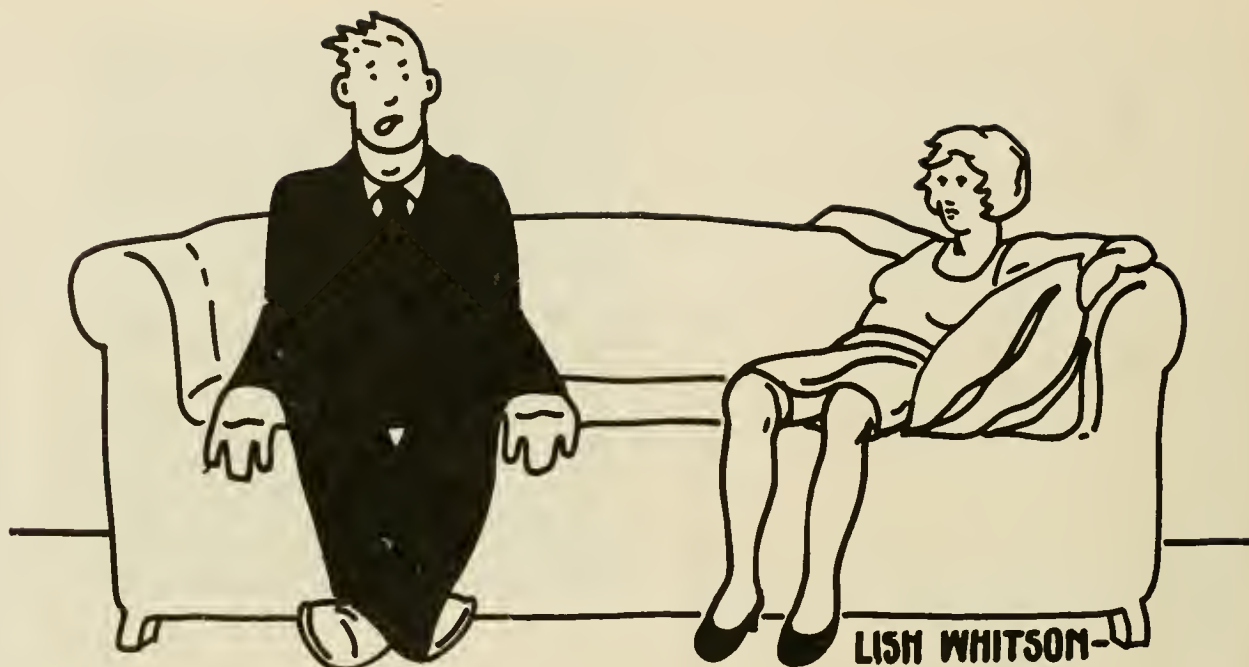
Personality

is expressed in our suits, overcoats, and apparel for college men.

We offer an entire wardrobe dedicated and sponsored by Illinois men.

Richards-Eskew, Inc.

Bradley Arcade Building
on Wright Street



GIRL—It's cold down here.
MAN—All the heat's going upstairs.
GIRL—I don't blame it. It's warmer up there.

An Old Christmas Custom

One of the ancient customs that has been associated with Christmas are certain extravagant expenditures of money, resulting in the conventional gifts, indicative of thought and affection.

Mother, who invariably seeks bargains, is relieved when Christmas is over, because her semi-weekly bargain-counter sortees are matters of history. However, she still has one duty that must be performed. That is nothing less than the process of carefully returning the gifts she has received and get a refund on them in order to satisfy her secret lust for bridge and chewing gum.

Daughter, of course not having any money and, if she is a co-ed, any brains either, will carelessly waft her way through Christmas shopping crowds

and drag home a loudly hued dollar tie for father and the rest of the fifty dollar allowance is graciously spent on mother, brother and HERSELF. Custom dictates that she give mother a pair of silk hose, brother one of those damned offensive engines of evil, called cigarette lighter and a card to all of her friends.

Brother neglects the family, if he is silly enough to still be in love at Christmas time and spends all his quota on the questionable object of his affection at that time.

Father furnishes all the funds, bravely chokes down the tears on seeing all his ties and smiles happiness all over the place. There you have it. Merely another custom of Christmas that will be observed this Yuletide.

QUALITY *Vaky's* SERVICE CONFECTIONERY

Drop in Before Christmas and Take a Box of Our
Delicious Candy Home with You!

DOWNTOWN—CHAMPAIGN

3 MAIN STREET

THE HUB

Henry C. Lytton & Sons

BROADWAY and FIFTH—Gary
MARION and LAKE—Oak Park

ORRINGTON and CHURCH—Evanston
STATE and JACKSON—Chicago



Meet Your Friends Here

Open House During the Holidays in the New LYTTON COLLEGE SHOP

Make this Shop your headquarters while you are in Chicago—especially during the coming Holidays. If you wish to think of clothes, there are many new things to show you—in Hats, Neckwear, Suits and everything else for college men.



TELL IT TO Sweeney!

Dear Mr. Sweeney:

My girl expects me to give her a diamond for Christmas.

And Howe.

Dear Mr. Howe:

The gate would be the best thing for you to give her.

* * * * *

Dear Mr. Sweeney:

I am a co-ed, pretty and eighteen. I know my holds when it comes to necking, and I've a figure that would make Coolidge talk three hours without stopping. But I have no boy friends. What shall I do?

Meandmy Shadow.

Dear Miss Shadow:

Leave your phone number at the office, put on your best dress, and pull down the shades. We'll be over.

* * * * *

Dear Red-Head:

Two years ago my wife ran away with the chauffeur. How can I find them?

D. Mented.

Dear Mr. Mented:

Can't you get somebody else for a chauffeur?

* * * * *

Dear Carrot-Top:

Please advise me how to get football tickets.

Curry Usity.

Dear Curry:

Withdraw from school. Then shave, pack a big lunch, say goodbye to your friends, and set out for Uni Hall. Wait there three full days, and then wire your folks to get the tickets in Chicago.

* * * * *

Dear Mr. Sweeney:

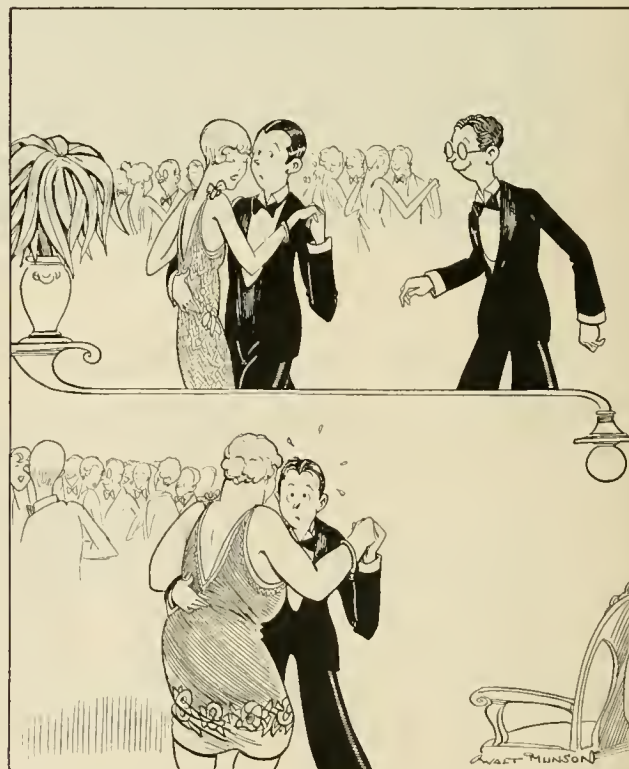
If a fish swims twice as fast as his usual rate, will he perspire twice as freely?

Hal O'Tosis.

Dear Mr. O'Tosis:

This case is very much disputed. There is one school of thought which claims that the breeze caused by the rush of the fish through the water would give him (or her) pneumonia. Other scientists believe that flies should stay single. Anyway, it is a known fact that you can't swim in a pool room.

S



WANTED—UNLIMITED CUTS!

Little Sirron's Letter Home

DEAR MA:

Well Ma, I'll be home for Xmas pretty soon. Gosh, I can hardly wait to get home and show the folks my R. O. T. C. uniform. I'll bet nobody 'll know me when I put it on. I'm getting sort of collegiate looking, too, Ma. No garters, and a picture on my slicker and all that. You should see my '31 watch fob. I'm smoking now, Ma. I inhale twice on every cigarette.

Had a date the other nite, Ma. She lived at the Women's Residence Hall. I thought it was next to Lincoln Hall, but from the way all the girls screamed when I went in, I guess it was the Women's Gym. Well, anyhow I found her. She wanted to go to a dance, so I took her up to the Park, a real collegiate place. She said she really hadn't expected to go up there, but I told her nothing was too good for her even if it did cost fifty cents. I danced fairly well, considering that I'd only had three lessons. My date said she'd never seen any one dance like I did, so I guess I'm pretty good.

After the dance I asked her if she was hungry and she said she was. I bought her a Red Hot. Big sport, that's me when I go out. When we got home she said she'd never had such an evening before. Who said I wasn't a great entertainer. I asked her for another date, but she said she was studying a lot and that she'd call me up when she needed a good laugh again. She hasn't called yet.

Haven't decided yet just what I want for Christmas, but I think I'll take a football, so I can learn to play and win an "I." Then I can date that Kappa pledge who said she was going to date every eye man on the campus. I guess they are the only ones strong enough to push her around the floor.

Then you can give me a red tie, like Willie Monahan's so everybody will whistle at me. Better get me a hygiene book for the finals. I think it has a blue cover.

Yours till Cook cleans politics,

SIRRON.

P. S. I went to the Junior Prom. All four Juniors were nicely dressed. S.

S

Were you hurt when you lit on the ice?

No, I lit bottle* side up.

*(Paid advertisement for Champaign Sanitary Milk Company).

S

Heard on Sachem picnic—We may look for a drop in the price of plank steaks—lumber is getting cheaper!



"Mary Marrymore

loves to see a man smoke a pipe"—but
when it comes to hearing him smoke!

THE gurgle of an old pipe just drives her crazy!

(You'll admit it ain't exactly the gurgling that thrills from the throat of a thrush!)

To gurgle or not! That's the question!

Get a Drinkless Kaywoodie Pipe! That's the answer!

It's a juiceless pipe—gives you a dry, fresh, clean, cool, sweet smoke.

The easy-to-clean Drinkless Attachment keeps juice away from the stem—and you enjoy the smoke. And dear Mary misses the gurgle!

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

Ask to see the famous
Drinkless Kaywoodie
at your pipe shop!
Don't miss it, man!



Drinkless KAYWOODIE \$3.50
Unconditionally Guaranteed UP

KAUFMANN BROS. & BONDY, Inc., 120 Fifth Ave., New York

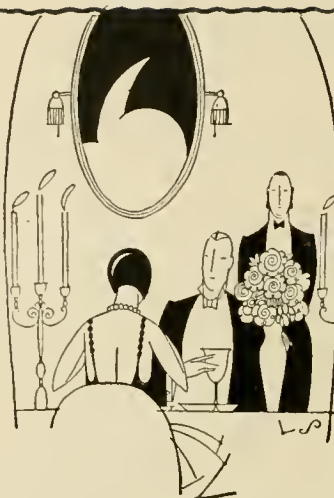
STETSON HATS

*Styled
for Young Men*



Authorities in dress are directing men's attention a little more toward formal shapes in soft hats. The new Stetsons of this type are particularly *smart* and *becoming*; and are, of course, hand-blocked to Stetson quality standards.

Eight Dollars and up



THAT BOY COULD EAT!

There was a time when Henry's appetite filled her with apprehension—nay, terror. He would—or so it seemed—clean out the entire restaurant and exhaust the waiter for the evening.

The mean fellow invariably ate onions or fish or something detectable at a vast distance. Or so it seemed.

But now—ah, but now... Henry takes a Pep-o-mint Life Saver to charm his breath and relieve his indigestion.



IN THE DARK ABOUT LOVE

How'd you happen to get a date with that chorus girl?

Intimate friend of my grandfather's when he was in college.

S

Medical Officer (examining R.O.T.C. neophyte)
—Any scars?

R.O.T.C.—Nope, but I've got some swell cigarettes in my overcoat pocket!

S

DUMB: John took the C.P.A. exam.

DORA: Well, I'm not surprised; if you don't hold him he'll take anything.

Buy with Confidence and Wear with Pride

Diamonds, Watches and Jewelry


purchased from

CARL W. MOUCH, JEWELER

TWO STORES

The Jewel Shop
110 North Neil Street

C. W. Mouch Jewelry Store
202 North Neil Street



JAHN & OLLIER ENGRAVING CO.
Advertising Illustrations - Photographs
Fine Printing Plates for Black or Colors
 Telephone MONROE 7080
 817 W. Washington Blvd. CHICAGO, ILL.

A Christmas Gift

Colorful and exaggerated advertisements had ensared once more two ordinarily righteous and upright students. Thus we find them seated in a theatre, gazing with enraptured awe at Joan Crawford, who to them was a relief for their eyes, which were tired and sore from the effects of attending a co-educational institution. You remember that show with Lon Chaney, Spanish shawls, knife throwing, operations, armless miracles, and leg miracles of Joan Crawford.

The show progressed. Two elderly women sitting directly behind the students, commented "thus and thus" and "she this" and "she that." (We say they were women, because they acted like women. That is, they were talking).

At last after two or three brazen attempts to "out-Coal" Cole Phillips and put his creations to shame, Joan passed even the screen limit for modesty. This aroused the admiration (or ire) of the two women and they began commenting on her acting. The remarks became more personal and finally one of the mill-stones said to the other handicap, with malice in her voice, "Did you ever see such beautiful limbs in your life?"

WHO?

I am a co-ed and I know all that a co-ed should know, and one or two that they shouldn't. I know what co-eds should wear and of course I don't; I drag my heels when I saunter down the broad-walk and I know how to drape my coat tightly round me and how to perch my little red hat on the back of my head, and my expressionless face peeping out from my half-grown tresses is an educational map in the art of cosmetics.

I know how to say "Hi" (short for Men's Clothes Shop) to all the bigger and better men and otherwise of the campus; I know how to study as well as any other co-ed and I know how to pay (the woman always does) attention to all my Profs. (Don't they have cute moustaches, and girls! some are bald) and I know that it is time to laugh at an instructor's joke when he coughs.

I know that I wear the best looking sorority pin of the best sorority on the campus; and I know how to date without having to cut classes, and I know how to drink cokes to fit my he-man's pocket book, and I know how to dance, just try me. All these things I know. But—who was the Junior at the Prom?

"One Man Tells Another"



You'll rate if you wear a Tiger —

Learbury's Smart Three Button Sack Suit

The wonders that a "Learbury Tiger" works for a "frosh" is just nobody's business. You will find this cleverly cut sack suit here, developed in the smartest fabrics obtainable and priced reasonably from thirty dollars.

Rosens' Mens Stylists

*Exclusive Agents for
Learbury at "Illinois"*

Downtown—Champaign



Honey, what makes you ask if Santa Claus wears a slicker?

Because of the reindeer.

S

College Widow, (whose weeds are dark but not dense)—Isn't there something I can put on to keep the mosquitoes from biting me?

Gronchy Stude—Yeh—clothing.

S

Stude—Sir, I'd like to petition to be away three days after vacation.

Dean—Ah, you wish three more days of Grace. No, sir—three more days of Gertrude.

S

Care if I smoke?

Hell no, I don't care if you burn up!

S

Star Course Blues.

"What a beautiful strain," said the piccolo player with the heavy mustache as he blew a high note.



HIS CHRISTMAS TREE

S

HYMN OF HATE

Haughty creature clad in fur
In the classroom's heat and stir,
Though it's 80 Fahrenheit—
Yet you wear it buttoned tight.

Pardon me—my ignorance—
Do you, where you trip the dance
Wear that sumptuous mantle still,
So we poor studes get a thrill?

And, the day's last date at end
Ere the lights of dawn ascend,
When your duds you slowly doff—
Do you take that fur coat off?

S

"If I'm studying when you come
in, wake me up."—*Careman.*


S

"Many a chicken has to be well
stewed before she begins to get
tender."—*Burr.*

CLOTHES

Ready-made
And Cut to Order


ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats

Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165



Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165

**BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
OUR STORE IS THE**

Charter House

CHAMPAIGN AND URBANA

The character of the suits and
overcoats tailored by Charter House
will earn your most sincere liking.

KAUFMAN'S

ON THE CAMPUS

Ye Siren calculates that January is one of the
hard months to collect from the brothers. The
other hard months are: February, March, April,
May, June, July, August, September, October, No-
vember, and December.

Something Is Always Taking the Joy Out of Life : By BRIGGS



© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload



Santa Claus a la Movies

Santa Claus was a bozo who wiled away his time making toys and what-nots during the year. Then, every Christmas Eve, he'd kiss the old shop, "Bye-bye," and away he'd go to sell out his crop of toys. He went over like a ceiling. Children cried for him more than they did for Castoria.

One Christmas Eve, however, he was filling the stockings of a chorn girl who really had the well-known sox appeal. Said actress pops out on him and yells, "Boo!" Old Saint Nick's good intentions do a fadeout.

About New Year's Day he wakes up and decides it is time to dig out for the affliction back home, so, having sold the sleigh to buy a fur coat for the sweet mama, he hits the hard road.

When he gets home, he realizes he has to think pretty fast to pull one by the fran. So he springs the old one about being robbed, which goes for three bases with the Mrs.

Santa soon tires of the simple life about the shack. After tearing up and down Broadway he's as useful as tear gas at a wake. He finally slips the old lady a throatful of strychnine, collects the insurance, and hits out for the bright lights, where he is known as the "Novelty kid from Kokomo."

And that's why there ain't no Santa Claus!



For Christmas

Bidwell's
Better
Candies

MADE FRESH DAILY

Champaign Urbana
619 South Wright 511 South Goodwin

Fair One!

May Edginton, in the February *College Humor*, begins a novel that is a rich and genuine study of a girl on her own, *Fair One*. It begins with simple people . . . an English village . . . streets with the sunset bloom in them . . . men and women who knew life was somewhere about, but didn't much want to find it out. It quickens in pace; employs many glamorous, cosmopolitan elements; ends in an arpeggio-like manner that is certain to delight you.

Also in this big February issue you will find *Sailor Love*, a story of shore leave by John V. A. Weaver, soon to be released as a feature photoplay. And Richard Connell, John Gunther, Mildred Cram, Jim Tully, O. O. McIntyre—besides a penetrating article on the University of Chicago, by Samuel Putnam.

College Humor

ON ALL NEWS-STANDS

Next Comes Xmas

But before it there will be a
number of dances!

Your Programs

are what we want, and you'll want
our kind, too, when you see how
nicely we turn them out.

Don't forget us on the next order,
after your first trial we know
we will be your printers
from "here on."

MARRIOTT & MILES
PRINTERS

110 North Walnut Champaign, Ill.
OUR PHONE 8698



Kaptain Klean Says:

send your

Laundry, Cleaning, and
Pressing

to the

White Line Laundry

—4206—4207—3030—

The Kinnear Stores Co.

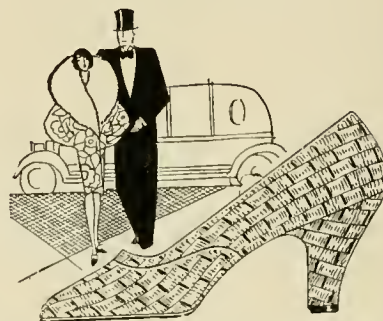
*The Economy Spot of the
Twin Cities*

20-22 Main Street

WE BUILD BY THE YARDSTICK OF SERVICE
A Full Measure of Value Plus Courteous Treatment

Formal Shoes

—\$4.98—



Brocaded Silver—White Satin

*Strap Slippers—Plain Pumps
Newest Toes and Heels*

Dancing Oxfords

—\$4.98—



*Shine Up Your Tur with a New Pair
of Patent Oxfords*

PLAIN TOE

ALL SIZES

KINNEAR STORES CO.

20-22 Main Street

CHAMPAIGN

ILLINOIS



When Xerxes wept

THE great Persian ruler gazed from a hilltop upon his vast army of a million men. It was the largest army that had ever existed. And he turned away with tears in his eyes because in a hundred years all trace of it would be gone. That army was a symbol of power, destructive and transient.



This mammoth steam turbine with a total capacity of 208,000 kilowatts (280,000 horse power) will be installed in the new station of the State Line Generating Company near Chicago. What a striking contrast between this huge generating unit and the group of home devices it operates—MAZDA lamps, fans, vacuum cleaners, and many others. Yet General Electric makes both.

Today in one machine, now being built in the General Electric shops, there is combined the muscular energy of two million men. This great machine, a steam turbine, is also a symbol of power—a new power that is constructive and permanent.

Its unprecedented size, a record in construction of such machines, is a pledge to the people that the electrical industry is on the march, ever on the alert to supply plenty of electricity at a low cost to all.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY, SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

174-17DH



**FISKE
O'HARA**

**"To avoid
throat irritation
I smoke
Lucky Strikes"**

Fiske O'Hara



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation - No Cough.

STUDENT



THE LIBRARY OF THE
MAR. 23 1928
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
Dill Pereira, 36

WHO ?



“Apparel by Gelvin”

A Mark of Good Taste in Smart Circles

“Apparel by Gelvin” is the final mark of good taste among smartly attired Men of Illinois. Tailored with an eye ever toward the conservative; selected with the good judgment years of study in University

dress have afforded; placed before the undergraduate with a keen knowledge of the college man’s price: “Apparel by Gelvin” has come to represent the finest selection available at the University of Illinois.



802 Republic Building
Chicago, Illinois

611 East Green Street
Champaign, Illinois

644 South State Street
Madison, Wisconsin



They say P.A. is the world's largest seller

I DON'T doubt it, nor do I wonder why. Just open a tidy red tin and get that full fragrance of Nature's noblest gift to pipe-smokers. Then tuck a load in the business-end of your old jimmy-pipe.

Now you've got it—that taste—that Lead-me-to-it, Gee-how-I-like-it taste! Cool as a condition. Sweet as making it up. Mellow and satisfying. Try this mild, long-burning tobacco, Fellows. I *know* you'll like it.

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!



*You can pay more
but you can't get
more in satisfaction.*

"One Man Tells Another"



A Mean Cut

Referring of course to the smart cut of the young man's "Learbury Tiger" sack suit. New spring ideas are arriving daily—we invite your inspection.

*Procurable as low as
thirty dollars at*

Rosers'
Mens Stylists

Downtown—Champaign

LITTLE SIRRON'S LETTER HOME

DEAR MA:-

Well Ma here I am back at school, out where the "Rules and Regulations for Undergraduates" makes the Ten Commandments look like the Emancipation Proclamation. Ma, I wore that tie you gave me for Christmas. It certainly went over big. Everybody was looking at me. Those slippers you gave me are just fine. I use one for a waste basket. You should have given me that colored shirt before Christmas so somebody could have worn it to axe-grinders.

Ma, I'm having an awful time about this New Year's proposition. More girls are liable to propose to me. My Rhet instructor asked me to see her after class. But I didn't fall for that, I'm too slick for this bunch.

I understand that the Alpha Chi Omegas are hot after a man. They want to keep up with their neighbors the A.O.Pi's which had a wedding a week ago. That good looking A.O.Pi got married.

Well, as I was saying, the Alpha Chi's are running wild to bring up their batting average, and their freshman have all got housemaid's knee from proposing. Prehn's looks like a church with all the girls bobbing up and down.

It's a big graft Ma. If they propose and you refuse them then you have to buy them a dress. If you accept, you have to keep buying them dresses. It would be a whole lot easier to buy a dress than to sit across the breakfast table with some of the cartoons—I mean co-eds down here. I guess leap year is a blessing for some of them. It reminds me of a clearance sale. When the co-eds give their age at registration, you'd think all of them were born on the 29th of February. It's easy to divide the co-eds into two great classes—those that came down here to get a husband, and those that came down here to get husband. Both classes accomplish their purpose. Letting them have a leap year is like letting the baby chew dynamite.

The Tau Epsilon Chi's had a fire during vacation. I guess it was a fairly successful fire, as they took out their new piano three days before. That's what you call that mysterious "sixth sense."

My land-lady was telling me that she swallowed her false teeth and she's had gnawing pains in her stomach. That's all for this time Ma.

wishing you the same,
SIRRON.

P.S. I think I'll transfer to U. of Florida, they have the Honor System down there. They can have the honor, I'll get the system.

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



Othello
Act II, Scene 3

**"Your name is great
in mouths of wisest
censure" ~**

Mr. Othello was always very serious. Naturally, Mr. Shakespeare, writing for our day as well as his own, picked him to utter the remark above—a fitting caption for an opinion the United States Supreme Court was one day to hand down on Coca-Cola:

"The name now characterizes a beverage to be had at almost any soda fountain. It means a single thing coming from a single source, and well known to the community."

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

*8 million
a day*

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

1-CM



LEAP YEAR NUMBER

CHAMPAIGN-URBANA, ILLINOIS

FEBRUARY, 1928

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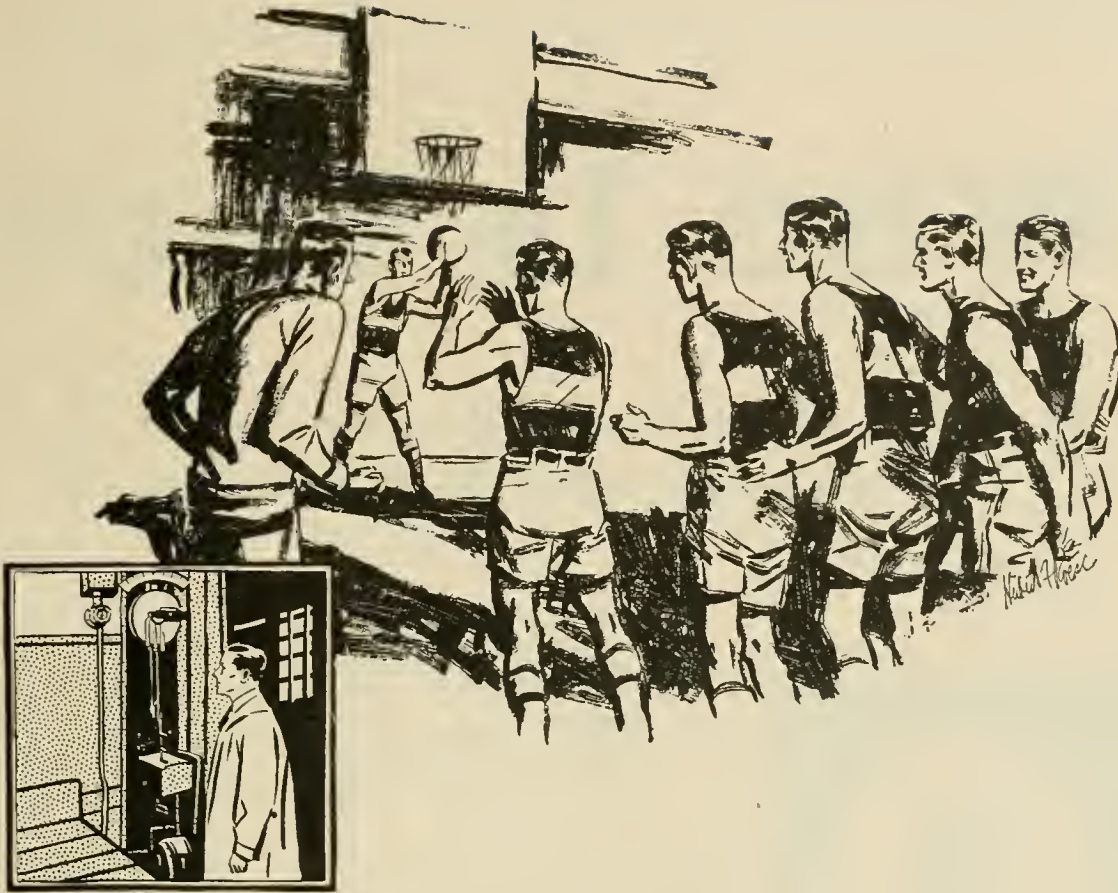
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Ye Ed Squeaks

Greetings, felicitations, and all that sort of rot! And incedently a belated Happy Jump Year to you all. What? Had you forgotten that it is Leap Year. Oh my side! Not only that but Valentines day is next week, too. That's why we decided it was time for another Siren to burst into view. We've manned the office with machine guns, imported from Chicago, and have detailed a squad of unmarriedable athletes, afflicted with dandruffe and moustaches to guard the entrances. Further, the Siren has no budget for the purchasing of refusal candy, so all members of the opposite sect, troubled with Elinor Glynn complexes, must needs search elsewhere for victims. Sorry. Come around next Leap Year. Speaking of Valentine's Day, "There's a bright spot in my heart for you," as the Fraternity man said to the February Frosh, handing him that insipid little green thing. And a word to those Frosh! You've made a great mistake, though you won't realize it for a while, and your only hope is to be dropped for over-cutting or to get married and quit. That is, of course, unless you can make an "I" pretty soon, then you can take Davenport 1 and 2 from Kappa. Well, we mussed close, as the reckless driver said, when he hit the Bresee truck. And if you want to get a break, take a ride with Little Bill. Don't forget, it's a great life if you weaken, but not this year. S'loon!



Where “good enough” isn’t —

The basketball team that is never satisfied with its performance is headed for the top. And in this, as in the making of telephone apparatus, success follows from the determination of every man to cover his position and work in harmony with his team mates.

At Western Electric, a continually widening range of activities is being undertaken—for example, investigating raw materials, designing more efficient machinery, developing new plans for manufacture, studying operating methods and personnel relations—any one of which offers the individual an interesting field.

But whatever the work, his place in it and his contribution to its success depend upon his acceptance of this Western Electric idea: to improve the machinery of production to a point where it more closely approaches perfection.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

Who Is She?

**[Contest Prizes are announced
in the Daily Illini this morning]**



- 1 Coupon below must be filled out accurately, and submitted to THE SIREN, Illinois Union Building.
- 2 Answers must be in by 5:00 p. m., Thursday, February 9, 1928.
- 3 An article, 100 words or less, must accompany each answer. The subject is: "Why is the Siren a Good Advertising Medium?"

Name of Girl.....

Organization.....Credit hours in University to date.....

Home Town.....Address.....

Siren Cover Contest

Name.....

Address.....

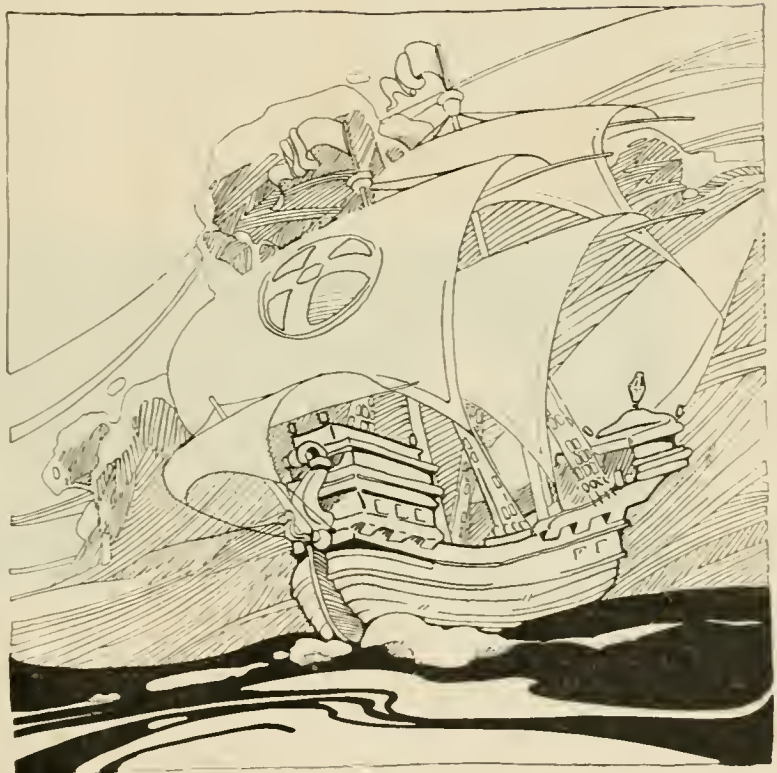
Telephone.....

A Leap Year Valentine

I want a little silver ship for sailing on the sea—
A sea all blue and lavender and pink as Russian tea.
I want chiffon for dancing sails white as a sea-
gull's wing,
But I want you on my little ship, O more than
anything.

I want a little silver ship to ride the mad-cap sea—
A sea all foam like whipping cream on mermaid's
pastery.
I want to watch the shiney prow leap like a dancing
elf,
But more than all I want to feel your closeness to
myself.

I want a little silver ship to sail the shadow sea.
When night kneels like a black-draped nun to count
her rosary,
And stars come out of the depths of the waves like
wisps of her unbound hair,
Then, O my love, I want your lips to tell me that
you're there.



The SIREN

First Theta—How long you going to be in the bath tub?

Second Unfortunate—Oh, about five foot, two.

S

Lord Egree—The first game of cricket was started in London in the thirteenth century.

Cynic—Who is winning?

S

Probate—Yes, I believe in taking my schoolwork with ease.

Phibate—And you'll probably end the courses with E's.

S

Alpha—After I take one Lucky out, why is the package like a match?

Beta—Because it's a cigarette lighter!

S

Inquisitive—Why do you always wear your glasses?

Betty Lytle—I want to look spectacular.

S

First Chaperone—Why it that couple sitting out there in the car.

Second Nonessential—I'll have to look into it.

Naive—Why didn't you hand in your term paper?

Sophisticated—I didn't want the instructor to think I was trying to work her for a grade.

S

Question—What is a Post Graduate?

Mark—One that got his degree at a correspondence school.

S

He—Why are you against free love?

She—It isn't free—the woman always pays.

S

Comb—What did you do after she slapped your face when you tried to kiss her?

and Brush—I suggested we kiss and make up.

S

He—You couldn't keep a secret from me.

She—Listen. Here's one I'll never tell you.

S

Fresh—Why didn't you pass your Military exam?

Frosh—Pass the exam? Why, I couldn't even pass in review.



Bob Freeman '30.

GET YOUR MAN

The cry that thrilled many a sportsman and was always heard on the football field and basketball floor has been taken over by the weaker sex in the good old parlor game that has no rules and a true sportsman has no more chance winning than a Kappa Sigma Tau has of leading the SENIOR BALL. (this includes both nights.)

To prove that the sportsmanship that is traditional on the Illini campus is not aided to any extent by the Co-eds I will cite the incident of the Alpha Delta Pi who had one pin (brassiere pin), already and proposed to a Phi Sigma Kappa thinking that he would refuse and have to give her a box of candy but HE ACCEPTED which goes to prove that unsportsmanship never pays because what good is a Phi Sigma Kappa pin when you want some candy, (she might trade it in on some candy but the manufacturers quit making penny pieces.)

The exultant Kappa pledge that rated the Gas Meter because she drove down to school in a cream colored taxi (she probably comes from a family of chauffeurs), and the express man made a mistake and insured her trunk for \$1,000.00 instead of \$100 has taken the proverbial fall. She made the statement that she was going to date all the "I" men on the campus and then crashes through by taking a Psi Upsilon pin from a fellow that has no more chance of getting an "I" than this said Kappa has of dating all the "I" men. No doubt she passed up a chance to go in the candy business.

If the fellows on the campus follow the custom of giving a box of candy to every girl they refuse the only prospect I can see is a campus crowded with candy sick girls and financially wrecked fellows, unless the candy manufacturers start putting it up in quarter pound boxes.

Go to it girls! It is probably the only chance most of you will have to get a man, at least for four years, and it will probably be the last chance that a good percentage will have to get a box of candy—unless you buy it yourself.

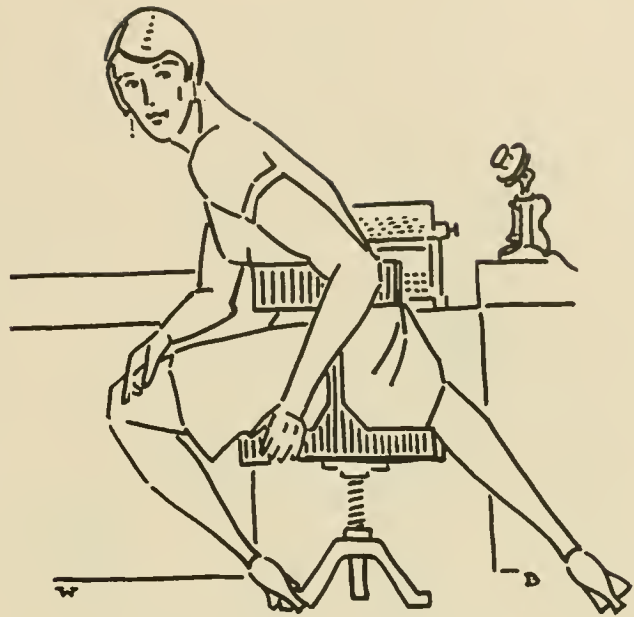
Get Your Man but remember your sportsmanship!

"WIN WITHOUT BOASTING
LOSE WITHOUT EXCUSES."

TACTFUL

She (dreamingly)—When did you first know you loved me?

He—When I began to get sensitive when people said you were brainless and homely.



WHO SAID LEAP YEAR?

Dumb—Did you ever take chloroform?
Sock—No, who teaches it?

Odd Jobs

She—And where do you work, Pete?
Pete Drum—I'm a chiroprapist at Prehn's.
She—What do you have to do?
Pete—Shoo flies!

Durham (shaving)—I've cut myself, and I'm bleeding to death!

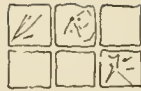
Duplex—Is there any way I can help you?

Wife—Wake up dear, and see the sunrise.
Hubby—Naw! He was out all night and isn't in yet.

True Rime

Sing a song of Expense
Pockets full of dough,
Twenty little co-eds,
Watch my money go!

Knight—What do you sell?
Midnight—Salt!
Knight—Huh, salt seller!



This be our 16th anniversary!
Ay, must ye remind me this is leap year again?

S

Forty-one—What are you making such a queer face for?

Forty-two—I just ate some rye bread.

S

Damon—Why did you ever put such an asinine answer down?

Pythias—I was copying from the girl next to me and I was too honorable to call her a liar.

S

Effie—He's so dumb he thinks the Mexican border should pay rent.

Marie—That's Orph-ful.

S

Frosty Lindsay—I ought to get a lot of rest this year.

Swede Olsen—How come?

Frosty Lindsay—'S leap year.

S

How'd you get your sight back?

I went out with an A O Pi and had my eyes opened.

Water is composed of oxygen and cambridgen: (chem. 1 test).

S

The freshman carries all his books. See him in Uni Hall.

But time will surely change his looks. Seniors carry none at all.

S

What is steam?

Water, gone crazy with the heat!

S

Darling, when you kiss me good-bye, did it ever dawn on you—

I should say not. I've always gotten you home by midnight.

S

"That's the bunk," said the Frosh, when the folding cot fell on him.

S

Feller—Where shall we go to eat this afternoon?

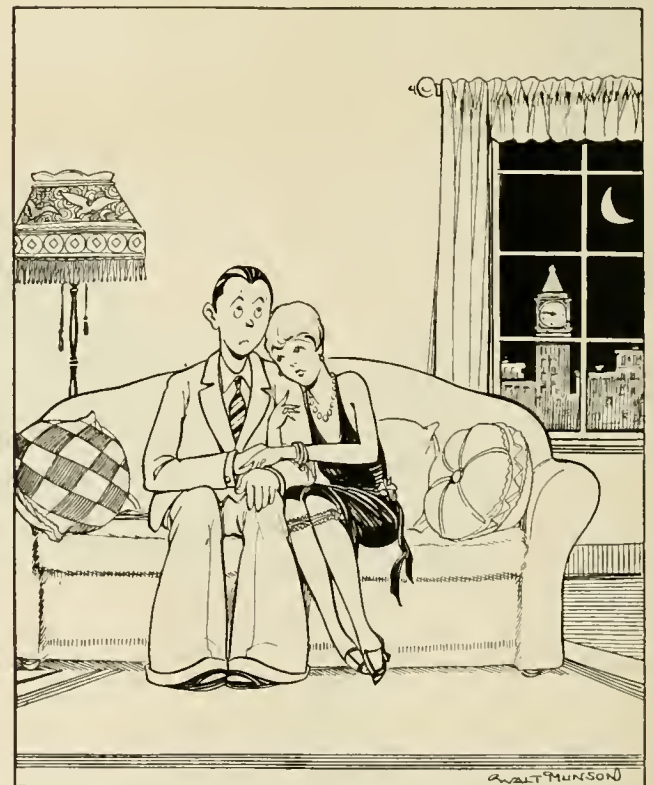
Sorority Pledge—Let's go to Heaven. There's no actives there.

S

He—Darling, can you ever forgive me?

She—Never!! (What have you done?)

S



LEAP YEAR!



IT'S A GAMBLE ON ANY SORORITY
DAVENPORT THIS YEAR!



Frosh—A girl in the Co-op tried to sell me some fairy tales.

Literati—How very nice!

Frosh—And I just laughed because I knew all the time fairies haven't got any tails.

Leap Year

The girl got on her bended knees
And proposed without a shudder.
I wondered how she did it—
She was practicing on her brother.

—S—

Popularity Year

Let's drink a toast to Miss Popularity
Which is any girl at the U. of I.
Who lives her life of all hilarity
And never lets a date get by.

Is she a girl of glorious beauty?
Is she a girl of world wide fame?
Has she all the wealth of Trudy?
To these she has no earthly claim.

After thinking for quite some time
I find that any girl can rate
If she puts out the following sign
'I take all CROCK BLIND DATES.

—E.57.H.

Sarah H.—My mother was born in Switzerland,
my father was born in San Francisco, and I was
born in New Orleans.

Boy Friend—Funny how you all got together,
wasn't it?

—S—

Kitty Kat—So you aren't going out with Jim
tonight?

Engaged—Nope—Have to study History.

Kitty Kat—Well, really, I'd rather HAVE a date
than KNOW one.

—S—

Cod—This tonic is no good.

Liver—What's wrong with it?

Cod—All the directions given are for adults and
I've never had them.

—S—

And they called her "Adenoids" because the
medical students took her out so much.

—S—

Music Frosh—What's an operetta?

Music Senior—Don't be dnmb—it's a girl who
works for the telephone company.

IT WAS NOT

It was three o'clock in the morning and the house was quiet—deathly quiet, and cold. All of the girls had gone up to the dorm hours ago except Ann who was studying for an Ec II exam. The light from her study lamp revealed her huddled in a wooly robe with blankets at her feet, diligently pouring over her book. She ran her fingers through her disheveled mop of hair which insisted upon hanging over her tired eyes. Her forehead was wrinkled into a frown of annoyance. She simply couldn't understand Ec. The little spot of light on her study desk disclosed the Illinois pennant above and the heavily pillowed cot nearby, but the rest of the room remained in dark obscurity.

Outside the snow beat against the window panes with heavy, tired thuds; the wind howled among the tall, skeleton-like elms scraping their limbs together, producing low moaning sounds. Then it would suddenly seize the windows and rattle them mercilessly, and as suddenly subside allowing the still, penetrating cold air to creep in around the cracks and the chill of the room press down upon her and crush her in its icy grip.

How she wished she could sleep—ten more pages to read—she would let them go—no, she must read them. Oh, why did the clock tick so! It seemed to grow louder, louder, resound in her ears—in fact to echo from ear drum to ear drum forming sharp little staccato sounds in her dull muddled brain. "We have learned—tick, tick—that valuable things—tick, tick—may be divided—tick, tick, tick, tick—into four classes, human services—tick, tick, tick, tick—" the clock was getting the best of her. In disgust she thrust it into a dresser drawer and covered it with towels, but still it ticked. She slammed the drawer shut and tried desperately to concentrate her mind upon Ec. "Human services, concrete commodities, relations and privileges, and a fund of capital in general." Well—thank heavens she understood that now.

Encouraged, she turned to the chapter on Supply and Demand. A tap at the window—her heart almost stopped, she scarcely breathed. How still—how utterly still everything seemed. Perhaps the Ghostly Spirit had come to visit her. Her imagination! How exorciatingly ridiculous! The window was far above the ground and the trees were not near enough to touch the pane. She settled deeper into her robe—those horrid schedules. If she could only sink back in the chair and sleep for a glorious fifteen minutes. She sank back and looked up at the Illinois pennant as a relief from the

book—but the oragne letters seemed to pop out at her in the darkness and the L's in the Illinois became supply and demand schedules staring down at her with price ranging up one side and the number of pounds of fish or tea marked off on the other. She shuddered—no escape—she must study.

How dark it was—how alone she was—what if someone should creep up the stairs before she could utter a sound. She wondered if there were such things as ghosts. It seemed she could hear someone coming—coming.

The room, so deathly still before, seemed to be filled with plaintive murmurings like half-uttered sighs—a restlessness—vague uneasiness—some disturbance. She ventured to look about, her head turned slowly, mechanically, almost as if on hinges. Only empty blackness stared back at her from the corners. Her infernal imagination! They must be the spirits of price, cost, value, and utility here to tease and tantalize her with doubt and uncertainty into spasms of pent up fear. The rattling window panes, the muffled ticking of the clock, and the penetrating cold seemed to vie for first place in her attention against the Ec exam. Only five more pages—but what had she read in the other five—why didn't she quit—but no, she must stick it out—only five more. Her brain whirled with definitions—not clearly, but dazzily. She felt dull and sluggish, every nerve was tense, her bones ached from the cramped position she had been sitting in for hours.

The stairs creaked. She grew rigid with fear. A soft footstep—or wasn't it a footstep? It was a soft padded sound—something unmistakably real, yet different from the fantastic murmurings in the shadowed corners. The study lamp only lighted such a small portion of the room. She thought of the other girls sound asleep in the dorm. The darkness seemed to oppress her while the chill air closed in and clasped her heart in its cold clutches. The sounds were coming from the stairs. Another creak—closer and closer—now almost at the head of the stairs. She scarcely dared to breathe. In spite of the cold she felt suffocated—choked. The soft little sounds came creeping up the hall—paused—then came closer. Someone creeping up the hall. The sounds ceased but she felt a presence: they echoed in her mind. She felt that someone was behind her in the doorway, waiting, waiting for her to turn around—waiting, that she might feel the full surprise of his presence—undergo every unpleas-

Continued on Page 24



HAPPY LEAP YEAR!
SAME TO YA!

—————S—————

The Flunker Laments

*Dedicated to those that have fallen
by the wayside.*

Just before the test dear father,
I am thinking most of you,
While around me girls are shaking,
And the boys are looking blue.
Students overworked and worried
Students dizzy as they can be
For they know that on the morrow
They may receive an ugly "E."

Oh, I see our teachers writing
Writing questions—hard ones too.
Pray for me—I need it father.
If I flunk what will you do?
Hear the teeth around me chatter
Hear the heart beat loud with fear
See the knees around me shaking
Tests do make us feel so queer.

CHORUS—

Oh, dear father please be gentle
Do not scold me if I flunk
What's the difference if I flunk it?
College life is all the bunk.

—E. J. H.

LEAP YEAR HOOIE!

This Leap Year racket all started way back about the year 1000 B. C. (Before Co-eds) when Augustus something or other was Ruler of the Roman Empire which at that time stretched from Rome to as far out as the Kappa Delt house and back. This Augustus lad had quite a hankering for the women which will do no good for any empire or emporer. Well, gentle reader this guy flits here and you, giving one babe a break, and then passing on to give other worms likewise. Finally like all good men and true, he runs into a dame which he finds he can't shake. She sticks to him like the Sig Phi Sigs to the Arcade. So he tells her flatly he'll never propose to her. She comes back with the crack that she'll propose to him, and set February 29th as the date for the big decision. Angie sets down to do some fast thinking as how can he avoid this business. After calling in his lawyers, cabinet officers, or what am I bid, his office boy gets an idea which is snapped up before it died of lonesomeness. The plan is to toss February 29th out of the calendar. This goes over with the college boys as that leaves one day less of school. How someever, the wise guys figure it would jim up the works to throw it out all together, so they schedule it for once every four years. Then Gus to appease the frail, gives her a lot of candy so's she won't kill herself with a cup of Prehn's hot chocolate. This, friend of radioland is how us men are afflicted with leap year. It's an old Roman custom.

—————S—————

"That burns me up," said the match as it struck its head again a brick wall.

—————S—————

FIRST STOCK BROKER: How are they quoting Continental Yeast?

SECOND STOCK BROKER: Still rising.

—————S—————

—That satirical play was well done, don't you think?

—Yes. Roasts usually are.

—————S—————

'30: What's that fellow carrying, and why does he look so guilty?

'28: Sh! That's an Ag senior going home to try on his cap and gown.

—————S—————

And now comes the story of the student whose Dad told him to put his shoulder to the wheel, but explained that he couldn't drive that way.



HE—HEY GIRL, WHAT ARE YOU MAD AT?
IT—INTERVALS!

Lapses Into Literature

SUGGESTIONS

TO FOLLOW

(with and without reservations)

TRISTAN AND ISOLT, by John Masefield, New York: The Macmillan Company, \$2, (with). The great historic saga is turned topsy-turvy. Masefield has worked with one eye cocked for the stage: readability is not his main objective. Only towards the end do the lines become lyrical. To quote one critic: "This dream of chivalry is bound down with stagecraft."

BISMARCK: THE STORY OF A FIGHTER, by Emil Ludwig, trans. by Eden and Cedar Paul, Boston: Little, Brown and Co., \$5, (without). This is a fit companion book for "Napoleon," and an excellent contrast between the two,—Bismarck tackling the possible, his predecessor the impossible and unattainable. The inexhaustible vigor, the overbearing nature of the man, and his sham piety are illustrated with imaginative realism.

WOODROW WILSON: LIFE AND LETTERS, Youth, 1856-1890; Princeton, 1890-1910, by Ray Stannard Baker, Garden City: Doubleday, Page and Company, 2 Vols., \$10, (without). An attempt to produce a true estimate of a great contemporary. The essence of five tons of material boiled down by Mr. Baker, Wilson's official biographer, and served in generous portion. Mr. Baker's hand is masterly, his gigantic task beautifully done. There's more to come of this set by Baker, better known to many as "David Grayson."

THE BRIDGE OF SAN LUIS REY, by Thornton Wilder, Albert and Charles Boni, \$2.50, (without). A series of deft character pictures, made with a sure touch that moulds thoughts like models in clay, a fresh limpid style, a happy simplicity of diction, elevate Wilder to the uncrowded heights of deserved fame. Read this book and then offer up thanks that there is an occasional polished, delicate product among the freshets of modern, too-violent literature.

And then Francois, from the depths of his ancient morris chair, strongly recommends for your edification:

THE SMALL BACHELOR, by P. G. Wodehouse, New York: Geo. Doran, (without).

WORLD'S END, by Jacob Wasserman, New York: Boni and Liveright.

To A Coquette

When they've burned the lamp of pleasure,
And the light of youth is spent,
Will the shadow drift unto you,
Like a ship of rich content?

Will there still be men to love you,
Or will all of them have fled
Like pale horsemen in the moonlight,
Fleeing visions of the dead?

'Twould be strange if fool forgotten
Dared be braver than these men,
Gladly welcomed you this moment,
And spoke love to you again.

'Twould be strange if that should happen—
Yes, indeed, for I well know
He then, too, shall have forgotten
That he loved you long ago!

—F. Lloyd Denis '29.

—S—

Obsession

All the night is spent in dreaming
Of a tempting goddess beaming
Like a star that hides a half of sable sky,
If indeed she were immortal,
I would storm the sacred Portal,
There to seek her in the palace of The High.

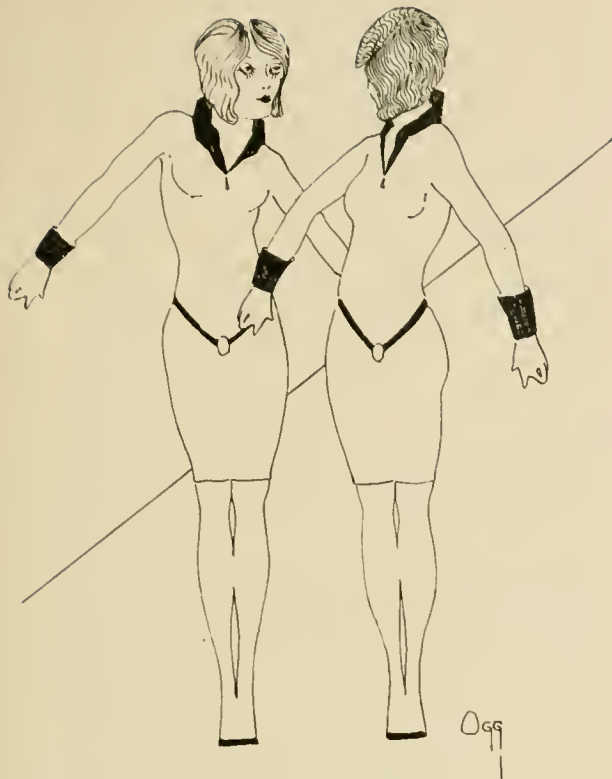
But a godly-grave obsession,
Oft recurring, says, "Possession"
"Is not love, you gallant replica of man.
"You may seek her if you care to;
"Suffer much if you will dare to;
"But your way will darkly end where it began.

"She is mortal whom you cherish,
"And, as mortal, she will perish
"If you weigh your love with carnal, human hand."
Like a man with thirst to slaken,
But I say as I awaken,
"Let us mortals know no god's demand!"

—F. Lloyd Denis '29.

—S—

If all the students who sit through three straight hours of lecture were lined up one foot apart they would stretch.



"Where is the Phi Phi fraternity?"
 "D-d-don't g-get f-f-funny."—Widow.

Actor (*dramatically*): A hoss, my kingdom for a hoss . . .

DELT (*in gallery*): Will a jackass do?

Actor: Certainly, come right down.

Copy-Writer: Give me a little time. How do you expect me to dash off an ad about powder and rouge when I don't know a thing about 'em?

Boss: Oh, I'll bet you've up against plenty of the stuff in your time.

Waiter . . . are you positive this ham was cured?
 Oh, yes, sir . . .

Well . . . tell the cook it's had a relapse!

ANXIOUS THIETADELT: Oh, please!

PI PHI FROSH: No, Jimmy, I can't possibly take your pin this week. I'm all filled up . . . Dong's on Monday, Pal's on Tuesday . . .

Registration days are the days that made this song popular: "I can't get the ones I want, those I get I don't want."

What did the Dean mean when he said that most of his professors were myopic?

I don't know. I never did understand those optical allusions.

How do mothers learn all about the things they warn their daughters not to do?

It's pretty hard to get next to a long-distance telephone operator.

STUDE: Give me \$15 worth of scratch paper.

Co-Op CLERK: Huh?

STUDE: Hurry up. I've got the seven year itch.

CUSTOMER: Are you sure this fish is fresh?

BUTCHER: Lady iss diss feesh FRESH! Say, dot feesh iss so fresh it insults every young woman what comes into de store.

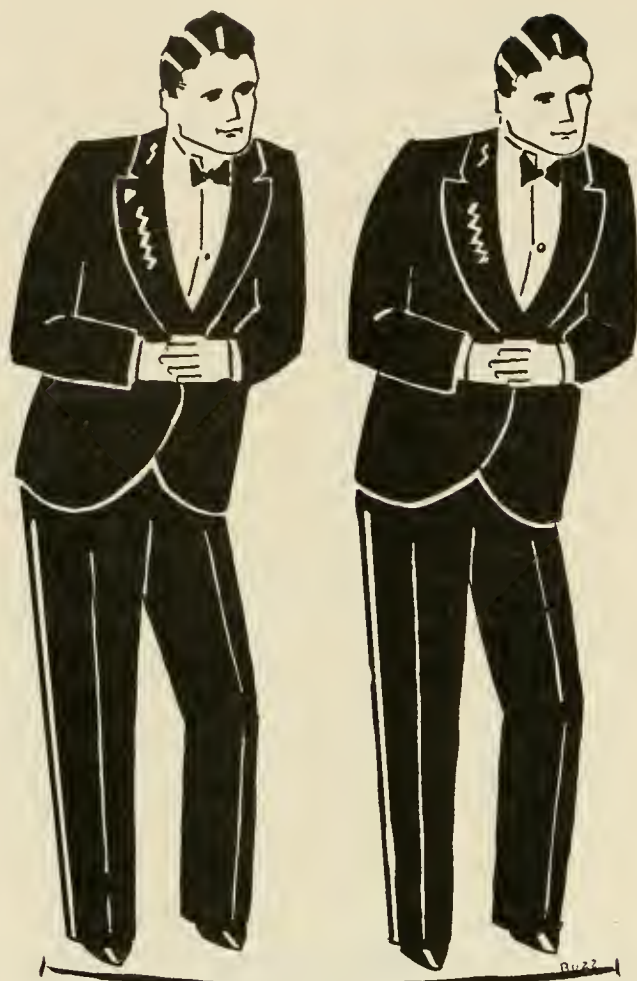
KITTY: Of course I didn't accept Teddy the first time he proposed.

KAT: Ho Ho . . . and I know why. You weren't there!



—Why do you call that frosh "Ivory"? He looks like a clever boy to me.

—Yep, but he makes me think of that "99 44-100 pure" slogan. He's always spotless.



Pat—What would you do if you fell heir to a million dollars?

Mike—I'd go over to Ireland and buy myself a big castle and just lay around and sleep. What would you do if you had a million?

Pat—I'd rent myself a room in a swell hotel and leave a call for five a. m., and when the clerk called me, I would say, "Go to hell, I don't have to get up!"

Mrs. M.: My husband is the kind of a man who calls a spade a spade.

Mrs. N.: My husband did too, until he tried to dig up the garden.

FOND FATHER: My son, you must think of the future.

Boy: But, Dad, I can't. It's my girl's birthday and I have to think of the present.

I hear Marj has a new horse. What did she name him?

She calls him EXAM because nobody ever passes him!

Dear Girl

Dear Girl,
When the days
Are nice and fine
Will you be
My Valentine?

Yet when it storms
And starts to rain
Will you be it
Once again?

Valentine

If all the girls were real true blue
Perhaps, Dear Girl, I'd think less of you.

Deke—Do you know why I fell for you?
Pify—Of course—my eyes.

Deke—No, your line was just low enough to trip me.

1st S. A. E.—They have a wonderful tank at Northwestern, haven't they?

2nd S. A. E.—I don't know anyone there.

The pugilist boxes his man before he lays him out.
The undertaker lays out his man before he boxes him.

Phi—Does your girl drink, Al?
Gam—No, Hugh, she drains.

Chem. Prof.—Where is permanganate of potassium found?

Stude—Third bottle to the left as you enter the lab.

Bert—That's one thing I like about my girl.
Johnny—What's that?
Bert—Her taste in men.

Captain—All hands on deck! The ship is leaking.
Sleepy—Aw go on! Put a pan under it and shut up.

Leapin'—Jimmie is cured of his bad tobacco habit.

Lena—No! How come?
Leapin'—His roommate stopped buying cigarettes.

Chaperone (entering room suddenly)—Why, Helen, Get right off that young man's knee!
Sigma Kappa—No fair, I got here first!

Crack—Going hunting? It's a great year for kangaroos.

Shot—What dya mean?

Crackshot—Leap year.

—S—

Fair—What makes you think our English prof. is so old?

Warner—O he told me he taught Shakespeare.

—S—

Bob—Oy! She's nuts!

Dick—What do you mean, nuts? That's my sister.

Bob—Oh! nuts so bad—nuts so bad.

—S—

Tom Morrow—"Some of the happiest years of my life have been spent as a freshman at the University of Illinois."

—S—

Prof. Craven (in lecture)—The first known date in history was 5,000 b. c.

Ira Sweeney—Heavens! Who had it?

—S—

Theta Delt pledge—"I owe everything to my fraternity."

—S—

Tri—Say, why is the water below the falls green?

Delt—Couldn't guess.

Tridelt—It just came over.

—S—

Dizzie—Use the word virtue in a sentence if you can.

Dumbell—Virtue go last night?

—S—

Chi—Why are you pledging that goof? He doesn't mingle well with the other fellows.

Psi—No, but can he ever mix well in private!

—S—

Bob Hamilton—Do you love me any longer?

Delta Zeta—I don't love men any longer.

—S—

Francois—I can't understand why they always put a white shirt on a dead man.

Beth—Because he can't put it on himself, you silly!



Jack and Mary are married; isn't that a hot match?

Yeh, but wait till he sees the light.

—S—

Even the severest critics of the administration must agree that we have been playing the diplomatic game in Mexico strictly according to oil.

—Judge

—S—

"It is better to be unhonored and unstung," said the convict as he surveyed a hornet's nest in the cave where he planned to hide.

—S—

"This is a Louis XII penny."

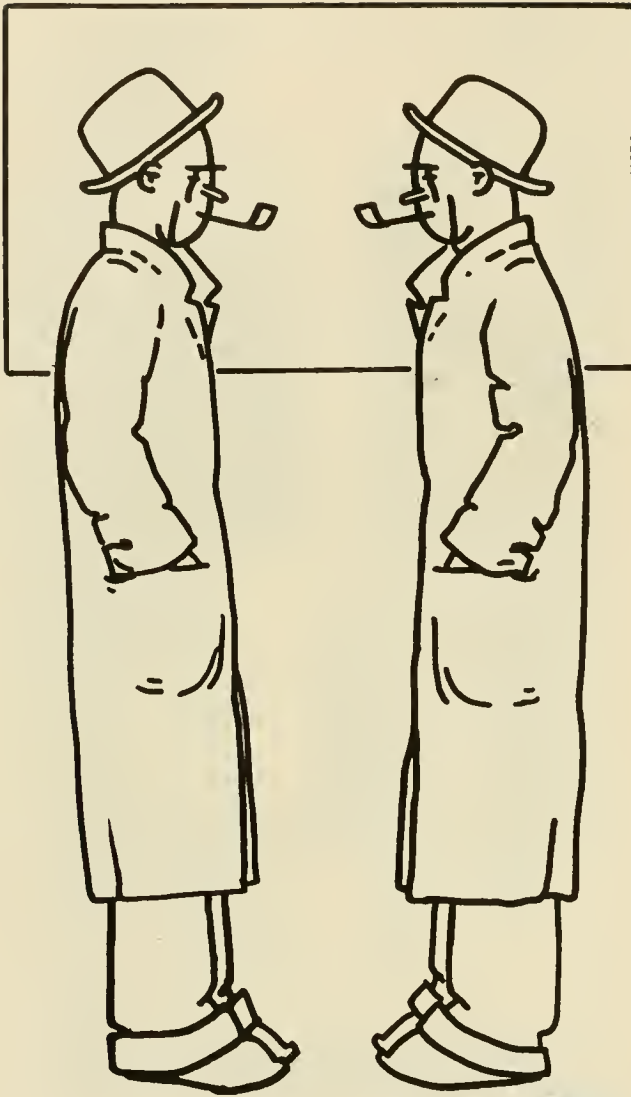
"Oh goody, let's buy some gum."

—S—

FIRST CO-ED: I've got a hockey nose.

SECOND: How come?

FIRST: It dribbles.



LISH WHITSON—

We understand they are going to change the name of the Illus House.

Yeh?

Yeh! Don Andrews got his letter!

Kappa (as they danced)—I believe a girl should have a mind of her own. I, for one, am not easily led.

He (struggling)—So I perceive.

They call Beryl "Steam-pipe Sadie" because she's got hot joints.

Porter—Shall I sweep this rug?

Sigma Nu—Hell no, that's my roommate's cleanest towel.

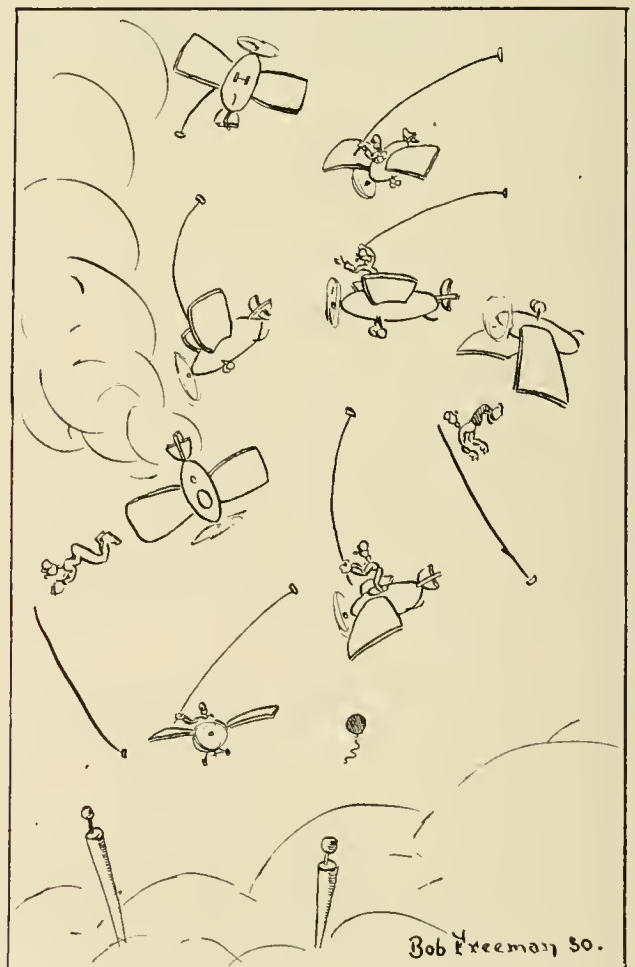
The Golfer's Day

DRIVES OFF with BRASSIE (new Ford) after SINKING a SLICE of toast and a CUP of coffee. Pulls off his hat and PUTTS it one the rack. SHOOTs the BUNK-er round the office until the boss is in a FAIRWAY to treat him ROUGH. Finds the SCOND HOLE in his shirt and PLAYS IT TO THE PIN. Goes out for TEE. FLAGS a cab and orders DRIVER to his CLUB where he eats MASH-IE potatoes, fish BALLS, and GREEN beans with his SPOON. He TOPS the day by taking a BAG to one of his CLUBS.

Worried One—What'll I do with these hospital bills?

Fool—Burnham!

INTERNATIONAL POLO
TOURNAMENT - 1950.





THIN—Do you know the oldest song on the campus?

TWIN—No, but I know the refrain.

THIN—What is it?

TWIN—Refrain from smoking!

Leap Year Lament

Leap Year! How the Campus Charlies hate to see it come around again. There is no recourse now, but to revert to the primitive habits of their ancestors and carry a club with them to beat off the clinging vines of the obstinate sex. It is man's Jonah year, and no hooie!

Peace officers will be kept ever occupied picking up seemingly homeless male suspects, who, it will turn out, are only frequenting the less popular avenues in order to minimize their danger of abduction. Our novelists and scenario writers tell us enough of women and their wiles without our finding it necessary to allow them a whole year to practice their seductive habits, and gold or is it candy digging endeavors.

On our own campus, the Delta Zetas and the Tri-Delts have already started to take advantage of the times. There seems to be money in the houses, but no appeal. The alumni are aware of the deplorable condition, but Leap Year will be their only possible salvation. If this situation exists in two houses, consider we pray, the Sigma Alpha Iotas, Kappa Sigma Taus, Phi Mus and Lambda Omegas. On to Dartmouth, my boy, on to Dartmouth.

There are only two or three ways of insuring immunity: Commit hari kuri, pretend to be a blue nose reformer, a brief case hugging Phi Bete, or an Alpha Ki Ro. You are comparatively safe in any of these characters, even from man-hunting Delta Zeta's and Tri-Delts.



Dear Old Bad-Leg:

My husband picks his teeth in bed. What shall I do?
Theresa Green.

Dear Mrs. Green:

Bichloride of mercury is an excellent cure for any bad habits of that sort.

* * * * *

Dear Mr. Sweeney:

The girl I love has a cow. Would she make a good wife?
Hi Pockets.

Dear Hi:

Did you mean the girl or the cow?



CHIMES?

What can be more lovely than the peeling belles, said Ray Dvorak as he glanced at the Pify house half an hour after the Prom.

Leap Year Desire

I wish that I knew that your love was all mine
That my lips and mine only should ever touch thine.
I wish that you'd hold me so close to your heart
That the fates nor the gods could nere draw us apart.

I wish that away from the humid and gray
Of buildings that stoop down and smother the day:
I wish for a cottage all lost in perfume
Of clover and violet and wild honey bloom.

I wish for a baby to gladden the place—
A boy with a smile and a face like your face.
And then when I'm wrinkled like fruit in the fall
You can still see the soul of me shine through it all.

Ah! Fool to waste wishes on man's fickle love,
As changing and reckless as those clouds above,
So I wish for one kiss—just one meaning caress,
Then soon to forget you and find happiness.



PROPOSED DESIGN FOR FUTURE DANCE TICKETS

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'?

By BRIGGS



© 1928, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload



Continued from Page 13

ant sensation of suspense. The silence and the knowledge that someone was there fascinated her—drew her like a magnet. Her nerves were keyed to the highest pitch—someone was there waiting—waiting—she dared not look; yet something compelled her to turn around. Her eyes grew large with the very idea; she trembled but rose from the chair slowly in order not to frighten the apparition that she knew must be there—then turned quickly. Two large eyes glared at her from the darkness of the doorway—two balls of glittering fire they seemed. All of her pentup fear sought escape in the form of a piercing, blood-curdling shriek. She sank helplessly to the floor. The gleaming eyes, still glaring with that inerasable fixity, suddenly transferred to the top of the doorway. Ann remained on the floor frozen with horror, her breath came in little gasps, her heart beat so rapidly that it nearly tripped over itself. The eyes held her, fascinated her, instilled a deadly cringing fear in her.

A scurry of footsteps down the dorm stairs—a snap of the electric light in the hall—a big black cat with arched back and widely expanded tail, crouched, half frightened, half angry, on top of the open door.

—M.B.'30.

SOUTHERN TEA ROOM

See us about your Spring
Formal Dinner and
Dance

*Our Ball Room Accomodates
One Hundred Couples*

A College Romance

She was fair like the bloom on a Blossoming rose,
And he looked like a sheik with a paraffin nose:
They had met in the park on an evening in June
And had plighted their troth by the light of the moon.

Oh, they vowed to be faithful, they vowed to be true,
Which shows us, alas, what the moonlight can do
They parted with sighs at the end of the lane,
And nevermore saw one another again.

—E.57.H.

Campus Cycles

Snowflakes from 'Ilini skies
Kiss the ground in fun—
Snowflakes—black hair and sighs,
Blonds look best in sun.

Our campus hearts melt easily
As campus snows will do—
Under a love that swears to be
Faithful love and true.

Then spring comes with her fickle moon,
South Campus and her witchery:
Love's ineontant all too soon—
Oh! campus coquetry.

CHIMES?

What can be more lovely than the peeling belles,
said Ray Dvorak as he glanced at the Pify house
half an hour after the Prom.

Father bought a new Rubens in Europe.
Some boat, isn't it?

Alum—And your boy is still at the University?
What is he taking?
Dad—Oh, about six hundred a semester!

The latest one we know about the conventional
absent minded professor is the one who passed his
coat around the class and hung the exam paper on
the back of the chair.

D. K. E., resolve that they will not use the fact
that they have two captains in the house in their
pledge talk.

Alpha Chi Omega, resolve that they will not in-
struct their boy friends to throw their empties on
the A. O. Pi lawn.

Delta Delta Delta, resolve that they will not ask
any one with money to be their patroness.

The Quiz of the Health Brigade

Half-heartedly, half-heartedly,
Half-heartedly onward,
All into Morrow Hall

Slunk the six hundred.
"All of your books away!
Get out your pens!" Doc said.
Into the Hygiene quiz
Went the six hundred.

"All of your books away!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though a freshman knew,
Or cared, how a sickness grew.
Theirs not to make reply,
Theirs not to reason why,
Theirs but to do or die.
Into the Hygiene quiz
Went the six hundred.

Proctors to the right of them,
Proctors to the left of them,
Proctors all 'round them
Watched and watched;
Stormed at with proctors and profs,
They read the questions well,
On the cause of death
And the care for health.,
Read the six hundred.

Flashed all their knowledge bare,
Gnashed their teeth and tore their hair,
Reading the questions there,
Fearing an "E," while
Conscience diminished.
Each realized, with remorse,
He'd surely flunk the course
Unless something could happen.
Stunned by the quizz's force
Each weakened and cheated,
Then went out, but not,
Not til he finished.

Proctors to the right of them,
Proctors to the left of them,
Proctors all 'round them
Had watched and watched.
But they cribbed—'twas the only way.
They had not read the book
But answered the questions all.
Then out from Morrow Hall
Came those who passed the quiz,
All the six hundred.

CLOTHES


Ready-made
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Overcoats



Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165

Bearly
Camels Hair
Coat
\$165

**BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
OUR STORE IS THE**

Charter House

CHAMPAIGN AND URBANA

The character of the suits and
overcoats tailored by Charter House
will earn your most sincere liking.

KAUFMAN'S

ON THE CAMPUS

Mr. Wood, what's that piece of paper doing be-
hind your radiator?

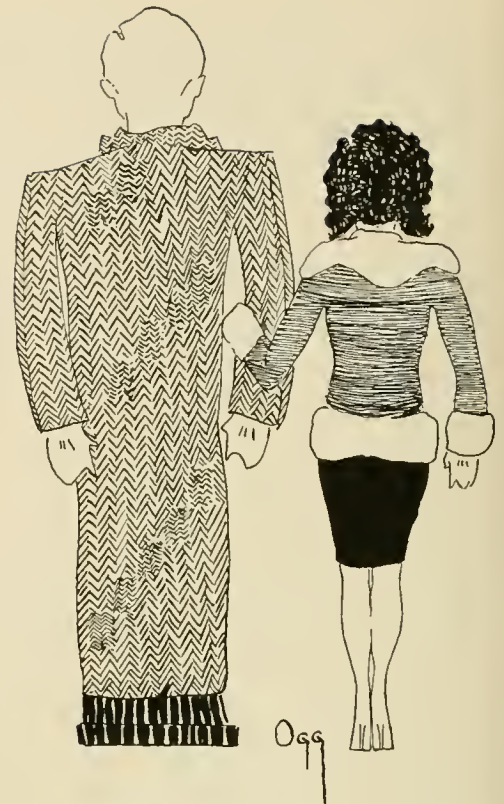
Wood tiptoes over quietly so as not to disturb
the paper, examines it carefully and answers:

It's not doing anything now, sir. — *Pointer.*



'Tuxedo vestings by Catoir now include smart Black-and-White effects—exclusive and correct.

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VESTINGS FACINGS LININGS



Guess this Pepsodent is no good!
Why?
4 out of 5 still have it!

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February 6th, 7th and 8th

JOAN CRAWFORD
WILLIAM HAINES

In a picture of the Army and Football

—in—

“WEST POINT”

THURSDAY—FRIDAY—SATURDAY

February 10th and 11th

KARL DANE
GEORGE K. ARTHUR

The Screen's Two Funniest Comedians

—in—

“BABY MINE”

LOU TELLEGEN—CHARLOTTE WALKER—EMMA BUNTING

NORMAN HACKETT in

“THE CONSTANT WIFE”

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9th—SEATS NOW SELLING

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A. N. GONSIOR, Illinois '14, *Managing Director*

Jilted Alfa Chi O, (angrily)—I should think you would be ashamed to look me in the face, much less speak to me in the street!

He (Phi Gam—Well—I am, kinda, but I've got to be courteous.

(Explanation—The Phi Gam's had their little preferred list too).

—S—

Frosh—Have you heard the news?

Prof. Ritz—Smith was asphyxiated in his office!

Senior (knowingly)—Too bad! He must have been talking to himself!

What gripes us is the Fratter who is engaged to a girl in the city and advertises the fact as a means of self defense.

—S—

What in the world did you ever join Sig Chi for? I thought you were all tied up Phi Gam.

Well, you see my girl didn't like their pin so I hadta change . . .

—S—

So Jerry has been hurt and is coming home from collitch?

Yah . . . he injured his ukelele finger!

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AUGUST DANIELSON
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Proprietors

A girl with cotton stockings never sees a mouse.
—*Chaparral*.

—S—
ALI OOP

A new signal for that rattling good product from
Michigan: Are you ready? Let's go Henry, 1928
shift!
—*Purple Parrot*.

—S—
His education is still in its infancy.

Why, how's that?

It rests on a crib.
—*Pup*.

—S—
He—"Darling, may I kiss you?"

She—"Why, the very idea! I'm a good girl, I'll
have you know. Give me my parachute, I'm going
home."

He—"Parachute, nothing! If you're so darn
good, get out and fly!"
—*Sun Dial*.

—S—
Football schedules are used to show what chap-
ter the brother sleeping in your bed comes from.

—*Yellow Jacket*.

—S—
Visitor—"Does Mr. Burton, a student, live
here?"

Landlady—"Well, Mr. Burton lives her, but I
thought he was a night watchman.
—*Juggler*.

Bailey and Himes—an exclusive Sporting Goods Store

With the discontinuance of our Supply Departments, we now become the only
Exclusively Athletic goods store in Illinois outside of Chicago. We trust that
this may further our service to you.

"Chuck" and Shelby wish to thank you, the men and women of Illinois, who
have made this accomplishment possible. We feel that this marks a great step
forward in our business.

You will be interested in our new items in

BASEBALL GOLF TENNIS SPORT TOGS

BAILEY AND HIMES

Athletic Equipment

"Chuck" Bailey

Shelby Himes

Wife—"Ah! Ikey, it's anodder boy."
Ikey—"Nat luck. Ve yont have to buy another
bed."
—*Whirlwind.*

—S—

A Scotchman stood in line waiting to purchase
seats for "The Miracle."

Behind him stood a Jew.

"Have you two dollar seats for this show?" in-
quired the Scot when he finally reached the window.

"I am sorry, we are all sold out of the two dollar
ones," was the reply.

"Then give me four dollar seats," said the High-
lander.

When the Hebrew heard this, he immediately left
the line.

"I will keep my money I have seen de Mir-
acle," said he.

—S—

It was Wednesday evening—prayer meeting at
all local churches. Fraternity houses from one end
of the campus to the other were deserted. Not a
light shone in them: not a Brother hove in sight.
It was prayer meeting night at all the—And, oh yes,
it was also the night of the Interfraternity Ball.

—*Panther.*

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Cigars and Cigarettes

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Buy them as soon as you register and avoid the rush; also shortage of stocks.

The U. of I. Supply Store

The SIREN

The Chinese Theatre
Hollywood



Who Broke My Heart?

You say that you're sorry you've broken my heart,
The heart I entrusted to you.
But you're sure that it's better by far that we part,
For our sweet little idyl is thru.

You needn't have offered me any excuse,
Perhaps it is all for the best.
And my heart?? 'Twas a copy for every day use,
The original's safe in my breast.

—E.57.H.



"The Flower Shop of Distinction"

GEO. C. BARSCH

113 West University Avenue, Champaign

Choice Flowers for All Occasions

PHONE
5800

A NEW GAME

Now that cross-word puzzles, word changings, and ask-me-anothers are passe what gentlemanly game will you play when you go home this Easter vacation?

Did you ever play Recitals? A recital is a sporting contest in every sense of the word. The star contender is an artist or artiste—depending upon whom you are talking. The artist may choose as a weapon a piano, violin, or merely his voice. If he uses a violin or voice he has an added opponent—the accompanist.

The game of Recitals is truly a gentleman's game and is played with much formality. Last year the Sig Chi's participated wearing tuxes. They gave this up, however, because the collars kept them awake. It did look as though they were to be the stars of the game—unless maybe people thought they were ushers.

The artist steps out on the platform and bows at the audience. This so gripes them that they retaliate by hitting their hands together in an effort to frighten the artist. He has expected this and counteracts it by bowing all the harder. During the clapping the audience drop their programs and retreat slightly in disorder while picking them up. Thus very subtly the artist has obtained the advantage over them.

The ushers close the doors, signal for silence, and the game really begins. First the accompanist, who is secretly an ally of the audience, tries to instill overconfidence in the artist by sounding a chord on the piano. The artist begins to hurl the notes at the audience. If these hit the audience the right way the artist has a good chance of winning the game. If, however they go over the heads the artist is in a very bad fix. He is making no scores and the audience is ever-ready to run up scores by applauding in the wrong places.

All the time the accompanist is trying to throw the artist for a loss by doing some fast work on the piano. He runs up the scale. When the artist triumphantly follows him he runs down again. The artist is still with him. Then he makes a series of nonchalant moves in either direction in an effort to tire his opponent before he tries another long run. It is very seldom, though, that he has a chance to score. If he does, it puts his team far in the lead.

Most recitals last for two hours with a fifteen minute intermission in the middle when the artist takes a drink of water and the audience discusses the progress of the game and the clothes of the people around them.

"Do" EUROPE

on \$375



All Expenses!

College Humor's Collegiate Tour To EUROPE

SEE

Montreal
Quebec
Liverpool
Stratford-on-Avon
Warwick
Kenilworth
Thames Valley
Eton
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London
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Bruges
Brussels
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All Necessary Expenses:
Ocean Passage
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All tips abroad

Sailing eastward from Montreal June 22, 1928, a happy group of college men and women will set out to "do" Europe in a campus-like atmosphere of informal good-fellowship, under the auspices of "College Humor" Magazine.

Down the mighty St. Lawrence we'll go, and across the Atlantic—with a college dance band on board to furnish music. There'll be deck sports and bridge tournaments and masquerades to make the ocean voyage a memorable "house party at sea."

Then Europe! We'll see it under the guidance of the Art Crafts Guild Travel Bureau, originators of the justly famed Collegiate Tours. They will make all reservations, handle all details, furnish experienced couriers and guides. We just go along and enjoy ourselves! We sail homeward July 14 from Cherbourg on the famous Canadian Pacific steamship "Empress of Australia," arriving at Quebec July 21.

Membership in the tour is necessarily limited. If you are interested, mail the coupon below for full information. Tour Europe next summer with a "campus crowd" under the auspices of "College Humor."



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Please send me complete information regarding College Humor's Collegiate Tour to Europe.

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Address _____

CC

AND THEN

when the new year dawned there came
new resolutions

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one of yours was that you wanted to have
the best of printing in 1928.

YOU KNOW

just as well as we do that if we do it you
will have the best printing possible,
whether it be stationery,
programs, menus or
house papers.

*Just phone us or drop in and we'll figure
any job to your benefit.*

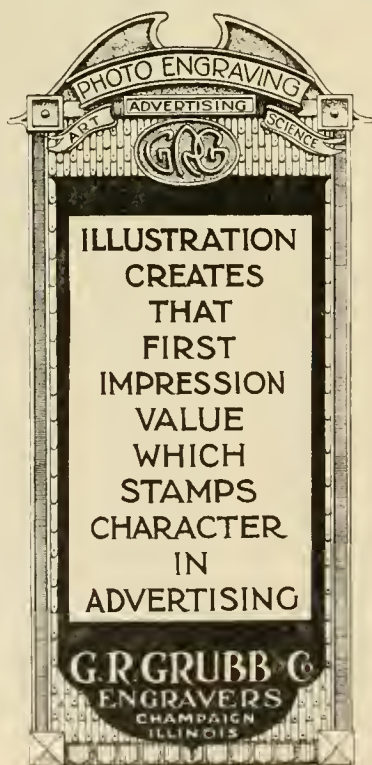
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"Pop, look at the baby, quick!"

"What's up?"

"He's thumbing his nose."

"Ah, the cute little devil is imitating a cornet
player." —Voo Doo.

S

"Gimme a kiss, will ya?"

"Nope, I ain't allowed."

"Why not?"

"I work in a night club and that's one of our
trade secrets." —Voo Doo.

S

"If anything else fails, a woman will win by
tickling a man. She's been a rib and knows how it
feels." —Octopus.

S

How did he get to be editor of the college comic?

Why, the boy was able to expand a two line joke
into a one page feature. —Lyre.

S

IT'S OFF

Joe Bullerick—My girl has such a smooth skin.
Nellie Fishkettle—Neat, eh?

Joe—Naw, Zip. —Puppet.

S

They called her "Program" because she was al-
ways being picked up. —Friol.

S

'TIS FROM IOWA

Him—"How come Bill's such a good loser?"

Her—"Humph! He played on the football team
for three years." —S

S

"Did you hear that the president of that Univer-
sity has stopped petting?"

"Well, I should think he would—a man of his
age." —Humbug.

S

Employer—Have you had a college education?

Nigger—Ah sure has, suh; Ah's been a Pullman
porter for twenty years! —Chaparral.

S

"Papa does the moon affect the tide?"

"No, my son only the untied." —Chaparral.

S

If Adam came back to earth the only thing he
would recognize would be the jokes. —Exchange.

S

"Fadder, vot is oxygen?"

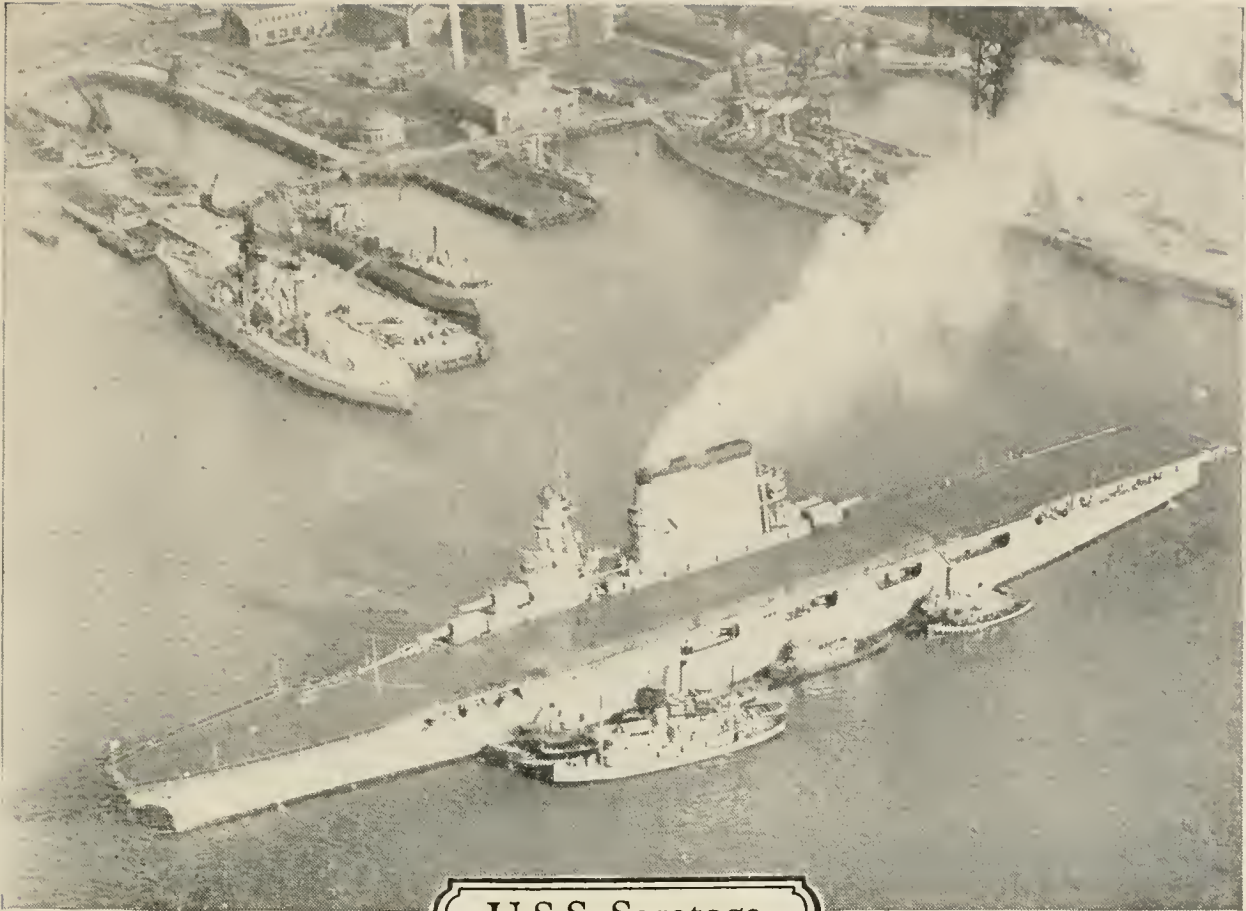
"Vy, Abie, dot's vot you breed efry-day."

"But, fadder, vot is it I breed at night?"

Such an ignorance you are, Abie. Dot's nitro-
gen." —Bison.

S

"You see four out of five had it," explained the
co-ed as she returned his pin. —Puppet.



U.S.S. Saratoga

A Marvel of National Defense

From this 2½-acre deck, Uncle Sam's battle planes can now leap into action—sure of a landing place on their return, though a thousand miles from shore.

This marvel of national defense was accomplished—and duplicated—when the airplane carrier, U.S.S. Saratoga, and her sister ship, U.S.S. Lexington, were completely electrified.

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6-24DH

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Quality put it there—quality keeps it there. Camel smokers are not concerned and need not be concerned with anything but the *pleasure* of smoking.



If all cigarettes were as good as Camel you wouldn't hear anything about special treatments to make cigarettes good for the throat. Nothing takes the place of choice tobaccos.



Smile

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When Spring comes to Green Street

With the first mellow days of Spring the smart fellows' thoughts turn to dapper Spring Apparel . . . And their foot-steps turn toward Gelvin's . . . For it's here that smart Apparel is gathered . . . And it's here that the smart circle of Illinois gathers to see the select styles Spring brings forth for the correct dresser.



802 Republic Building
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Madison, Wisconsin



P.A. suits my taste like nobody's business

I KNOW what I like in a pipe, and what I like is good old Prince Albert. Fragrant as can be. Cool and mild and long-burning, right to the bottom of the bowl. Welcome as the week-end reprieve. Welcome . . . and satisfying!

No matter how often I load up and light up, I never tire of good old P.A. Always friendly. Always companionable. P.A. suits my taste. I'll say it does. Take my tip, Fellows, and load up from a tidy red tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!



*The tidy red tin that's
packed with pipe-joy.*

"One Man Tells Another"



What's Your Idea in Bringing That Up?

*"Of course it's
a Learbury—"*

Receiving daily, smart
new Spring Suits and
Topcoats—to be had at

\$25 \$30 \$35

Rosens'
Mens Stylists

Downtown—Champaign



TELL IT TO SWEENEY

DEAR MR. SWEENEY:

I am contemplating buying a lot on Wright Street. Would you advise me?

REAL S. TATE.

DEAR MR. TATE:

By all means buy on Wright Street. The Kappas have moved, so lots will go up in value.

—S—

MR. SWEENEY:

How can I tell if my girl loves me?

MAYOR OF GREEN STREET.

DEAR MAYOR:

Get two white mice. Open the front door and let them run away. Then square the highest price you ever paid for your girl's dinner. Divide by two and add six. Then buy a derby and wear it every day. If she still goes out with you, she loves you!

—S—

DEAR IRA J.:

What do you think of Companionate Marriage?
X. A. PEAL.

DEAR MR. PEAL:

It's too much of a chance for escape aids.

—S—

DEAR MR. SWEENEY:

I hear you have been kissing my wife. Call at my office and explain.

CHARLIE MAYBREATH.

(Continued on Page 22)

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



King Lear
Act IV, Scene 6

“Nature’s above art
in that respect” ~

At the time in question King Lear was tricked up like a walking florist’s shop—but he was still wise in his sayings. Liking to refresh himself, even as you and I, what a full-meaning headline he turned out for the following Coca-Cola ad:

*A pure drink of natural flavors
— produced before the day of
synthetic and artificial drinks,
and still made from the same
pure products of nature.*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

*8 million
a day*



LOVE NUMBER

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MARCH, 1928

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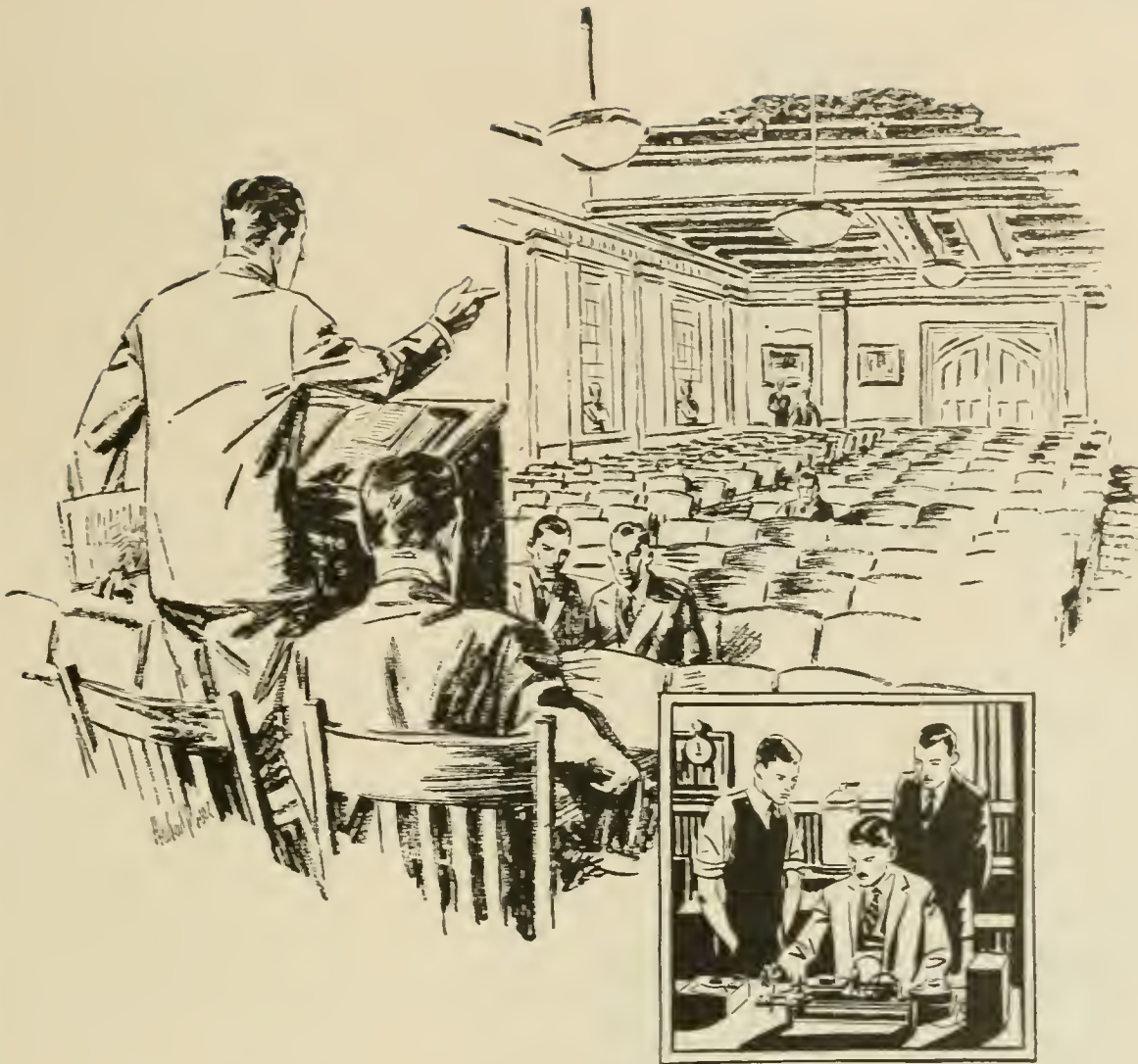
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Ye Ed Squeals

OH HULLO! So here we are again with thirty-two more pages of laugh. Ha! Ha! Yes, children, we thought a "Love Issue" would be sort of appropriate at this time—Oh, why bring that up? Anyway, when we first got the idea, we took care of it, since it was in such a strange place. Then we spoke to a number of beautiful sirens that were hanging around Prehn's and some of the other University buildings, and all these shemales admitted that they would love, to have some of their stuff in the Siren. So we took them up on it. Emphasis on the "it." No we are not blushing, we're just well read. Silly isn't it? By the way, that reminds us, and other pusillanimous terminology to that effect, we just realized that there isn't a great deal concerning Companionate Marriage in this number. But that is because in our personal opinion, the idea is not fair to the fur bearing sex. In any such agreement as that suggested by Judge Ben, the girl would be in great danger of losing her youth, always assuming that he is a youth. Then too, there is the age old food problem, "What'll you have?" Now all jokes aside, throw this aside, we trust—even the U. S. Mint does that, we trust that you will enjoy this issue. (Oh this is all in fun, but I love it). And, since we are in favor of short farewells, we will say so long. "So long!"



Where "good enough" isn't —

In making telephones as in debating, one achievement serves only to stimulate the effort toward fresh successes and to overcome new problems as they arise.

In manufacturing communication equipment at Western Electric a wide range of problems is constantly being faced and conquered — in the laboratories where small switchboard lamp manufacturing is planned; in the punch press rooms where huge presses pound away; in the production department where forward planning controls the flow of work.

As the college debater applies himself to preparing new and better arguments, so Western Electric men unceasingly apply themselves to devising new and better methods in the production and distribution of the nation's telephone equipment needs.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM



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The Norfolk is back! Bart Murray saw it coming six months ago and has developed a new Jacket that is the smart, authentic Norfolk of the year. Murray Norfolks are tailored by Adler-Rochester from fabrics entirely consistent with supremacy of style and workmanship.

ADLER · ROCHESTER Clothes



Tuxedo Waistcoats of Catoir silk or fabric represent the aristocracy of men's apparel.

CATOIR

VESTINGS FACINGS LININGS

ASHES OF LOVE

By DOROTHY ROBINSON

The lights in my soul were kindled
Ten weary years ago
By a happy, red checked maiden
From the "Land of Ice and Snow."

To the north of Lake Superior
And the west of Hudson Bay,
It was there I learned to love her
May Heavens bless that day.

We were young and very happy
With our lives from worry eased
As we strolled across the prairies
We talked of what we pleased.

After touching on religion
And the vaster things of life
Then I told her that I loved her
And she said she'd be my wife.

But those days are gone forever
And their memory brings me pain
For I'm a ship without a rudder
Ne'er to be the same again.

As that day upon the prairies
With its flower bespeckled sod
When I believed in friends and
women
And I had my faith in God.

But the war clouds came upon us
And my "Pardner" did me dirt
Then I had to leave the prairies
I'll tell the world it hurt.

For I lost my precious Sweetheart
Through my chum's deceitful lies
So my Soul was filled with
sadness
And the tears creep to my eyes.

As this pleasant Easter morning
Trips along and closes Lent
I think of youth's bright promise
And all it should have meant.

Eight long years without a rudder
Drifting where the winds shall
blow
From the dry plains west of Texas
To the "Land of Ice and Snow."

(Continued on Page 25)



THE LOVE ISSUE

Volume XVIII

March 15

Number VI

WEBSTER ON LOVE

"Love" — says Webster — "in some games means nothing. At the time when the scholastic Noah — dear old chap — was engaged in the creation of his masterpiece of definition, it is certain that he was referring to the ancient and gentle pastime of tennis. It might even be possible that while the dignified scribe struggled heroically with the "Ls," his wrinkled ears were being soothed by the gentle drone of the dutiful swain in the court below his window, crooning "Love-five, love-thirty, game" at intervals, as his lady fair deftly wielded her racquet to bring home the winning points.

In these days of fast thinking, talking, living, and beating hearts however, a new meaning comes to the definition. Praises be, that Webster is not on earth today, to view the darkened porches, dimly lighted wicker-rooms, and cushioned sofas of the coed residences about campus. Even so, we are daily filled with a deadly fear that we shall live to see a ghostly hand cross the pages of our dictionary and erasing Noah's definition, substitute these damning words: "Love—in all games, means nothing!"

—S—

"Too many cooks spoil the soup."

"Yes, for too many."

—Chaparral.



LOVE—MARRIAGE—TODAY

Can you remember way back when people got married because they loved the other person? I can't either! With the coming of the Industrial Revolution marriage was put on a commercial basis. It continued to grow to such an extent that today some people carry it on so extensively that it really should come under the corporation laws of the different states. Of course there are still some poor families in this country—that can only afford one father and mother. Imagine the embarrassment of a young man or woman when he has to admit that his parents were never divorced. — Why he is ruined socially.

The government use to allow a married man \$5,000 tax exemption for each child of his under age. If the government allowed

tax exemption according to the number of wives and ex-wives today they would owe money to about half the married people in this country.

It would be much easier if the courts would run marriage and divorce like the library—keep a stock of wives on hand, let the men come and buy their marriage license, then if they don't return their wife at the specified time they should be fined—the trouble is they would have to find some way of making the husbands keep the wives for the allotted time.

Of course the number of causes for divorce have been cut down by the introduction of the new refrigerator and other modern inventions but the married people of today will get rid of one another if they want to—whether it be through the divorce courts or the firing squad is of little consequence, but there is an advantage to the second method as you won't have to pay alimony or you won't have to take the chance of falling in love with the same person twice.

In love on Monday—married on Tuesday—divorced on Wednesday—and what may tomorrow bring? Such is love today!

—S—

If a man can operate a cash register with sore fingers and never mind the pain, he is the proprietor of the place.—*Dregero.*

The SIREN

Clerk—Do you want an Ether Shake?

Drinker—What d'ya mean?

Clerk—Ether plain or malted.

—S—

Salesman (waxing eloquent)—Why our duck pants—

Non-Chalant—Does it?

—S—

Zooligist— . . . "Giraffe's neck" . . .

Student—"You don't say!"

—S—

The world's healthiest racer—The man who came in fifth so he would not be one of the four, who get pyorrehia.

—S—

She jumped into his arms, but why, there wasn't any mouse.

—S—

History says that all women are decendent from Eve.

We disagree. They must be decendents from Clementine from the way they dig gold.



"My what a neckerchief," said the date pointing at the Theta Phi Alpha house president.

—S—

Do—Every time a man shivers or shakes, they say he is cold.

Done—Then Hawaii must be at the South Pole instead of the equator.

—S—

And—Why do fellows come to college?

How—To improve their faculties.

And—Why in hell don't they do it then?

—S—

Dumb—Why are politics like a little boy?

Dumber—They hate to get cleaned up.

—S—

I had a hand in the politics this year.

They were both dirty.



LOVE LIGHT

He—I knew a girl named Nellie

Who fell in some water up to her knee.

She—But knee doesn't rhyme with Nellie.

He—Well you see the water wasn't deep enough.

—S—

Many cars are wrecked because the driver refuses to release his clutch.

Co-eds are like golfers because they "go around" in as little as possible.

—S—

He—The men in the House of David never get up on time any more.

She—I guess it is because they lost their "Big Ben."

LITTLE SIRRON'S LETTER HOME

DEAR MA:-

I'm all registered for the semester, Ma. Signed up for a couple of pipe courses—analyt, Chemistry and G. E. D. I passed everything last semester. My average was well over 5. I would have had a much higher average but my books were too big to put in my pocket. The finals were easy though. Something on this order:

A. History.

1. What size hat did Napoleon wear, and in what way was he responsible for golf knickers?

2. If Henry VIII had not married again, how many stars would there be in the American flag? (Answer yes or no.)

B. Math.

1. A is four years older than B, and B is twice as old as C. Two years from now three will be married. How tall is C?

2. An ocean liner has two more stokers than it has waiters, and 40 per cent of its passengers are Swedish. What is the date of the engineer's birthday?

See, Ma, it's all very simple. The head of the department makes out the questions, and the other instructors hand in their answers. They take the average of these answers for the right one.

Sometimes one of them writes a book. Then you have to put down what the book says whether it's right or wrong. Generally it's wrong.

They had elections down here, Ma. A lot of fun. The idea is to see who can get out the most number of handbills. Each party gets three points for every hand-bill put out. Every time they call the other party crooked, they get a point. Then the party in power puts enough votes to win in the ballot box before the voting starts. The results are announced and everybody goes home satisfied that politics will be cleaned. I can't imagine why the Union Building hasn't been mortgaged by some of these honest boys.

The Union, by the way, gave a free dance last week. I guess all the cabinet members have fur coats.

Well, Ma, that's about all I know for this time. Till Theta Chis have a senior President,

SIRRON.

P. S. Spring is coming, Ma, better send down my smoked glasses.

It—Are you still as bashful as you used to be?
It's—What do you mean?

It—Blushing when you hear gears stripped!

Say, what's a da mat'?

M' wife she runa 'way.

Is dat right?

Hell no, and Ima goin' ta tell ha too.

If worst comes to worst, we suppose that in the next war when most of the men are dead, women will be used to fight and the following conversation will be a result:

C. O.—Did we win the surprise attack?

Sgt.—And how! When I left all our men were necking the enemy.



THE ARTFUL LOVER

Waitress (to patron)—Do you know where swimming originated?

Wolf—No, where?

Waiter—Over in Scotland when they built the first toll bridge.

Chi—That course sure is a canopy.

Bete—Whattayule mean by that?

Chi—It goes right over my head.

What do you think of the co-ed who asked Paul Prehn if cannoneers were something like cauli flower ears?

FAMOUS CAMPUS LOVERS

By Golly

PONY MARSHALL—Alpha Chi Rho—better known as King Ben. It would take us too long to enumerate his harem but it is sufficient to state that his preference runs to town girls.

BETH STUTSON—Sigma Kappa house president—remains true to a postmark. We believe it is Columbus, Ohio, or thereabouts. Such loyalty deserves something or other. (Let it be space).

BILL GLOS—Theta Delta Chi—It is lucky for Bill that he rates lots of passes, for he spends all his money on postage. An A. D. Pi absentee is the lucky girl we hear. In the meanwhile his time seems fairly well occupied with Esther McClaren, a Sigma Kappa from Marion. Oh my!

MAYDE LODEMAN, Gamma Phi Beta, and Stan Salman, Zeta Psi, are the famous inseparables. We wonder how they can bear to part long enough to attend classes, after that daily chummy breakfast at the Pow-Wow too.

SPEAKING OF GAMMAPHIS—Ruth Johnson and Lish Whitson play around quite a bit we understand. "We are not engaged, Ruth insists—just—oh you know!"

FRITZ ATKINSON, Phi Kappa and the traditional Green Street Sheik, has so many notches in his belt he has to wear suspenders. Among his most recent conquests is that cunning Alpha Gam, Connor. But then Fritz *would* run to Alphagams!

TRUDE SNOWHILL, A. D. Pi, and Truman Jones, Chi Psi, are more or less constant. But then, constancy is just one of those foolish little whims which strike us mortals every now and then. (Mostly then.)

JOHN BROWNING, Sig Chi has his "only" boarding at the Theta house. She goes by the cognomen of Virginia Adam. We hope she believes him when he puts the shades of the summer past into his pocket, and tells her she is, was and always has been *the* girl. But then, John has such wonderful eyes, who could resist him!

MARY CRATHORNE, Chio, and Eddie Schoaff, Phi Psi, occasionally step out. They are usually seen gazing soulfully into each other's eyes. Who would have thought a Phi Psi would be such divine inspiration?

BERYL SCHULER really doesn't belong on this list but as long as we put in Pony Marshall we might as well introduce the female of the species. This gently maiden of the pink hair deserves honorable mention some place for her efforts, so here she is, bless her heart!

BIGGER AND BETTER LOVE AFFAIRS

By Elmer Halltree

In this age of ever-increasing efficiency and elimination of waste it has been found necessary to establish what is now known as the Federal Commission on Love Affairs. As in industry, the primary aim of the Commission is to eliminate waste and promote bigger and better love affairs. The first step of the Commission has been to establish and enforce dates between the following:

Girls who talk baby talk and fellows who tell their jokes twice.

Girls who say, "You're the type," and fellows who call the girl Ruth when her name is Mary.

Girls who always order a full meal and fellows who read subtitles aloud in the movies.

Girls who sing while they dance and fellows who insist on talking about themselves.

While this does not eliminate all waste in this prominent industry, it will help conditions some it is hoped.

THIS PUTS US IN MIND of Marie Sturdevant, the girl with the skating rink outfit. We can't name any especial lover right at present for Marie, but that's all right. Her dates are divers enough we understand. We are just dying to see if she will wear a bathing suit to the next formal. But then, you must excuse Marie's little whims as well as ours.

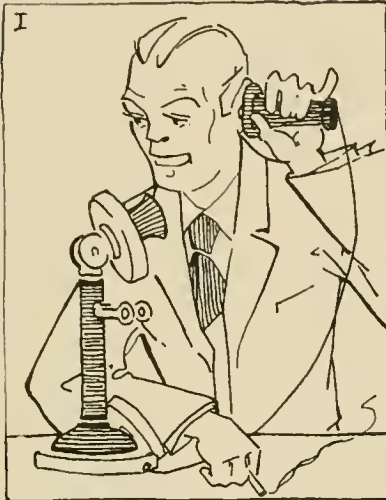
BEULAH D. HOLLAND, A. D. Pi ought to be in with this gang. We won't hook her up with any special gny, that's too darn restrictive, and "Boo" is such a happy little devil we's hate to tie her down to one fraternity pin anyhow. We won't say she's "up in the air" over anyone in particular, but we'll guarantee if she were she'd have her parachute handy!

CLYDE JOHNSON, Kappa Delta Rho, has been the making of his little sweetheart, for certain. Presto, and she pledged Alpha Chi. Not bad, Ann, not bad. Think what he saved her from. She might (oh horrors) she might have been pledged A. O. Pi!

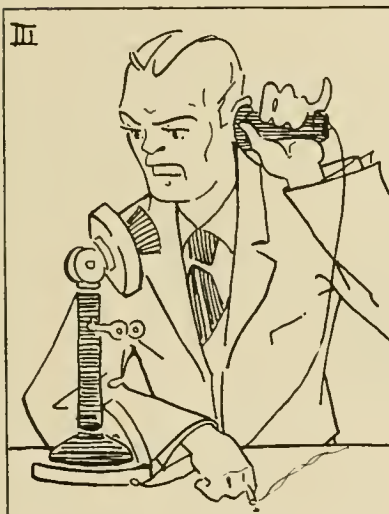
BILL TRUNKEY, Sig Ep, has a tough time of it anyhow. Now Bill is the best little lover going, but he has the hardest time making 'em stay! We know it's not "halli," Bill—guess you just ain't got sex-appeal. The prediction is, that Bill will turn again to Murphysboro in the near future.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST

WELL, GUESS
I'LL CALL
THE HONEY.
WHAT THE
HOLY SOCK!
THE DARN
LINE IS
BUSY!

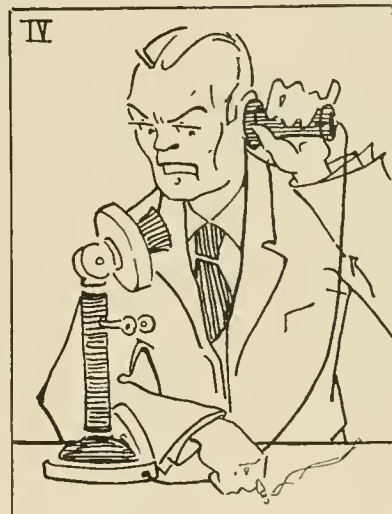


GOT IT THAT
TIME!
NO! FOOLED
AGAIN —
SHE'S IN
A DOGGONE
HOUSE —
MEETING!

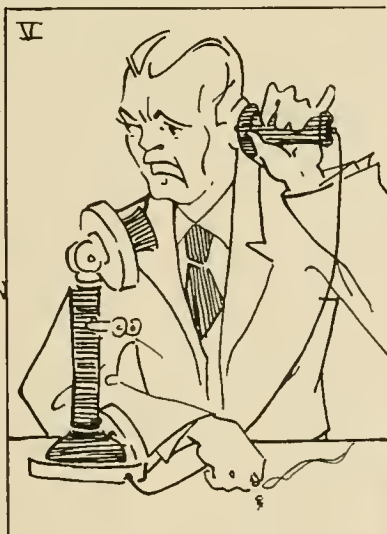


SON-OF-A-GUN!
BUSY AGAIN!
THOSE RIGAME
WOMEN TALK
ALL THE
NIGHT LONG!

WHAT?
SHE'S NOT
IN — MUST
HAVE GONE
OUT TO
EAT — OR —



BUSY AGAIN!
OH LORD!
S'A WONDER
THEY WOULDN'
GIVE A
GUY A —
BREAK!



GONE TO
BED ?!!
WHAT THE —
WELL I'LL
BE DAMNED!

Bob Dell '29

JOHNNY LAUGHS

Illustration by
BOB DELL

By Carrie James

I want to tell
Johnny, she's
got the whole

campus by the ears. Keenest looking frail that ever breezed into Prairie. Them hair, that lips, and eyes—wow! And witty? Say, she could make a horse laugh. No hooie, J. G., she's busted the heart of every guy that's laid a lamp on her, and she's split the sides of every one that's heard her line of wise cracks. Ain't I shooting the straight steel, gang?" The speaker, wide eyed, and out of breath with the enthusiasm of his speech, glanced around the group of young male faces for confirmation.

"No il at all, Johnny," affirmed another, a tall flashy youth who always had a hand on his left hip so that his coat was drawn back to display his jewelled Chi Delta pin. "Never piped such a queen in my natural. Had a date yesterday afternoon. Nearly went nuts looking at her, and every time I started to talk serious and show some sentiment—Say! She'd crack back with some one out of College Humor and set me croaking with laughter. She's got a line you could hog-tie an elephant with, and believe me, boy, that's one dolly that's not to be had. She don't know what love means."

Johnny Gordon settled himself more comfortably into the luxuriant cushions of the massive lounge and propped his feet up on the living room table round which the Brothers had gathered for the session. He toyed carelessly with the cigarette that burned idly between his fingers, and listened with a slight smile of boredom to this enthusiastic eulogy of the new Gamma pledge.

"I suppose the poor dear Gamma's have quit serving meals," he drawled, eyeing the irreproachable gloss of his black oxfords. "No doubt the girls are all getting so unbearably fat laughing at the jokes of this humorous little darling, that they're afraid to eat. Oh Lord! What a predicament for poor Emmy."

"Don't be a thick-head all your life, Johnny," interrupted a red headed young man, from his perch on the phonograph, "we're not trying to sell you a

Y. M. C. A. membership. This Gwen Huntley is some wowse, and I don't mean nevertheless. She's got every molly that ever hit Prairie backed into the two-bit class and she knows it. Why half a dozen of the biggest men on campus have been begging her to start a jewelry collection ever since they glimpsed her, and she laughed 'em all off. Says she's looking for her ideal man, and she never expects to find one. Wise? She's the

brainiest quiff I ever glimmed, a frosh at that, but she knows men, and no bozo down here can even get a break from her!"

Johnny himself was considered a heart-breaker and a past master in the gentle art of collegiate flirtation. Of this, the young sophisticate was well aware, and he also knew that "the adorable Johnny Gordon" was a popular subject for discussion in any Sorority parlor. The girls were relatively few, who had not given him to understand that he was the answer to a Coed's prayer. It is not so very surprising then, that this description of the attitude of the new Gamma pledge piqued him, and

he began to take a more active interest in this Gwen Huntley who preferred to appeal to a man's sense of humor, rather than to the encouragement of his emotions and the displayment of the same. She was too darn cocky for a pledge, he decided, and it was up to him to take her down a peg.

"Don't think I'm falling for your line, dear brethren,"

he spoke up presently, "But I feel it my duty to show this babe her place. One can't enjoy one's pursuance of education at such a noble institution of learning as this, in the presence of rebellious spirits on campus. They must be taught the correct attitude, especially women, or what, I pray, will become of us men?"

"Sounds alright, but you just try it," jeered a listener. "I'll just bet a fiver," Johnny snapped back, "all any woman needs is the right handling. Just give me one date and I've got five smacks that says she'll forget her wisecracks and get downright loving. Why if she's good looking. I'll give her my pin."

"You're on."

"I'll take that bet."

"Me too," chorused a half-dozen voices.

'Baldy' Holmes, who may have been so called for his rapidly thinning blonde locks, offered two-to-one odds and an introduction to the unconquerable new pledge.

"This is where you're out ten bucks and the little siren is in for a treat," laughed Johnny, as the bet was placed, and then glancing at his watch and noting that he had but two hours to dress for the



*"Why, I'm sorry Gwen, have
I been neglecting you."*

date, which 'Baldy' was to arrange for that night, he turned and ran upstairs to his room, not without much loud chipping from the sceptical Brothers.

II

GWEN IS GIVEN A TREAT

Johnny was forced to admit to himself that the little Gamma pledge certainly lived up to the reputation the boys had given her, both as a beauty and a humorist. But Johnny knew a great deal of human nature, and had known a great many different experiences in his short life, and they had given him a peculiar insight into the ways of people's minds and natures and after the first few words of greeting were pleasantly passed off, he never had a moment of doubt but what he would soon be collecting his bet.

After a few hours of dancing in a neighborhood town, and with Gwen settled comfortably at his side, he headed the snappy maroon roadster, as easy going as its master, in the direction of home and campus. With Herculean strength of purpose, Johnny managed to keep his hands on the wheel and his eyes on the road, though he stole occasional glimpses of the wavy mass of loose golden curls that he felt brushing against his cheek, at intervals, and which was almost as bothersome to the heart, as the wide, sparkling eyes and full cherry-red lips of the dainty little blonde so near him. He inhaled the exotic perfumery of hair. And her merry stream of nonsense and collegiate banter set his heart to thumping and threw his brain in a whirl. Outwardly, however, all was concealed behind a pleasant reserve, and his manner was that of an educated young man, just slightly bored.

The girl had noticed his peculiar attitude and had spent a disquieted evening in contemplation. Her most brilliant remarks seemed to have been taken for granted, her teasing smile was ignored, puns were answered with better puns. Her every endeavor to shake the imperturbable calm of her companion was a miserable failure, and her sharpest thrusts had been thwarted with quick subtle replies that convulsed her with mirth as she was in the habit of seeing other affected by her own witticisms. She was piqued not a little, and yet strangely attracted. She became suddenly aware that her chatter and laughter sounded artificial and hollow, and she grew silent, observing more carefully the man at her side, and the power that seemed to be his as he controlled the speeding car with apparent ease.

He was certainly as handsome as he was reputed, and there was an undefineable something about him that thrilled her. Something akin to admiration mixed with respect was in her eye now. Why was

he so different? Why hadn't he fallen as others had? Was she of no interest to him? The full lips pouted. Could he really be as ennuied as he seemed to be? Why didn't he make love to her? Maybe he was dumb—just plain dumb. But no, she had heard different than that, and then too, he had a way about him that seemed to say, "I know what it's all about; I've been around."

"What's the matter Johnny," she asked suddenly, unable to remain still any longer. "Don't you like me? Have I got something my best friends can't tell me about? I'm not contagious."

Johnny looked full at her for the first time.

"Why, I'm sorry Gwen," he sounded quite the opposite, "have I been neglecting you?"

"Neglecting her?" Like a duty, or something. Why the conceited—Neglecting her indeed! She resolved to shatter his air of boredom if it was the last thing she did. She'd make him care. These college seniors were alright, but they had to be made to appreciate a girl. They had to know their place.

"Johnny," she couldn't know the thrill that raced up his spine, "Johnny, are you taking me home?"

"Why yes, Gwen, I fear I'm rather poor company tonight."

She pretended to weep, but they both detected a wealth of reality in the rhythm of her sobbing.

"I—I think you're horrid," she gulped, hardly noticing the comfortable arm about her slim shoulders, and Johnny mentally scored one chalk mark in his favor. Mumbling something about 'too early to go home yet,'

he gave the wheel a twist, and the roadster turned off the main street, and presently slid silently to a stop on a shadowy lane leading down through the park to the lagoon. Together they gazed speechlessly out at the moonlit water.

"Isn't it beautiful?" she murmured softly, almost fearful of breaking the quiet about them. She'd forgotten her resolve already.

"You sure are, dear," he breathed fervently. She drew his arm closer about her by way of reply. Another chalk mark joined the first. Slowly, her shining eyes turned from the horizon, and met the eagerness of his own. Her warm breath was on his cheek, and her lips were invitingly close to his. Tenderly they met, and her fingers tightened about his neck as she thrilled to the strength of his embrace. The man's vision was clouded in a chalky haze, as he tried vainly to remember the terms of his bet, but a few hours old.

Johnny suddenly returned to a realization of the present when a casual glance at his wrist watch reminded him that they must hurry to be back to the

(Continued on Page 24)

*Some men long for the smoothing touch
Of lavender, cream or mauve,
But the ties I wear must possess the glare
Of a sizzling red-hot stove.*

*The books I read and the life I lead
Are sensible, sane and mild;
I just hate spats, I wear calm hats,
But I want my neckties wild.*

*Give me a wild tie, brother, one with
a Cosmic urge;
A tie that will glare, and rip and tear,
When it sees my old blue serge.*

*Some folks say that a man's cravat
Should be only seen, not heard;
But I want a tie that will make
men cry,
And stop them from saying a word.*

*I yearn, I long, for a tie so strong
It will take two men to tie it;
If such there be, send it to me—
Whatever the color, I'll take it.*

*Give me a wild tie, brother, one
that will shout and grin;
A tie that will blaze in a hectic haze,
Down where the vests begin.*

BROTHERLY LOVE

or Just Some of the Boys

A Tragedy in One Act

By Rohcuilt

SCENE I

(The action takes place in the palatial home of the Beta Lambda Mu Fraternity, founded at Castoria College, 1910, 56 active chapters including the Scandanavian). A number of the brothers are sprawled about in the approved collegiate manner. A victrola renders "Blue River," between asthinatic wheezes and the fraters are engaged in asinine banter vainly attempting to uphold their reputation for ready wit created by the facile pens of Kathern Brush and Lois Seyster Montross.

Enter Brother Gaga and a slightly dazed rushee, Pete Ketchum.

Brother Gaga—Let's bring up a chair. It will be ten minutes before the slop is ready. Ha! Ha!

Pete—Yes, lets. That's good. Ha! Ha!

Brother Gaga—I want you to meet the boys, Pete. Mr. Ketchum—Mr. Whiffle. This is Joe Ketchum's brother.

Brother Whiffle—O yes. Good old Joe. Glad to meet you Mr. Ketchum.

Pete—Pleased to meet you Mr. Whiffle.

Brother Gaga—Mr. Ketchum. Mr. Mump.

Brother Mump—What's the name?

Brother Gaga—Ketchum. Joe Ketchum's brother.

Brother Mump—O yes. Good old Joe. Glad to meet you Mr. Ketchum.

Brother Gaga—Mr. Ketchum. Mr. Fuddle. Mr. Ketchum. Mr. Gauff. Mr. Ketchum. Mr. Waffleiron—this is Joe Ketchum's brother. Mr. Ketchum. Mr. Bilgewater. Well, let's sit down.

SCENE II

(They sit down before the rearing grate. The brothers gather around in an awkward semicircle).

Brother Gaga—Have a cigarette, Pete.

Pete—Thanks, I will.

Brother Bilgewater to Brother Fiddle—So I says to her—"Listen here Belinda, if you're going to keep on dating this Nu Delt, I wants my pin back. See?"

Brother Fiddle—That's the old fight.

Brother Bilgewater—Well bulleeve me she was so scared she didn't know whether it was raining or Sunday.

Brothers in unison—Ha! Ha!

Brother Gaga to Pete—That's pretty good they can't put anything over on old Bilgy. Ha! Ha!

Pete—Yes that is good! Ha! Ha!

Brother Mump to Pete—What school are you in?

Pete—L. A. S.

Brother Mump—Well, well, are you from Chicago?

Pete—Yes sir.

Brother Mump—Well, well, did you know Joe Ketchum?

Pete—Yeh, he's my brother.

Brother Mump—Well, well, good old Joe.

SCENE III

(A brief silence ensues. Brother Bilgewater continues the account of his amorous adventures. Brother Graff puts on a new record. Several more brothers enter the room. Everyone rises).

Brother Gaga—Fellows, I'd like you to meet Mr. Ketchum. Mr. Ketchum. Mr. Icky. Mr. Ketchum. Mr. Blurb. Mr. Ketchum. Mr. Zany. Mr. Ketchum.

Brother Zany—Glad to meet you Mr. Welcher.

Brother Gaga—Ketchum, not Welcher. This is Joe Ketchum's brother.

Brother Zany—Well, well. Good old Joe. What school are you in Mr. Ketchum?

Pete—L. A. S.

Brother Zany—That's good. Everyone ends up there anyhow. Ha! Ha!

Pete—I guess so. Ha! Ha!

Brother Ickey—You from Chicago, Mr. Ketchum?

Pete—Yes, I live in Chicago!

Brother Bilgewater—That's a suburb of Evanston, isn't it? Ha! Ha!

Brothers in unison—Ha! Ha! That's good all right!

Pete—Ha! Ha!

Brother Ickey—What school are you in, Mr. Ketchum?

Pete—L. A. S.

Brother Ickey—Well work the first six weeks and then you can take it easy.

Brother Gaga—Is that what you attribute your success to Ickey?

Brothers in unison—Ha! Ha! That's a good one on you Ickey. Ha! Ha!

Pete—Ha! Ha!

SCENE IV

(The chimes for dinner ring out a bit off scale. General stir among the brothers).

Brother Gaga—Well, let's go down and put ourselves around some starch. Ha! Ha!

Pete—Ha! Ha! that's good.

(Exit the brothers and Pete. The room is deserted. Voices arise from the dining room. "What school are you in, Mr. Ketchum?" "So you're Joe Ketchum's brother. Well, well, good old Joe." "Mr. Ketchum, I'd like you to meet Mr. Dorm.")

(The bust of J. Smedford Fishcake, founder of Beta Lambda Nu grins apologetically, and with a little sigh gently topples from the mantelpiece into the grate).

Brothers in unison—Ha! Ha! that's a good one Bilgy. Ha! Ha!

Any campus date—Do you dance?

A. O. Pi—Yes, I'd love to.

A. C. D.—Great, that's better than dancing.

—S—

Does a fellow resemble a girl if he takes after her?

—S—

Chem Stude—They say the temperature increases with the pressure.

Second—Oh, so that's why you hold your girl so tight.

—S—

PUBLICITY?

FOR SALE—Three nice fat hogs. The Herman Brothers.

—S—

Is that man an athlete over there?

Well not exactly, but he went to Dartmouth and got four D's his first semester.

—S—



DANCING DEVELOPS GRACE



Dilemma of a Young Man who came to College to Choose a Wife

—S—

Onion—I'm sorry I made you cry.

Watermelon—Thass all right, I'm all wet anyway.

—S—

1st Serenader—Les sing the Junk Peddler's Hymn.

2nd Serenader—Was zat?

3rd Serenader — "Sing, Alley-Louie! Alley-Louie."

—S—

Now that senior politics at Illinois are FLINNished, I propose that we all sing the FLINNish Victory Hymn—"The wrong is ended (FLINNished), but the MALADY lingers on."

—S—

Femmine—Gee kid, I had a swell date last night.

Female—Who was you with?

Femmine—Freddy Tredmill. He wasn't a steady necker, just embraced in bits.

Female—Yeh! He's a carpenter's son.

—S—

Says the former telephone operator as she gazes at the African lion, drinking from the stream, upon which she has come unexpectedly during her visit to the aforesaid country—"This is one time that I'm glad the lion is busy."

—S—

Advice to the Rhetoric Prof.—Never criticize a girl's form, for you never can tell—she might show you where you are wrong.



HEARTBREAKER—"WHAT'S T
WOMAN HATER—"NO! WOMEN



Bob Dell '29

ATTER, JACK, NO WOMEN?"

Lapses Into Literature

RECOMMENDATIONS

(with and without reservations)

"Walt," by Elizabeth Corbett: Stokes. \$2.50 (with) which is, after all, another biography of "the good gray poet." This book is a series of reported conversations between Whitman and people he knew. And some of them are quite all right.

"A President is Born," by Fannie Hurst: Harper's. \$2.50 (with) seemingly much better than many of the other novels by Hurst: in fact, a right good book from end to end.

"The Rampant Age," by Robert S. Carr: Doubleday-Doren. \$2.00 (with). A novel about the wildness of high school life, written by a high school youth. Sort of a pioneer affair, like "This Side of Paradise," only, praise be, not about colleges.

"The Voice of Seven Sparrows," by Harry Stephen Keller: Dutton. \$2.00 (without). A rattling (in that it moves with a terrific speed) good mystery story. All about newspapermen—and Chinamen. No ghosts.

"Five Murders," by Edmund Pearson: Doubleday-Doren. \$2.50. (with). Mr. Pearson is an authority on murder trials, and murders. He is appreciative of murders which have been done with finesse and delicacy. And these stories, like the others are intensely interesting, and very well written.

"Disraeli," by Andre Maurois: Appleton. \$3.00. (without). A modern's picture of a Victorian. Both author and subject are famous enough to need no more comment.

—François.

MY DREAM GIRL

I built a castle in the air
That was held in place by a golden hair.
It was only a beauty of my dreams,
But something was lacking in my scheme.

You were down below, my lady fair
And what would life be without you there?
So I cut the strand that held in place
My dream of beauty that lacked your face.

Now I am back upon this earth
This globe of sorrow and of mirth,
But I would give up life serene
To hold you in my arms—My Queen.

—E.57.11.

WEARINESS

Contrite Heart, why weep?

Is the milkweed of kindness drained?

Are the highways of living crowded?

Surcease from hardship, sleep?

—Frestal.

GAOL

If I were blind, no imagery
Sleeping at the rim of chastened fire,
Artistry in fluorescent light,
That brightens sodden thoughts,
Would lift my spirit, if I were blind.
Red-grey leaves that fall in hopelessness
Of living, whisp-colored and gustful.
Piteous songs of swans that die,
Hard sonance that carries through its
Blinded message—assaunging little.
If I were blind, I could not see,
Immured in a jungle of crowds,
The hope-dead smiles of plodders,
Going where the way does not matter,
Firm jaws thrust ahead and upward
And eyes that see the bludgeon of the Weird
Swing in certain strokes—staring
Firmly until the blow is struck.
If I were blind, I could not see,
All that which seems to be a dream
Of soft enduring things down a fervid road.

—Frestal.

God's Caravanserai

The bed was made, the room was fit,
By punctual eve the stars were lit;
The air was still, the water ran;
No need there was for maid or man,
When we put up, my ass and I;
At God's green caravanserai. —Old Play.

An Organ Plays

Sonant shafts that bound against the vaulted
walls,—thundering thought that hurries down the
lonely aisles, where silent stones of holy men, long
dead, seem to stir again and raise their eyes to God.
Immured within the shadowed walls, phantasmagorian
figures slip through the light and flee into the
dark. Musty corners hold the vibrant tread of sac-
red cants that rise like phantom harmonies and car-
ry with them dread or hope or peacefulness.

—Frestal.



GIVING HIS LOVE A WEIGH, OR FREE LOVE

THE COLD DOPE ON ROMEO AND JULIET

By E. F. S.

Blue heavens, a bright moon and a few scattered stars are shining down on our hero as he skated merrily to the house of his beloved.

When he arrived he stands beneath the balcony and whistles the last few refrains of "What Does It Matter," from the opera "Who Cares."

Juliet comes to the window and looks down on her lover.

"What ho! my beloved," she cries.

"Garden hoe," cries back her sweetheart as he hurls a recently picked ripe tomato at her.

Romeo starts to climb the vines creeping up the side of the mansion. He creeps up about ten feet when the vines give way and he falls with a heavy thud into the courtyard below. Juliet titters and Romeo mutters "Egad, Egad," to himself. Then he cries out.

"Why tha hell doncha grow some vines that are substantial?" To which Juliet replies:

"If you hadn't been trying to show off you would not have fallen." Romeo then retorts:

"Yes, and if you wouldn't buy those dam cheap vines I wouldn't have fallen either."

Juliet leans over the balcony and starts to recite past conquests.

"The last guy I went with had a good way of getting up here to the balcony. He would plant a bean and then climb up the bean-stalk that grew there. His name was Jack—I never did learn his last name, but I always called him my big beaustalk boy. He never fell when he came to see me.

"I'll bet that is why he never comes to see you now—he didn't fall for you! Come my love, we mustn't quarrel, it is a wonderful night, and I have come to tell you of the love that is in my heart."

"Forget it, how are you and the big blonde waitress getting along?"

"Who told you anything about a big blonde waitress?"

"Never mind about that—I think you'd better go pour your love to her tonight."

"Alright, I'll go. I suppose you want to call up your big beanstalk boy?"

"Yes, I would only the old man just sold the telephone to buy a ring for the operator."

What do you think of compassionate marriages?

Oh, they're all right, unless the practice increases!



If a Harvard Graduate marries a Smith graduate will their offspring say "Masticate" for "Choo-choo?"

S

Tee—What's a matter?

Hee—I ain't a goin' ta marry Jean.

Tee—And why not?

Hee—'Cause I heard that people begin to resemble each other after they live together for a long time.

S

So—I can't marry her now.

And so—Find out she was a minor?

So—Yeh! Gold miner.

S

She—I'd love to be well-known on the campus.

He—That's one sure way.

S

Ye Ed says—There's no joke to writing a Siren. Take that anyway you like!

S

In the Bible it says—"A Ha I am warm, I have seen the fire."

The Scotchman says—"A Ha I am full, I have seen the food."

S

1. Why so sad Percival.

2. My house burned down last night.

1. Why th' hell didn't you call the fire department?

2. I didn't have a nickel.

S



LOVE'S OLD SWEET SONG!
"WHEN DO WE EAT?"



—S—
History tells us that Indians wore feathers to keep their wigwam.

—S—
That last crack sounds like a rumpum.



W.B.S.

Did you know someone loves you?
Who Cares?

—S—
Hot—I see by the papers that Tom has all the women crying for him.
Man—Yes, he is a movie director.

—S—
Fiddle-de-fee—Say—what was all the noise downstairs last night, anyhow?
Anudder Law Student—Just one of the boy's making merry.

—S—
Coy Chio (after buying a postage stamp)—Mnst I put it on my own little self?
Postmaster—Hell no—on the letter!

—S—
Phi Mu—Sweetheart—tell me something.
Phi Gam—Say, I didn't come here to talk!

—S—
Phi Sigma Sigma—I'd adore to dance with Les.
Zeta Bete—I'm afraid they wouldn't let you.

COEDS AND CODES

Gents, there's an old puzzler about the "irresistible force" and the "immovable object," and the wiseacres in the gay '30's used to ask which would bust if these two got together. One guy even asked Queene Anne, but the dear old soul was hep! "Such an occurrence could never come about," she snapped back. But, boys, to come right down to brass knuckles, the old lady hadn't seen everything. Believe me, the irresistible force and the immovable object have met and struck together—and the result—*coeds*.

IRRESISTABLE

Ask anyone! You gotta admit that Coeds are irresistible. Take Mary, for example, or think of one of your own, but Mary now!—Why, any guy with a hope of ever wearing whiskers, would have given a fraternity jewel and his left elbow to make this rib call him "honey." Mary was one of those sparkling blondes. You know the type, shiny, yellow hair, and fuzzy like Canada Dry when you just take the cork out, and eyes—the kind that inspired the writer of "My Blue Heaven."—Throw in a doll-house figure and a pair of beautiful "come-to-me" lips that speal baby lingo by the hour and you've got Mary. There's your irresistible part.

—AND IMMOVABLE

Now, folks, take my word for the immovable part of it. If you've gotta have proof, just take her to "College" some wet Friday when you've got two berries to gamble. Immovable—Say if dynamite hit that baby, she'd look around to see who left the window open. A cyclone's a draft to that frail. At a dance she's the best training any football coach could ever hope to give his team. Two dates with her and a guy could advertise as a strong man, or sign up for a "six by three" with a southern exposure. Boy, she made men and don't think it wasn't a case or make or break—it was both sometimes—eat? Oh, my operation!—How that sister of torture could excavate! John D. and Henry Ford could club together and buy her one square meal, but they'd need Hercules along to act as waiter.

—S—
Prof. Baldwin—I tell you that there is a mention of street cars in the Bible.

Eng. 22 B.—Quit your kidding!

P. B.—Well, it says the Lord made all creeping things!

—S—
D. U.—At first I enjoyed being a pledge.

She (pleasantly)—Oh I see, but you got sore in the end?

"One Man Tells Another"



**Spring Topcoats
That Speak
Volumes**

We're telling you with eight tube volume that tweeds for topcoats are the one big number for spring — Harris tweed effects in soft light shades.

Braeburn Topcoats

\$25 and more

Rosens'
"Men's Stylists"

Downtown—Champaign

(Continued from Page 2)

DEAR CHARLES:

Your circular letter received. I will attend the convention. But a kiss is nothing—divided by two.

DEAR MR. I. J. SWEENEY:

What I crave is a modest, pretty, hard working, intelligent, economical and affectionate wife.

A. S. PHASIA.

DEAR MR. PHASIA:

You don't want a wife, you want a harem.

DEAR SWEENEY:

I am out of a job and money, and have only one father and mother and twelve brothers all working. What shall I do.

LAZY LEN.

DEAR LEN:

Throw a brick through a jeweler's window at noon. Stand there until a policeman shows up, and then tell him what you think of him. Then you will get your meals regularly after that.

**LINCOLN HAT
Shoppe**



Hats for every occasion—
come in and see our new
spring models.

106 West Green Street—Urbana
Urbana-Lincoln Hotel Building

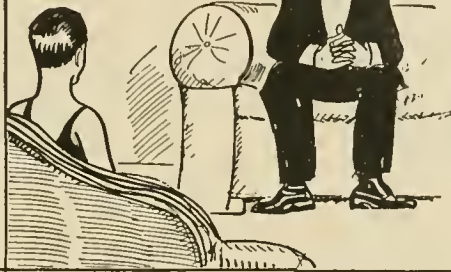
So, This is Leap Year : : : : : By BRIGGS

WHEN YOU'VE BEEN SPENDING ALL OF YOUR EVENINGS AND MOST OF YOUR PAY FOR THREE YEARS ON A WONDERFUL GIRL



-AND YOU'VE NEVER BEEN ABLE TO GET UP ENOUGH NERVE TO POP THE BIG QUESTION

I'VE BEEN THINKING A LOT LATELY AND--UH--I THOUGHT HOW WONDERFUL IT WOULD BE ER-ER-IF WE COULD--UH--GO TO THE THEATRE TOMORROW NIGHT



- AND THEN ONE NIGHT SHE SHOWS SIGNS OF BECOMING SENTIMENTAL

JOE, YOU KNOW I THINK A TERRIBLE LOT OF YOU



AND I HOPE YOU WON'T THINK I'M TERRIBLY FORWARD IN ASKING YOU THIS



I WANT YOU TO SMOKE OLD GOLD CIGARETTES.....I'M FRIGHTFULLY WORRIED ABOUT THAT COUGH OF YOURS



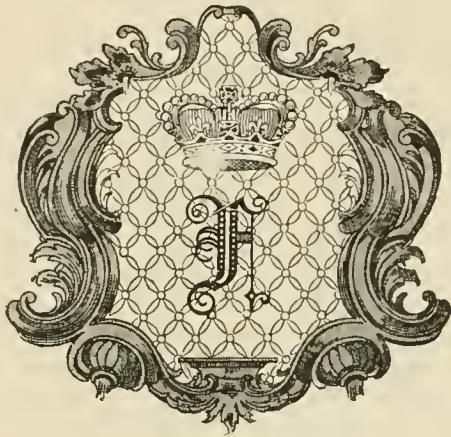
THIS MAY BE LEAP YEAR BUT IT MEANS NOTHING IN MY SHATTERED LIFE.



© 1928, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

.. not a cough in a carload

15¢



APPAREL

THOSE INTERESTED IN SURVEYING THE NEWEST DEVELOPMENTS IN CLOTHES AND HABERDASHERY FOR SPRING WILL GAIN A MOST EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGE BY ATTENDING THE NEXT FINCHLEY EXHIBITION TO BE HELD AT YOUR SCHOOL.

WATCH COLLEGE BULLETINS FOR DATES AND PLACES OF EXHIBITIONS.

HATS : HABERDASHERY : SHOES
LEATHER GOODS : LUGGAGE •
CRAVATS : WOOLIES

CLOTHES FOR CAMPUS, SPORTS
AND FORMAL USAGE.



FIFTH AVENUE JACKSON BLVD.
NEW YORK CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 13)

campus on time. There were rules to be observed, and administrative discipline at Prairie did not encourage late returners. The maroon roadster shot along with the accelerator all the way to the floor on the speedy run back to the Gamma House, and was left panting and neglected at the curb while two shadows bid each other good night on the dimly lit porch.

"Will you wear this for me, Gwen?" the voice sounded like Johnny's.

"I'd love to, dear. But will you always care for me?"

"Oh sure!"

"I know you will," a dainty hand brushed a wisp of yellow-gold hair from a pair of wide sparkling eyes, "Even after we are married, too. Won't you?"

"Married?" The voice was more than ever like Johnny's when he's excited, "Married, did you say? Oh, my side!" and the loud hearty laugh was certainly Johnny's, "Married? Ha, ha, ha! The brethren win, I lose. You're 'unconquerable,' the 'most humorous babe on the campus.' Married! Ha, ha!"

S

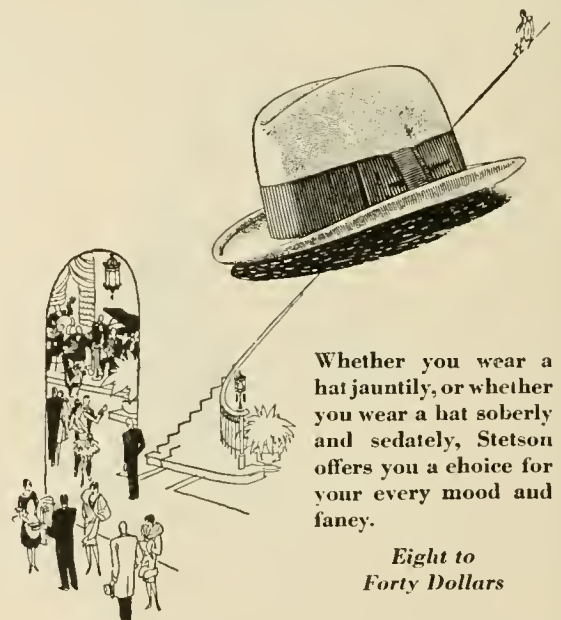


"That's far-fetched," said the traveler as he pulled the eskimo coat out of his bag.

S

STETSON HATS

Styled for Young Men



(Continued from Page 6)

To the east of Old Alaska
Where the natives dress their
skins

Many dangers press upon you
But the shrewd so often win.

To the "Slums of Old Chicago"
With its smoke and "Beastly
dirt."

But my soul is still unsettled
Still I feel that aching hurt.

By my chum and pal inflicted
Wounding me, himself to gain
Never thinking of the future
And the long unending pain.

That one, of course, must suffer
In the years that are to come
And destroy one's faith in people
And will make a MAN A BUM.

You may think about the failures
In this "little smoky town"
Well I am MY greatest failure
My courage sure is down.

Both with health and courage
broken
Still I'm trying hard to fight
For my future self redemption
For I have my end in sight.

Men I'll be a Real Skilled Doctor
Never to fail again
And I'll serve this "Darned Old
Country"
That has given me such pain.

Say: the sun shines brightly
I've changed from Lenten food
And I find I'm very happy
Was it but a passing mood?

My mind serves in a dream
Thought flow freely from my pen
Yet, they're not just what they
seem
They're never real again, as then.


— S —

A wedding is a funeral where
you smell your own flowers.

CLOTHES


Ready-made
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Topcoats



Charter House

**BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
OUR STORE IS THE**

Charter House

CHAMPAIGN AND URBANA

The character of the suits and
topcoats tailored by Charter House
will earn your most sincere liking

KAUFMAN'S

ON THE CAMPUS

Snappy Salesman—Madame, this car has it.
Madame—I don't understand.
Snappy Salesman—It is a four cylinder car.
Now don't tell me you have never read any Lister-
ene advertisements.



Phi: "What's your best course?"

Beta: "Straight past the dean's office
—what's yours?"

Phi: "A course in etiquette! Life
Savers are 'always good taste'."

Bobby (sniffing)—"My what a
swell scent! What is it?"

Dorcas—"That's Christmas
Night. It's \$25 an ounce. (Sniffs)
What's that I smell on you?"

Bobby—"That's New Year's
Eve. Eight dollars a pint."

—S—

Tom—"The quality of liquor de-
pends on the population, and vice-
versa."

Jerry—"Wise Wersa, I s'pose,
means if there wasn't any drink-
ing there wouldn't be any people.

Wicked Chorus (T. & J.)—
"Well, not as many."—Kitty Kat.

—S—

"I lost an earring in Joe's car
last night."

"Well, Joe must have it."

"I know—that's why I lost the
earring."—Gargoyle.

—S—

Stockings may have been in-
vented in the 11th Century, but
they weren't discovered until the
20th Century.—Log.

Personality

is expressed in our suits, topcoats
and apparel for college men.

We offer an entire wardrobe
dedicated and sponsored
by Illinois men.

Richards-Eskew, Inc.

Bradley Arcade Building
on Wright Street

Enjoy your stay in Champaign by making
yourself at home at the

INMAN HOTEL

Dining Room in Connection
Service A la Carte
Table d' Hote

Private Dining Rooms for Meetings
and Banquets

FIREPROOF
MODERN

*Just a block west of the Illinois Central
Station on University Avenue*

AUGUST DANIELSON
G. W. BYERS
Proprietors

H A V E A

C A M E L



*One of life's great pleasures
is smoking*

Camels give you all of the enjoyment
of choice tobaccos. Is enjoyment
good for you? You just bet it is.

ARE YOU PLEASED

with the printing you are receiving for your house, for the dances, and the initiations?

IF YOU ARE

you are one of our regular customers, for we make it a point to have you pleased before we turn over a job.

IF YOU ARE NOT

you should join the many who have their work in our hands, knowing full well they will get *what* they want and *when* they want it!

Be Sure It's

Marriott and Miles

110 North Walnut Street—Upstairs

on the way to Grubb's

OUR PHONE 8698

We Call for and Deliver!

Him—It will be just too bad if Herb ever gets sick, his folks have a Scotch doctor.

Another—What has being Scotch got to do with it?

Him again—He is so tight that he will never treat a patient.

—S—

Just because a fellow wears broad-cloth clothes, is that a sign he attracts the women?

—S—

You will all agree that suits get wrinkled when slept in. This awakens a suspicion that the Professors in the University are in cahoots with Bresee Brothers.

—S—



Women and soap are alike in that they both get all the dirt.

—S—

Go—What's this about your girl doing you a big favor?

Getter—Yeh! She came to my formal.

G. N. Bacon & Co.

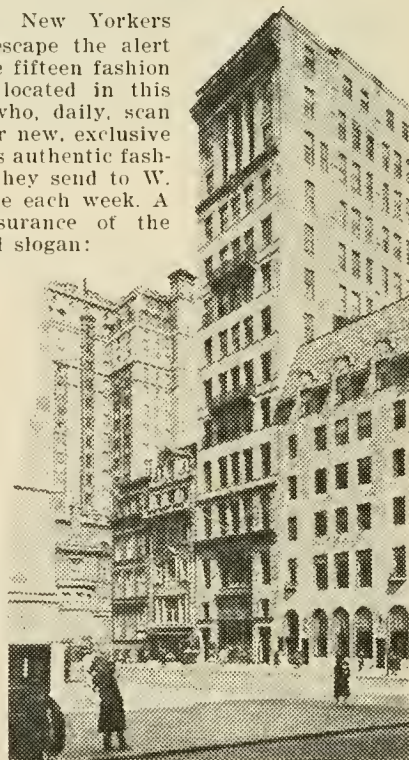
Paints, Wall Paper, Floor Wax

Look for the Anchor



SMART New Yorkers never escape the alert eyes of the fifteen fashion reporters, located in this building, who, daily, scan the city for new, exclusive styles. This authentic fashion news they send to W. Lewis twice each week. A visible assurance of the well-earned slogan:

*If It's
at
Lewis'
It's New!*



THE STORE FOR ILLINOIS MEN

Jos. Kuhn & Co.

DOWNTOWN — CHAMPAIGN



"Good God," cried the husband as his wife was struck by lightning.

Says father as he fills out mother's monthly check—"I'm writin' the money."

"Tell me, Brother Editors, what are you going to do when Lon Chaney dies?"

The room was dark, the pale moonlight shone in through the curtains, not a sound could be heard except the sighs of the lovers. Then a soft smack and a Scotch feminine voice: "My change, please."

—S—

Scene—Girl sitting with legs crossed and tops of her rolled hose showing.

Two observers conversing.

1—There is a girl who will never starve to death.

2—Well, what's the joke.

1—She always has a couple of rolls.



STRAUCH Quality Photo Finishing



Work produced in our own shops insures the high quality that gets the most out of Your Film Exposures.

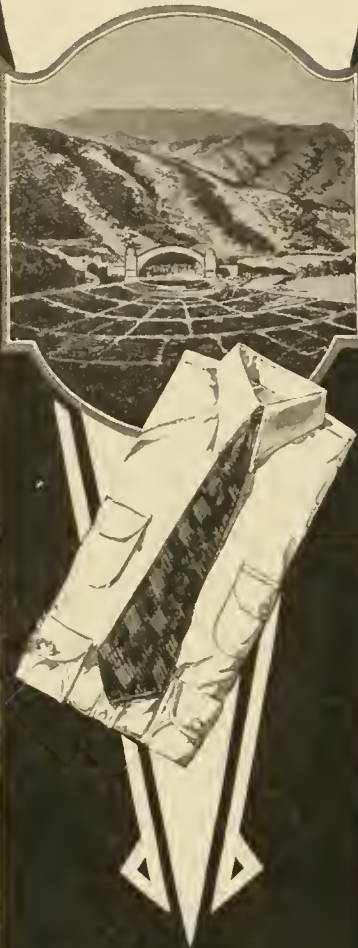
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709 South Wright, At Campus

The SIREN

The Hollywood Bowl
Hollywood



Grayco
cravats and collar-
attached shirts are
distinctively
"Hollywood"
in hand-tailoring
and fine quality

Marion R. Gray Company
824 S. Los Angeles Street
Los Angeles

*Did ja hear about tha Scotchman who didn't
buy his wife any clothes because he thot she was an
angel?*



Major: Say Squirt! Where'd you get all the letter?
Minor: On my chess!

—S—
We hear so much about the absent minded pro-
fessor and the Scotchman: Gee! what if a guy was
both?

—S—
Which reminds us of the Scotch merchant who
was able to buy a fine sun blind for his store front
with the contents of a box placed on the counter
marked "For the Blind."—Wasp.



"The Flower Shop of Distinction"

GEO. C. BARSCH

113 West University Avenue, Champaign

Choice Flowers for All Occasions

PHONE
5800

FLOWERS

for the House Formal



—or any of the big dances of the year, must be perfect.

Let Dorothy and Bob Hodgin '23 plan all the floral arrangements —your satisfaction will be assured.

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Hodgin's
FLOWER SHOP

and Greenhouses

Third & Springfield Telephone 9179

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is measured in a degree by
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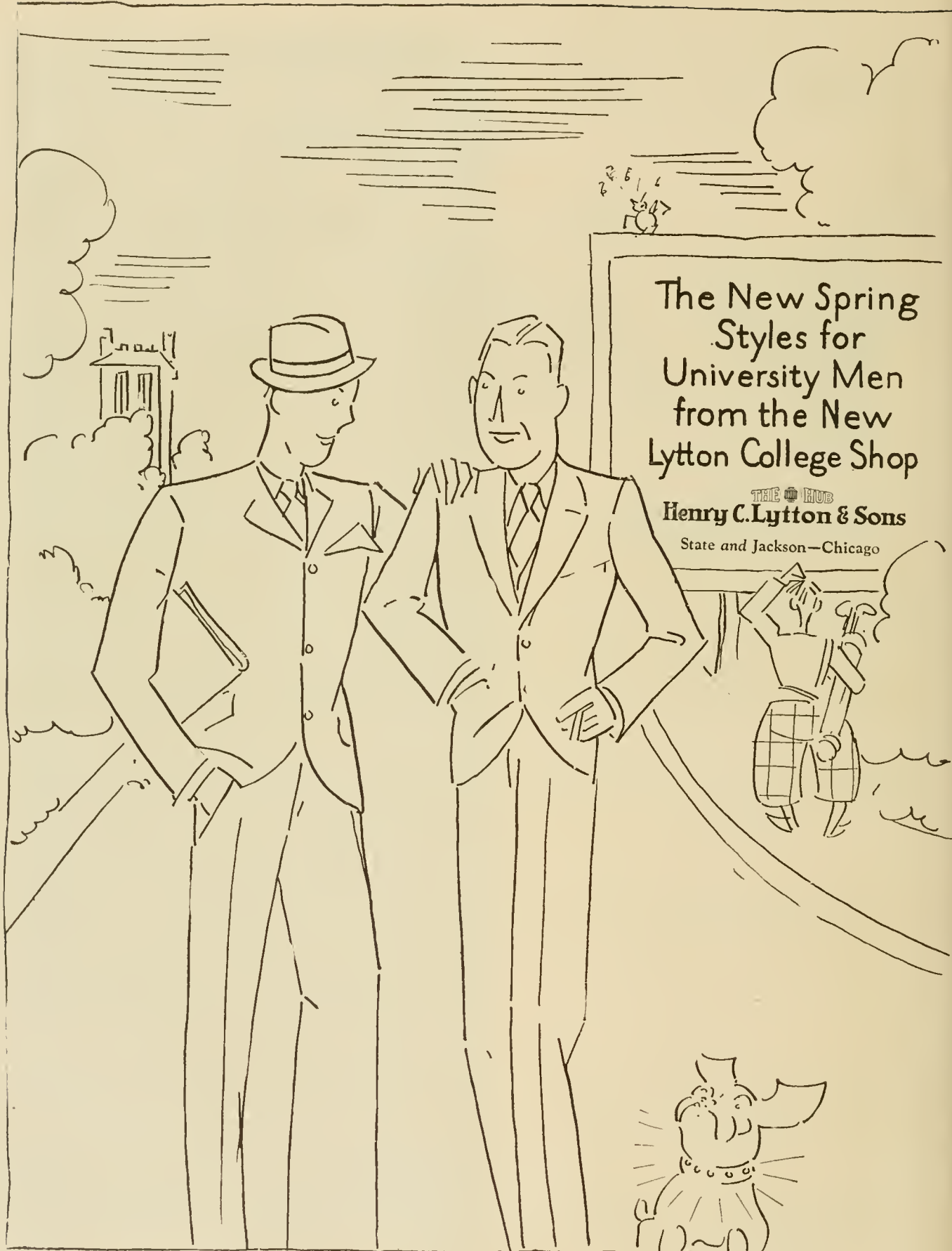
**Champaign Commercial
College**

120 North Neil Street—Champaign

Phone 8045

Day and Night Classes

A GALAXY
OF STARS
"YOUNG MAN
LOOKING FOR
TROUBLE"
By KATHARINE BRUSH
"YALE"
by DONALD OGDEN
STEWART
"SMALL
POTATOES"
by MARGARET BANNING
"FAIR ONE"
by MAY EDGINTON
"WHY I WON'T
SEND MY BOY
TO HARVARD"
by HEYWOOD BROWN
AND
Peter B. Kyne - Percy Marks
Jim Tully - Richard Connell
ALL IN the APRIL NUMBER
OF
College Humor

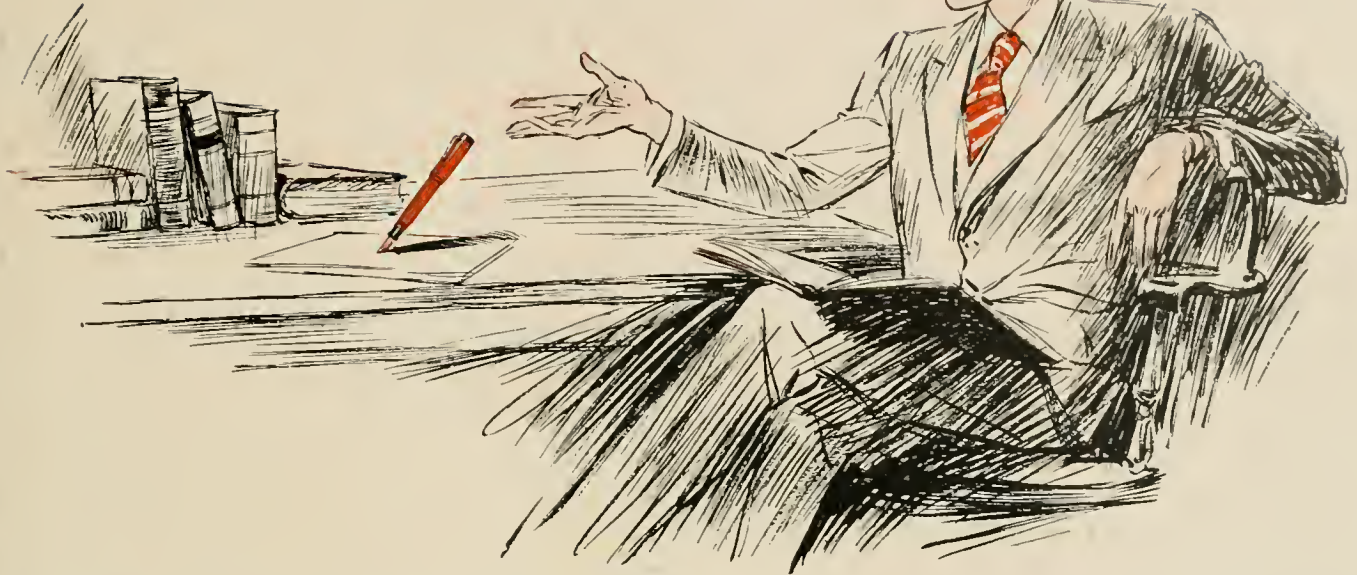


Abel—They certainly have got IT.

Cain—Who, where, how and what do you mean It?

Abel—Why, the style in those new Spring Suits
from The Hub's Lytton College Shop!

"ALL RIGHT, NOW, 'MR. DUOFOLD,'
TAKE DOWN THESE NOTES."



Pressureless Touch

Makes Writing with a Parker Duofold
So Easy that the pen almost does it all itself

No Need to Pay More than \$7 for the Utmost in a Pen

This is not merely a claim. A fine ink-channel ground between the prongs of the Duofold Point now brings Capillary Attraction to the aid of Parker's already famous Gravity Feed.

Result is that the light weight of the pen itself is sufficient to start the writing and continue it with scarcely any pressure from the fingers. Now you merely guide this almost automatic pen.

Take notes, write themes, long letters, etc., with a New Duofold and learn what it saves in time as well as effort.

Neater, cleaner, smoother writing [though professors may not say so] shades grades for the better.

Also this New Duofold made with

Parker Permanite [28% lighter but 1000% stronger than the rubber formerly employed] is Non-Breakable. So this new Parker is a Permanent Pen.

Thus for \$7 [\$5 if you want a smaller size] you get the utmost in a writing instrument—no need to pay more.

5 smart colors from which to select. 3 sizes—Over-size, Junior and slender Lady Duofold. 6 graduated pen points—one to suit your hand exactly. Ask to try "yours" at your nearest pen counter today.

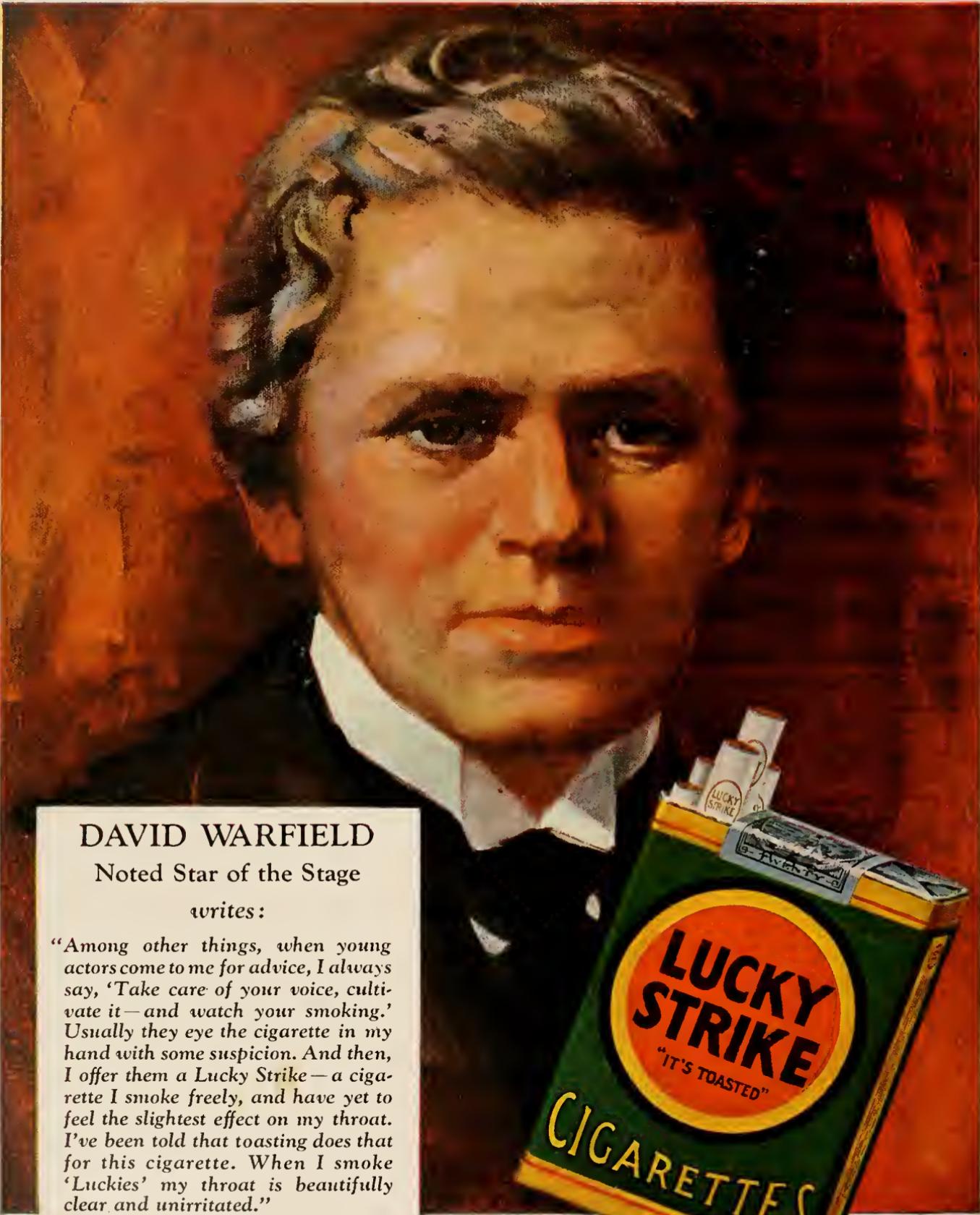
But be sure to look for this imprint, "Geo. S. Parker—Duofold" on the pen barrel. That identifies the genuine. No other mark does. Duofold Pencils in colors to match pens, \$3, \$3.50, \$4.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY, JANESVILLE, WISCONSIN
OFFICES AND SUBSIDIARIES: NEW YORK
BOSTON • CHICAGO • ATLANTA • DALLAS • SAN FRANCISCO
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Parker Duofold

Your Permanent Pen



DAVID WARFIELD

Noted Star of the Stage

writes:

"Among other things, when young actors come to me for advice, I always say, 'Take care of your voice, cultivate it—and watch your smoking.' Usually they eye the cigarette in my hand with some suspicion. And then, I offer them a Lucky Strike—a cigarette I smoke freely, and have yet to feel the slightest effect on my throat. I've been told that toasting does that for this cigarette. When I smoke 'Luckies' my throat is beautifully clear and unirritated."

David Warfield



"It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation No Cough.

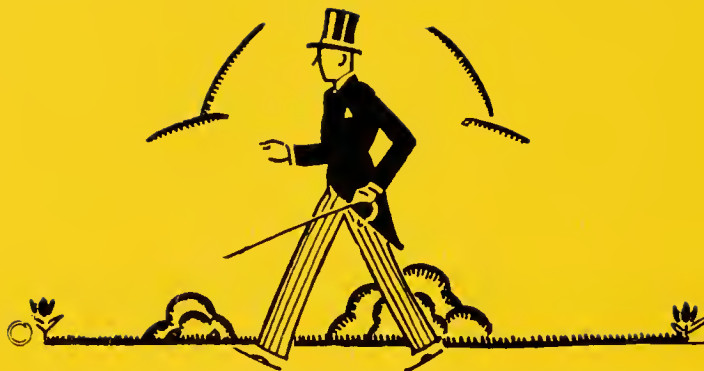
*The Cream
of the Tobacco
Crop.*

The SIREN



THE LIBRARY OF THE
APR 28 1928
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

ALL WET NO.



“Cheerio!”

'TIS SPRING, old bean, 'tis spring.
—And the campus is verdant, the
trees are in bud, the co-eds in
bloom.—And the young men of
fashion; — ah indeed. They're
Gelvinized from hat-brim to hose.
They reflect the season's smart-
ness in every article of fastidious
apparel. 'TIS spring,—and suits
and such-like from Gelvin's are
ever correct and smart.



802 Republic Building
Chicago, Illinois

611 East Green Street
Champaign, Illinois

644 South State Street
Madison, Wisconsin

Quality sent P.A. to the head of the class



YEARS ago, P.A. showed a clean pair of heels to the field of smoking-tobaccos. It has maintained its lead ever since, putting more distance behind it every year. There must be a reason why P.A. is the world's largest-selling brand.

There *is*! Open a tidy red tin and get a full breath of that class-by-itself fragrance. Then tamp a load into the bowl of your pipe and light up. The first pull tells you why more men smoke P.A. than any other brand. Cool and smooth and mellow and mild—not for one pipe-load, but always. Try this long-burning tobacco, Fellows. You'll say so!

PRINCE ALBERT

—the national joy smoke!



*If you vibrate to
quality, you'll gravi-
tate to P.A.*

"One Man Tells Another"



In the Spring a young man's fancy is best expressed by a smart new Learbury suit and topcoat.



Sold at Illinois by

Rosens'
"Men's Stylists"

DOWNTOWN—CHAMPAIGN



TELL IT TO SWEENEY

RED SWEENEY:

I take my girl to all our dances, but she never takes me to hers. I buy her dinners and sundaes and everything. But still she doesn't give me a break, and likes other fellows better. What shall I do?

FRED FISH.

DEAR MR. FISH:

Don't ever let anyone look at your head, they might take you away some place quiet. By the way is she a Theta Phi Alpha? Think I've met her.

—S—

DEAR IRATE SWEENEY:

My wife has not spoken to me for three weeks, but I can tell by her actions that she wants to make up. Is there anything I can do?

OTTO GAS.

DEAR MR. GAS:

I guess not. It looks as though she's bound to start talking soon. Consider yourself darn lucky for the three weeks.

—S—

DEAR SWEENEY:

They say that every woman has her price.
JOE KEDITOR.

MR. KEDITOR:

There are many on campus, that certainly have their figure.

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



Julius Caesar
Act II, Scene 1

**"A dish fit for the
gods" ~ ~**

Et tu, Brute! Authorities are agreed that Brutus was the best of the lot. He knew his stuff. Two thousand years makes no difference with a man like that. With a glass of Coca-Cola in his hand, you can easily imagine him saying further:

"Delicious and Refreshing"
"Refresh yourself"

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

***8 million
a day***

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS



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 Ruth Nelson, Virginia Jefferson.

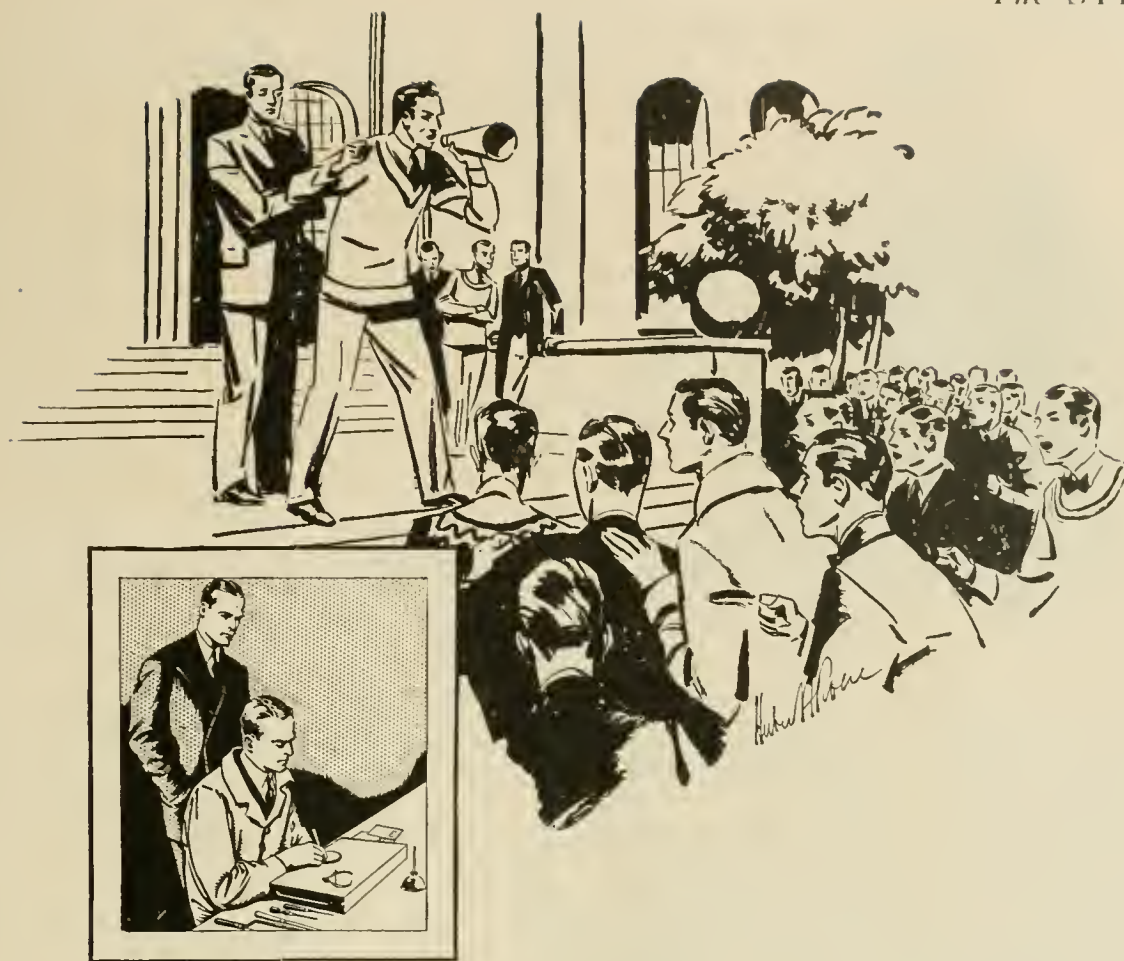
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Ye Ed Squeegs

Greedigs folgs! Yes you bed your life thiz is ad "All-Wed" issue. Oh course our original idea was to dedicate id to Chabana weather which is always "All-Wet" about this time of year, as well as sub other other thigs lige the "no-car-rule." But the Fades just toog the whole madder iddo their own hands—and ohh-by side! What else could we callid with a cole lige thiz one (at-chooce). Pardod be for sdeezig (at-chooce) I'be so sorry don't you mind. Well it's intramural to me too.

But let me tell yon folgs—we didn't have a thing to do with thiz issue after we got the code. We wend straighd hobe and called te dogfor. Ad you people can thang Dorothy, our charbing assidand editor, and her helbers for haying pnd out these pages of nibbling humor and the lines of nibbling mirth still damp from the bresses. We are thanging her anyway, ad "you can lay to that" as the farber said to the hens putting a tune on the vietrola.

In cedentally, we don't know any more whad's in here than you do—so let's loog it over, huh? (at-chooce).



Where "good enough" isn't—

MASS cheering and singing to be truly effective nowadays must be well organized. Ask any cheer leader how long he thinks the "good enough" cheering of a few years ago would get over today!

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LITTLE SIRRON'S LETTER

DEAR MA:-

Spring has come Ma, the Theta's are getting out their porch furniture for the lip athletics to use. They've also started a revision of that Pique game. Points are scored every time you see a girl wearing sportees. I can't wait for the baseball season to start. The scores ought to be pretty high. I think I'll be a sophomore manager so I can stand down on the field and look up—at the crowds.

The Union election will be coming off pretty soon. All the politicians are running after non-fraternity men. It's the only time of the year that anybody knows there are any non-fraternity people. People generally like ——— just like a goose likes Christmas.

The politicians can't spend any money on the campaigns this year. Of course they won't, as the elections are always run off according to rules. Just heard that they changed that rule. Guess they found out the townspeople weren't so fond of donating signs, etc.

Well, I should worry. Who ever wins, the Union dances won't be any cheaper.

Had a show down here called "Nada." All boys. No, Ma, Willie Monahan did not play leading lady.

They have fine beer at the Park, but it must be pretty strong, because every lady brings water in a bottle to thin out the beer. Anyway it looks like water.

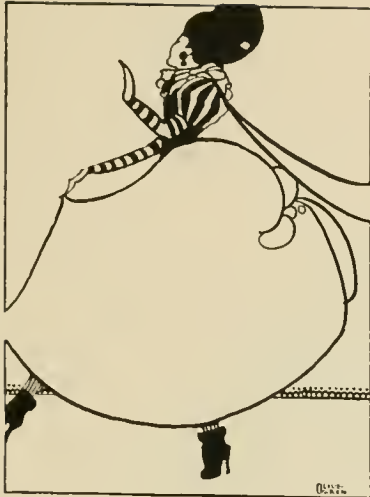
Well, Ma, it won't be long now until school is out and all the co-eds will be out without any dates for the summer. Bet the T.P.A.'s hate to see summer come.

Oh, gee, Ma, the Kappa's have waitresses in their new house. I heard that the waiters objected to the way the girls came down to breakfast. I don't blame them. Some of the Kappa's look bad enough later on in the day. So now they have waitresses. It's a good way to help some of the sistern through school.

Len Small had some students going around saying that he was responsible for the University being what it is. That ought to mean about 10,000 votes against him. See you later, Ma.

Yours till Phi Mu
builds a new house.

SIRRON.



—S—

The air fades
into dog-eared
hours of stupefaction
somewhere
from the noise-crease
lips are throwing words
over pawning fingers:
shrill words
soiled with long usage
the dry air cracks
with the odor of people
foolish people
who say their prayers
The meaningless
movement of worms
breeding and feeding
into a second necessity
shoves decay:
the tooth-brush-tooth
of bargains
Through aisle-crowds
slink stupid serfs
twitching in
apologies of existence
again
from the noise-crease
shatter shrill words:
Mister Fish-er.

D.R.'31.

—S—

"Where are you going with that
fish pole?"

"G'wan, this ain't no fish pole,
it's a new cigarette lighter."

—*Brown Jug.*



NORFOLK by MURRAY

The Norfolk is back! Bart Murray saw it coming six months ago and has developed a new Jacket that is the smart, authentic Norfolk of the year. Murray Norfolks are tailored by Adler-Rochester from fabrics entirely consistent with supremacy of style and workmanship.

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KAUFMAN'S

ON THE CAMPUS

"Champaign is an exception to the rule."
 "Why?"
 "Cause it's one place where farmers like "city
 slickers."

WET?

Well, guess I'll do this math for tomorrow—What did that guy give us a bunch of problems like this for? Anyone would think I was a Phi Bete, or a lousy engineer. Just my luck to have a course like this required before I graduate. This damn university is trying every way it can to keep me from graduating. What the hell good is this stuff goin' to do me? $S = (1+j/m)m$ power. What is J? What's m? Need a couple of adding machines to figure this stuff out. It'll be just too bad when he throws an hour quiz. Tomorrow that guy will stand up there and repeat this stuff like a freshman saying the Greek alphabet and by golly that's just what it is to me—Greek!

Well, that's three of them I can't get. This one looks easy. Boy, look at that formula! Log of this over log of that. How the devil do you divide a log? What is a log, anyway? Call 'em logs for the block-heads who take the course, I guess. I guess this must be about time for the answer. Looks like the value of a German mark. Wonder what it's supposed to be anyway. No more of the formula to use. Guess it must be months and days, or is it years? Well, who cares?

Boy, I hope he doesn't call on me tomorrow. Class has met four times and I've been hooked each time. Once I knew something and the others—sure looks like I'll be enched in this course at the end of the semester. Cuss these math courses and math instructors. Imagine me not being able to keep track of my nickles and dimes just because I don't know how to get J out of $\log R = \log(R - Ap(1 + 1/m)m/p - 1)m \log(1 + j/m)$. Math is "All-Wet!"



I have two fraternity pins
That give me constant worry
For I'm always afraid
That I shall put
The wrong one on in a hurry.

—V. Bess '30



"ALL WET" ISSUE

VOLUME XVIII

APRIL 1946

NUMBER VII

ALL-WET

Things is getting drier and drier since the good old days when Pa Noah started his floating university, on account of there being no dry spot to start anything else on. His being an old soak helped matters along considerable and times was prospering what with him annexing an Ag School and a stock judging pavilion and what not to help bring in trade.

After Jonah was taken in by the whale and then decided that one place was as wet as another, things began drying up, until finally all that was left was the mud puddle that good old Queen Elizabeth skidded through on top of Wally's cape. Don't think that Wally Raleigh wanted his date to get all wet.

No, girls and boys, he was a loyal Illini, true to the principles of dear old Rho Chi Delta, whose brethren stood for drier and drier dates. Of course there were occasional parties when the boys played duck-on-the-rock to see who had the steadiest aim. Anyhow, them was the good old days before Illinois was bidding fair to become a co-educational insti-tooshun. So then when the gals began flooding the campus with their talk of equal rights and bigger and better drinking fountains, the damper days of Noah were a fading memory.

For even now it takes a thousand Alums and Homecoming to bring back the 99 44/100 per cent likker that our fathers bragged of and an all-wet party is still an almost forgotten relie, except for an occasional free beer dance thrown now and then by some of our local club-rooms at considerable expense and violence. So, brethren, raise high your glass of distilled water, and let us drink to the Springtime, to the clear-running Bone-yard, to the all-wetness of most blind dates, and to April Showers!!

"AUTO-SUGGESTIONS"

(Dedicated to the New Ford and to the Council of Administration)

It was WILLYS-KNIGHT out and he had a date with DIANA. She was a little JEWETTE who STUTZ up and OVERLAND and refers to him as the missing LINCOLN the HUDSON. But he could not AFFORD the date and did not want to apPEER-LESS he had some dough, so he decided to DODGE her. Thence he became a ROAMER, ROLLIN along the REO grande, lookin' at the STARS and the MOON and singing, "Hail! COLUMBIA!" This awakened the GARDNER of OAKLAND farms, who immediately gave CHASE to Willie, by mistake he TOURED into a nearby chicken COUPE and shouted back: "CHEVROLET?" But the farmer was close behind with a FLINT shot-gun and a PIERCE-ARROW. Willie ran into a STUDEBAKER from CLEVELAND who carried sumpin in an AUBURN CASE. In his will he says: he "WILLS-SAINT CLAIRE his golden CHANDLER with silver globes in it. Just then S. X. STANLEY and L. CARR from PONTIAC and NASHville respectively bonned along and queried: "How's Max?" Willie answered: "MAX, WELL" and concealed because the farmer came dashing along, shouting: "PAIGE, Mr. Willie FRANKLIN from LEXINGTON. He then espied him and said: "You CUNNINGHAM, come with me, HUPMOBILE"; but Willie answered: "Have MERCER on me, I am a WHITE MARMON from Salt Lake City. I will KISS'ELL for you. Give me LIBERTY OR WHIPPET to death. My CADDILAC's golfin' ability, but SEDAN, and we will COACH him and put potato SAXON him." Now Willie ROLLS-ROY'S OLDSMOBILE along the JORDAN.

—THE STUDENT PRINCE.



VERBAL

ALL-WET

CAST—As far as possible.
PRODUCED BY—Violence.
PHOTOGRAPHY—Cam Era.

It is one o'clock—the midnight sun is shining brilliantly through the palm trees and melting the snow on the sassafras blooms.

On the deck of a Spanish galleon far out to sea, we find One Lung Hung Lo an Arabian seaman boring holes in the bottom of the ship.

O. L. H. Lo—Whoopee! More hairnets torn!
(Sings:)

If you ever see my mother

Don't tell her where you found me

For I'm going to the bottom of the sea!

Captain (entering)—Oh goody, is it a game?

O. L. H. Lo—Yes, but you can't play.

Captain—All right then—get out and walk.

O. L. H. Lo—You beast—how dare you—(Lighting a sparkler, he sets the ship on fire and, jumping overboard, cries): It's not the heat you know, it's the humidity.

(Author's note—This act has nothing to do with the next. The last half of it was lost, so we inserted it here, knowing that our audiences would never know the difference.)

PART TWO

Enter heroine eating gum drops.

Enter father not eating gum drops.

Father—see heah, Nell—little Nell. Come to me dahlunk.

For many and many a yeah now (Author's note—Father is a southerner), you have been asking for the story of your life. Well, gel, it's forty yeahs

today since youh deah mothah (Author's note—accetn too difficult—father is now an Eskimo)—passed away. You are now a big strong girl of sixteen (16) and you know how much I love you. But—now—well—run along, Nell, run along. You are so like her. That ear—but never mind—run along. Your Sunday School class needs you.

Nell (shoping on an orange gum drop)—Yes, papa. Yes, papa, I'll go. But I mustn't forget to take some goodies to Grammer Holton and paper caps for the hungrey kiddies in the asylum and lico rice for Grampa Mickleberry who's lost his teeth. And, oh dear me, how nice it is to be helpful! Yes, papa. (Dances out into the cold, cold night.) As she trips along the street she sees Charlies Voix playing hopscotch with the other nice boys from town. As she catches his eye, she blushes and hurries on. Charlie for whom it is love at first sight, leaves his fun and follows at a distance. But look! Who's is that? Algie the Oop is hidden behind a tulip plant, and as little Nell passes him all unsuspecting, he dashes out, grabs her, and, strapping on his roller skates make his escape. But is Charlie to be outdone and robbed of his prize? Not so. He boards the nearest street car, and after riding a mile in the wrong direction, gets off, and starts to run.

Here the mechanic drops a match on the film and several hundred feet of the film burn up. However, nothing is lost.

To continue—There is Little Nell shut up in a rude log hut. Charlie and Algie are struggling on a Precipice. In the back-ground we see a coming avalanche. With a quick turn of the wrist Charlie disposes of his enemy and after retying his shoe-strings continues toward the hut.

The door is locked so he bites the hinges off and gains Little Nell's side just as the avalanche reaches them. With a cry of joy he presses her to his manly chest and starts to run. Two (2) feet behind him rushes the awful destruction, but so fleet of foot is our hero that he widens the distance to six—now eight feet. But soft. What is this? Charlie's breath is coming in short pants. Oh fate! Oh misery! Oh zone! Is he failing his Little Nell? One last hope remains).

Charlie—Come, Nell. Grab aholt, grab aholt and allez-ooop!! (Whereupon he jumps aboard the avalanche, and finding a nice soft spot, seats himself).

Nell—My hero!!! (Her fright has made her original).

Charlie—Nell, I have something to confess before I ask you to be mine. My name is not Charlei Voix—it is Charlie horse! (At this point avalanche hits curbstone and this touching closeup is the result.



1. "The prohibition act ruined Champaign's modern plan."

2. "Hawzat?"

1. "They painted all the street numbers and names on the curbing so the students could find their way home!"

"NO HOLES IN HER HEAD"

I knew a girl, that I would say,
Never saw the light of day.
She wouldn't go out with me at night,
Which labeled her "As not so bright."

But I found out at a latter date,
That there is another guy that rates.
He has money and all those things,
That cause the wedding bells to ring.

I am sorry for what I said,
And as a penance will hang my head,
Because although her brain is numb,
I must admit "She ain't so dumb."

—E. S. H.



"This ought to be a washout," said the dam as it broke.

_____ S _____

"Well I'll be damned," said the water as it began to pile up.

_____ S _____

"This should go over in a cloud," said the rain as it began to fall.

_____ S _____

Well, well, well, look at the Baronness, said the Baron passing by "Ye Hde Swimming Hole."

_____ S _____

"I'm on the rocks," said the water-fall.

_____ S _____

"Well, I'll be surrounded," said the water as it filled the tank.

_____ S _____



THE FIRST HANDBILL

The Pirates' Lament

There once was a wicked pirate crew
Who often rolled their hose.
The captain was a bold, bad man,
Who never blew his nose.

He was in fact, a dreadful man.
He never washed his ears.
He hadn't changed his underwear
For night on forty years.

And as he roved the dark blue seas
A-plundering as he went.
Far in the deep he spied a keg;
It was battered banged and bent.

A tear came to the bad man's eye;
He thought of life's past beauties;
He raised a hand and tore his hair
And killed ten thousand cooties.

And then he swore a terrible oath;
He called the boatswain's crew
"To boats, you silly saps," he cried,
"I crave a glorious stew."

The boatswain's crew rowed hard and
fast;
Their lips and teeth were set.
They gnawed upon their fingernails
But got their shirt-tails wet.

They took from out the stormy deep
That floating priceless treasure.
They placed it in the boatswain's boat
And vowed to leave it never.

Then the boatswain gave a harsh
command;
He tightened up his bloomers.
"Back to the ship, you blasted duds.
You blinkin' blankin' gloomers."

Back to the bloody pirate brig
They sped the little boat.
High on the mast they saw the "Cap"
Pick his teeth and gloat.

They pulled up to their sinful craft
The keg was right to tap.
The boatswain slipped and almost
broke
The back-side of his lap.

The first mate yelled in holy glee
When he saw the keg.
But he caught his toe on a marlin
spike
And broke his wooden leg.

And then the captain spied the cask
He rushed for it to sieze
But in his haste he tore his shirt
And split his B.V.D.'s.

And when the crew recovered from
Their wild Hilerious joy,
The captain said, "We'll open the keg
And then hot dog, yoi, yoi."

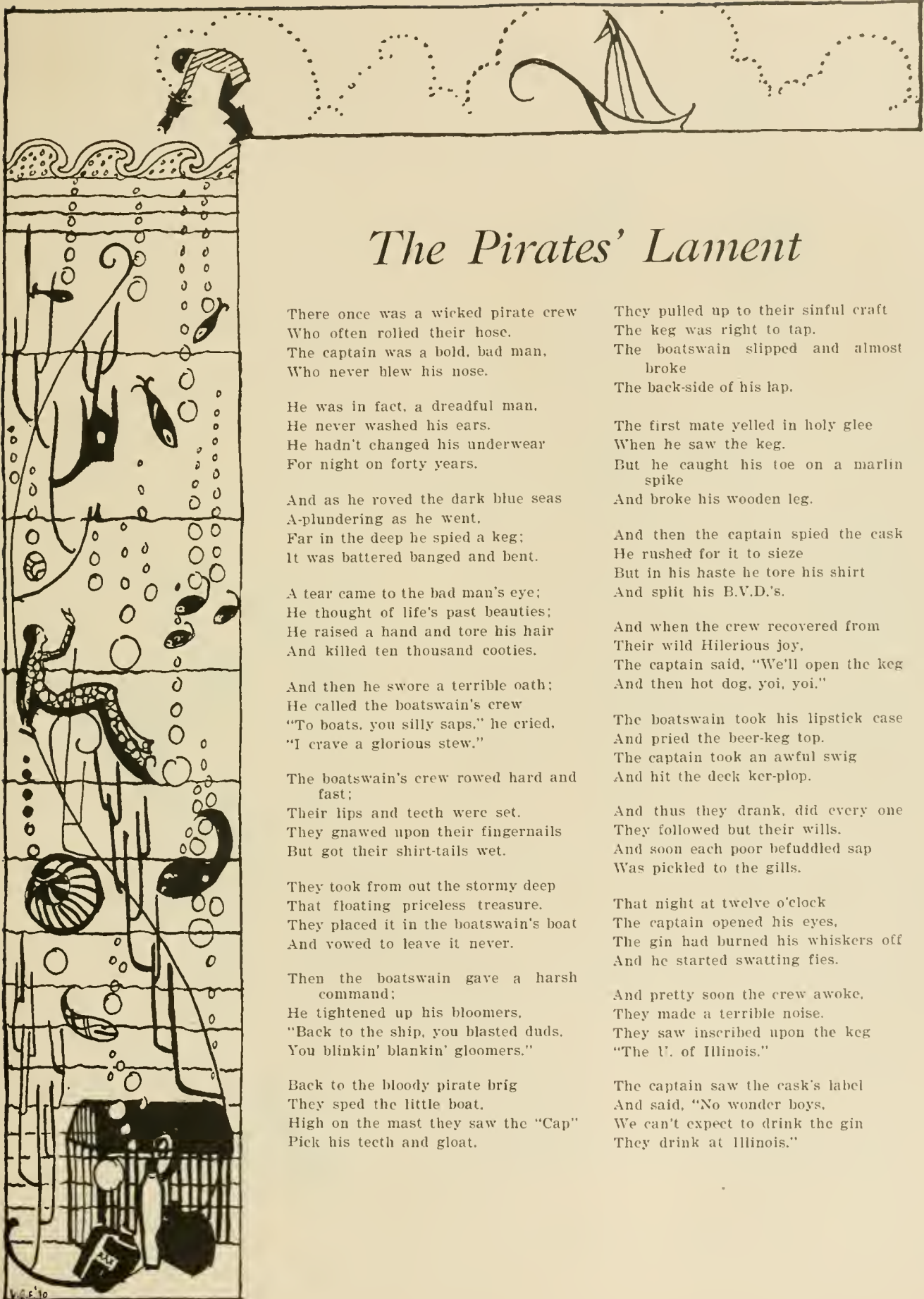
The boatswain took his lipstick case
And pried the beer-keg top.
The captain took an awful swig
And hit the deck ker-plop.

And thus they drank, did every one
They followed but their wills.
And soon each poor befuddled sap
Was pickled to the gills.

That night at twelve o'clock
The captain opened his eyes.
The gin had burned his whiskers off
And he started swatting flies.

And pretty soon the crew awoke,
They made a terrible noise.
They saw inscribed upon the keg
"The U. of Illinois."

The captain saw the cask's label
And said, "No wonder boys,
We can't expect to drink the gin
They drink at Illinois."





Stew—Why would a telephone man make a good lover?

How—'Cause he is always stringing a line, I suppose!

—S—

First Cannibal—"How did you like that college professor with the cream sauce?"

Second Gamma Eta Gamma—"Oh, he was alright, but tell me how did you like that sweet girl grad-u-ate?"

—S—

FISH STORY

Sardine—I don't see why that Norwegian herring has such a conceited air about him—his father still runs around in a Fjord.

—S—

Just because a wife places burnt offerings before her husband three times a day is no sign she worships him.

—S—

Dean—"Do you know who I am, son?"

Promising Freshman—"No, but if you know your address I'll take you home."

—S—

"Here about Urban, went out too far in the ocean and got drowned?"

"It surfs him right?"

—S—

"I've an effective pull with her," said the Ag student pointing at a cow.

OUR DAILY LIMERICK

You Can't Do That!

They teach the Hees how to crochet,
The Ags they teach how to make het,
The profs are the guys
That claim to be wuys,
But they can't teach a rooster to let.

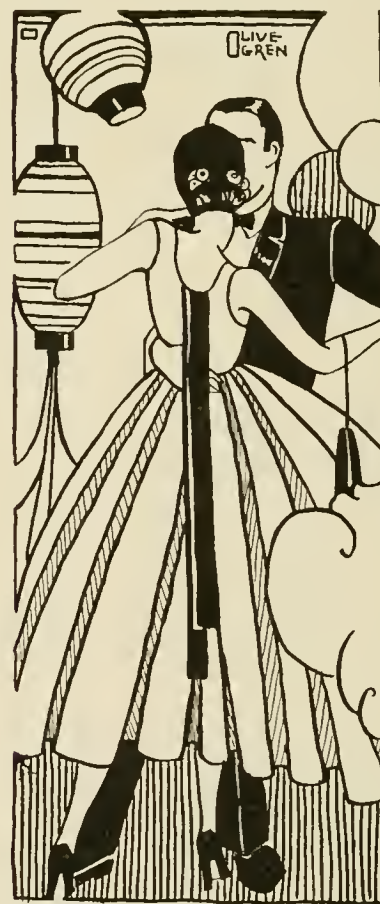
—S—

THE SCISSORS GRINDER

Lent and spring are come to town, with
West wind summer calling.
Autumn's dead leaves wake again, go
skipping, flying, falling.
Snow upon the green of lawns deters
the snow-drop finder.
Through the streets there chimes a bell.
Hark, the scissors grinder.
Cuckoo of the city he, clearer than the
birds that sing.
Scissors grinder through the streets is
heralding the spring.

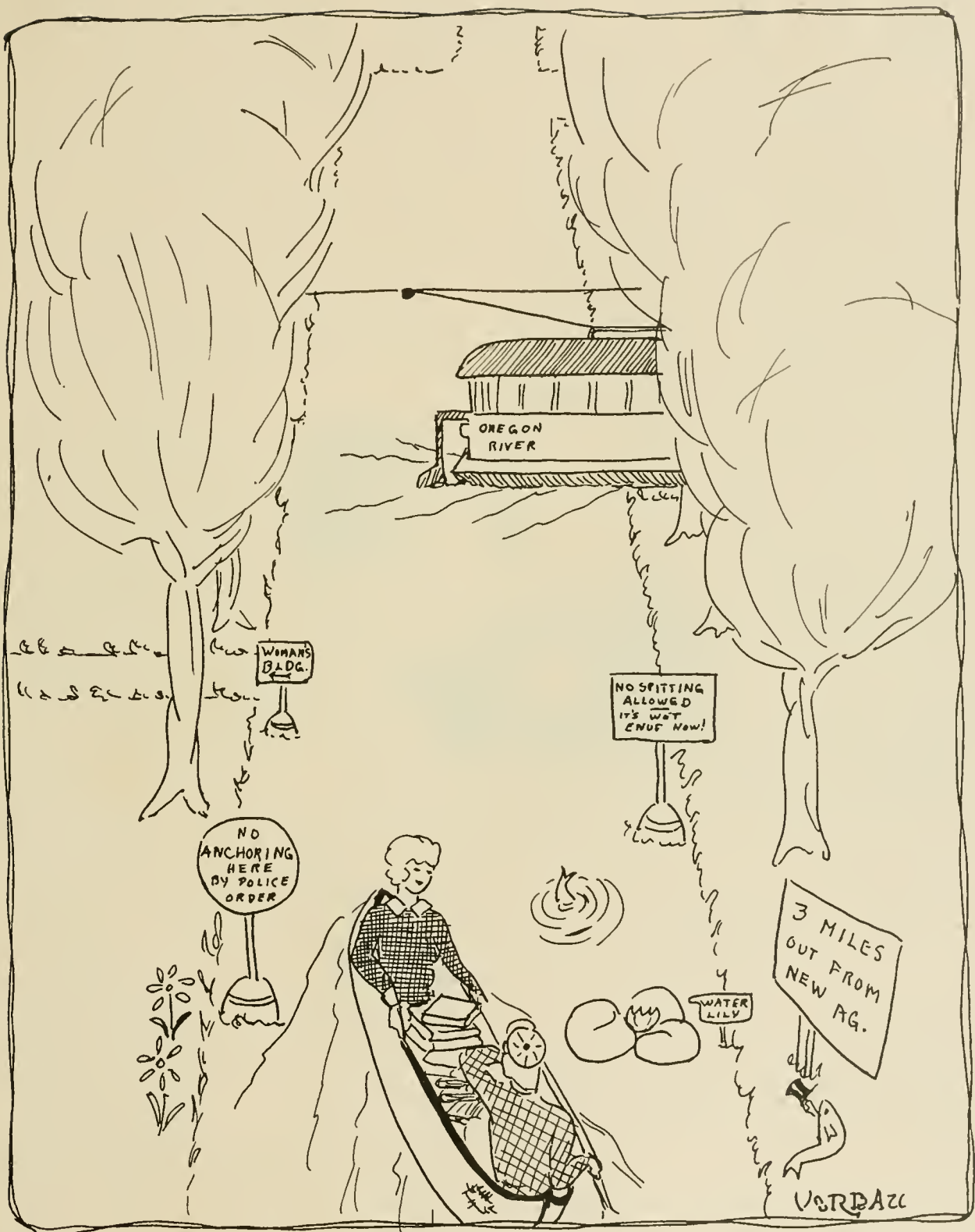
—D.R.'31.

—S—



"This is the milkmaid all forlorn," says the

"Lucky Loren," says the boy.



"ALL WET"

BURTON RUBS HIS NOSE

LORRY HAZELTON stood by the punchbowl in one of the many darkened little side rooms of the Pi Omega house. The cherry colored fruit juice in his glass took on a decidedly paler hue as he added to it from a shiny silver hip-flask.

Burton Gray, his hands dug deeply in the trouser pockets of his well cut tuxedo, eyed his friend with fraternal anxiety.

"What you doing, Lorry?" he asked nervously. "Trying to get oiled?"

Lorry started guilty, spilling a little of the fiery liquid on his sleeve.

"Oh hello Burt, thought I was alone," he said. Then in a more friendly spirit. "Join me in a buck?"

"No thanks!" Burt wrinkled his brow. "The Pi O's wouldn't be so hot on our going blotto on their punch, especially the night of their Spring Formal."

Lorry laughed harshly.

"To hell with Pi O sorority and their darned formal," he cried in the manner of a toast, and draining his glass.

Burton feverishly rubbed the side of his nose with a boney fore finger. It was an old habit of his, indicating deep thought or anxiety. On this occasion it was both.

"What about your date? Where's Dolly?" he asked rather meekly.

"Lord knows, I don't," Lorry turned again to the punchbowl. "She's probably cheering the chaparones on to bigger and better finesses and four card bids."

"Playing bridge? What's the matter, did you two have a war?"

"No!" Lorry repeated the business with the flask.

Burton subjected his nose to another rubbing.

"You should both be dancing," he ventured reproachfully. "The girls have imported a really keen orchestra, you ought to take advantage of it."

Lorry set down the empty glass and coolly lit a cigarette.

"I'm fed up with dancing, Burt," he said. "I'm caught up with the whole mess of social blah that exists here at Prairie. I'm heartily disgusted with the University from Campus politics down to the studies and grades. The whole thing's a devilish waste of energy."

"But that's what makes up College life," protested Burt uneasily. "It's the same everywhere."

By CARRIE JAMES



"Where have you been all evening, deserter?"

progressing to?"

Burton looked his dismay.

"I say, Lorry old man, you've had a drop too much. Do you feel dizzy? We'd best go back to the house."

Lorry laughed bitterly.

"Don't worry, Burt," he said. "I'm not drunk, it's the rest of the world that blooey. For my part, I'm going somewhere and forget the futility of this ridiculous existence."

"But Lor—"

"Oh don't get het up. I'm not going to disgrace the dear brothers in Chi Delta. I'm quitting Prairie tomorrow."

Burton rubbed his nose frantically. It was useless to argue when Lorry had made his mind up. But what would the team do without his stellar playing at quarter, and above all, what would the Chi Deltas do without him. Reluctantly, Burton left his friend.

After a fruitless search of the many rooms, beautifully decorated for the

dance, and a tiring scrutiny of the fifty-odd couples in formal dress swaying to the rhythm of the music, Burton at last sighted the object of his quest.

Dolly Peckham sat alone near the fortune teller's booth at one end of the dance floor. The medium was a traditional entertainment at Pi Omega formals.

Burton straightened his tie and buttoned his tux-coat before approaching Lorry's date for the evening. The pretty Pi Omega had a way of noting little discrepancies in a fellow's attire.

Lorry came out of Madame Du Bein's fortune reading booth a while later, with a puzzled brow and hesitant step.

Dolly floated up to him gaily looking very lovely in the fluffy green formal, he thought. Funny he hadn't noticed it before.

"Where have you been all evening, deserter?" she chided him, smiling in mock anger. "I want to dance."

"Having my fortune read," he laughed rather uneasily.

The two graceful figures swung on to the polished floor.

(Continued on Page 22)

AN ODE TO GENTLE SPRING

ELMER HOLTREE

Trees are budding o'er the land
Lovers walking hand in hand
Now I'm sure that spring has come
For I hear the bees as they buzz and hum.

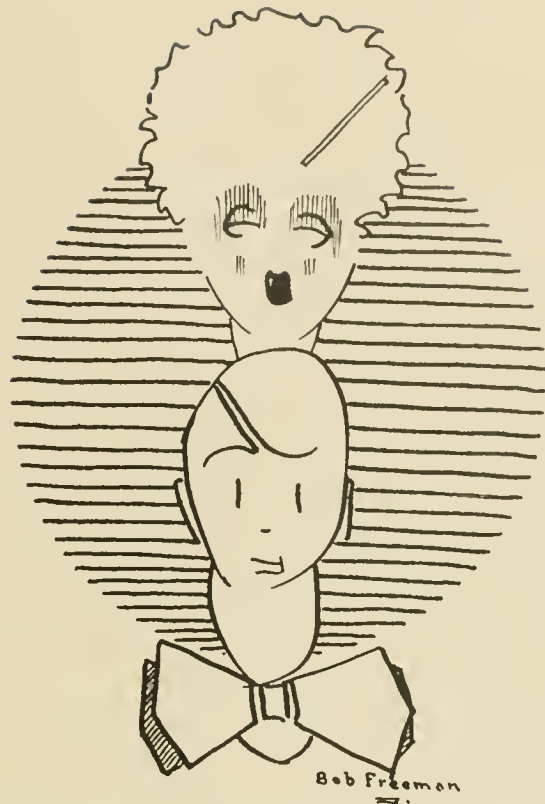
Ah, I feel a gentle breeze
Wafting through the leafy trees
How I love these glorious springs
And the happiness they bring.

The sun o'er head is shining bright
My heart within me feels quite light
I'm sure there is not anything
So wonderful as this new spring.

What! Do I feel a wintry blast?
And is the sky night overcast?
I feel a raindrop on my brow
I know it's going to rain—and how!

The raindrops fall upon my head
Indeed they feel like bits of lead
On my bare head they flail and beat
My gosh, this rain has turned to sleet!

I was sure that sprig had cub, I drow
Bud thiz dab sleet has turned to sdow
It's cold as hell ad I'b all wet
I gez id aid't quide sprigtibe yet.



Flapper—Look there's an indoor aviator.

Follower—What do ya mean?

Flapper—Th' elevator boy! Th' elevator boy!



"Down with the Wets," said the Dry as he emptied his flask."

ORIGINAL

April Showers,
Wash May's cosmetics!!

In France good drinking water is scarce and besides it is the custom to drink wine. We wonder if the "soda-pop" guy at the fair grounds goes around singing "Ice Cold Water."

"We heard the baby cry and we know it was all—a—all er—right," said the blushing mother.

Will the time ever come when we will be getting tight by drinking "sody-pop?"



"Sweet Jean up and asked me to come to her house dance. So big hearted like, I offers to pay for the bid."

"Well, did she treat you royally?"

"Yeh, I think I paid a royalty!"

Lapses Into Literature

RECOMMENDATIONS

(with and without reservations)

"The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder; Albert and Charles Boni, \$2.50 (without). A truly unusual story, written in a truly unusual style, with a romantic South American setting, and discussing the people who fell with the Bridge.

"Columbus—Undergraduate," by John A. Benn; J. B. Lippincott Company, \$2.00 (with). Being a Harrow student's impressions of Princeton University, and mentioning some of the differences between the two systems. Quite good, if one is interested.

"Show Cases," by Le Clercq; Macy-Masins, \$2.50 (with). The title should be taken literally; the book is composed of cases of people with Freudian complexes; is subtle—perhaps too subtle. Queen Victoria's remark apropos of stories of this kind might apply.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill; Boni and Liveridght, \$2.50 (without). The book of America's most talked of playwright's most talked of play since Anna Christie. The new play, which lasts from five in the afternoon until almost midnight, is a decided experiment on the American stage.

"A Son of Mother India Answers," by Dhan Gopal; E. P. Dutton, Mukerji; \$1.50 (with). A reply in defense of the country of which Katherine Mayo says so many startling things in her book—and to be read in conjunction with "Mother India."

"Great American Band Wagon," by Charles Merz; John Day Company, \$2.50. A beautifully turned description of some of our quaint American customs. Maybe the book is ironical, maybe not—at any rate it is intensely clever.

—François.

BITS FROM BOOKS

It takes the sting from evil to anticipate its visit.

—Calderon.

As for marriage,—it is a bargain of which the entrance only is free.—*Montaigne.*

William James once defined a philosopher as, "A blind man, in a dark room, looking for a black cat that isn't there."

Whoso fears evil where no harm appears,
Reaps first himself the fruit of his own fears.

—Aeschylus.

Erasmus has a new one! He speaks of one slightly oiled as, "—well whittled with nectar!"

—S—

Nor should Catullus be forgotten. Was it not he who expressed himself thus:

—The woman I love says there is no one whom she rather marry than me, not if Jupiter himself were to woo her. Says:—*but what a woman says to her ardent lover should be written in wind and running water!*—

How did he find *this* out two thousand years ago?

—S—

YOUNG MEN DRUNK WITH EGO

Drunk with a bouyant nectar,
Lilting their souciant pride,
Drenched in the brazed spirits
Confidence strides at their side.
Haughty their proud gestures,
Garbed in strict fashion's mode,
Voicing their learning broadly,
Bearing convention's load.

—Frestal.

—S—

TELL ME

Oh, tell me, Saint; oh, tell me, Sage,
You did not find it so?

There's more—far more—than death's drear charm
Where the sentinel cypress grow?

Oh, tell me, bird of deathless song,
Oh, seer of the desolate air,

When my wreath lies on the exile's hill,
Shall I be lonely there?

Oh, dare not, man, lift up the veil,
But wait that time with ease
When you'll abide beyond remorse
Like sands by tideless seas.

—Brian Denis.

—S—

TRUE TO MY HEART

What if I stole a tender kiss
Before you could deny?
What if I took the moment's bliss
And let the After die?

Ah, then you would forget me
And never dare recall
That I was one true to my heart,
Who loved you most of all.

—Brian Denis.



S

"You're all wet," says us.

"Do I look like Al Smith?" says he.

S

Visitor (gazing at weather flags on Uni Hall)—
"And can you read those flags, my little man?"

Boy—"Yes'm they all mean the same thing here
—Rain."

S

Ho—What you wearing your slicker for?

Ha—To keep the rain off.

Ho—But it isn't raining.

Ha—Well, this is Champaign and one can never
tell.

"This ain't so hot," said the lettuce as it was put
on the ice.

Bright salesman selling advertising for the
"Siren" when asked how great the circulation of the
magazine, made the following reply—"Quite large—
you see we have one on most every fire-truck in the
country.

S

During hell week at one of the fraternities on
the campus, one neophyte had to say as he ate his
meals, "I maybe pure but thank God I'm dumb." Later
in the meal when he was told to stand up and say his
piece he said in a loud voice: "I may be dumb, but
then God I'm pure."

We are glad he thinks so.

S

Getting a bit ancient may I remind you that the
U. of I. national anthem has been changed from
"Muddy-Waters" to the more or less modern melody
"Rain."

S

Co-Ed, from U. of I.—You know this University
is half-fish?"

Annudda—How come?

1st—50 per cent of its enrollment are mere-men.

2nd—Awwwwwwwwwwww.

S

Why is a girl like a bed?

'Cause neither one is ready for use until it's
made up.

S

She—Don't you feel anything on your head?"

He—"No."

She—"Well your hat's on it."

He—"Can't you see, it's not a felt hat!"

S

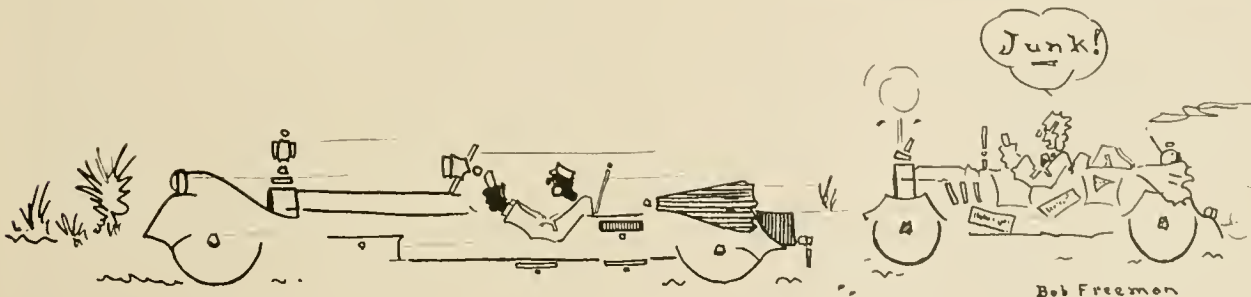
MY KINGDOM FOR A

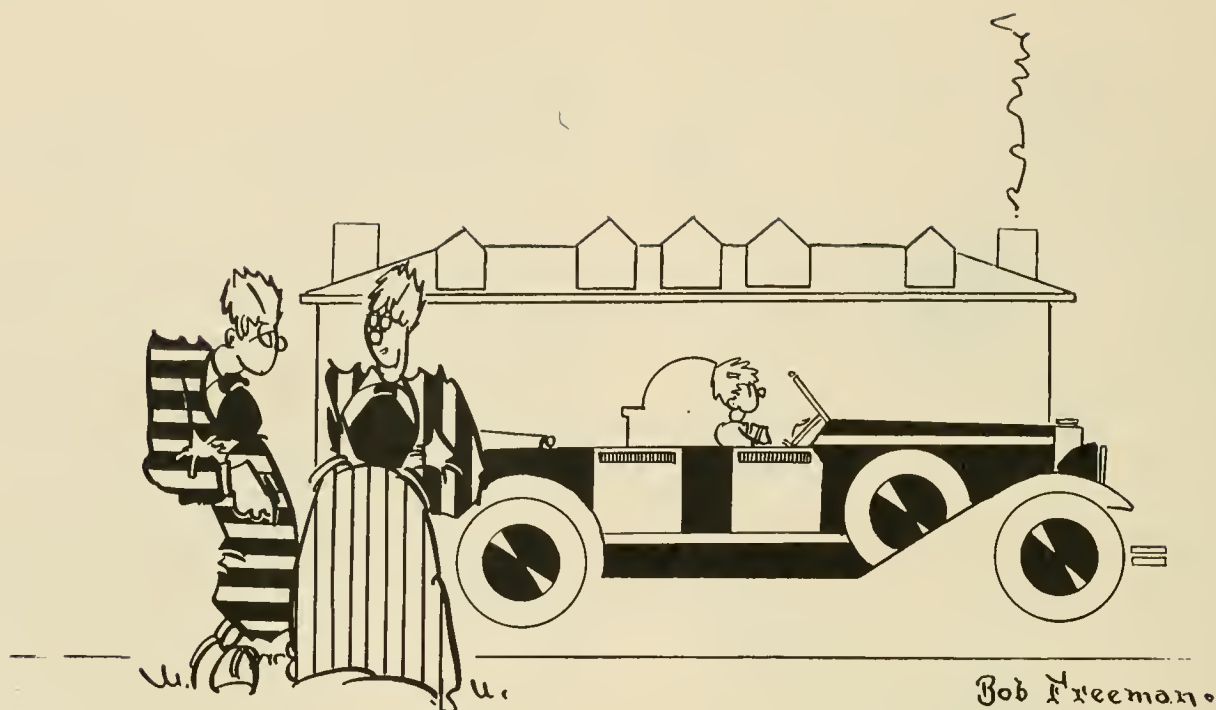
Gypsy—Vant your fortune told.

Deke—How much?

Gypsy—Two-bits.

Deke—Correct!





Last year gas killed 4,952 persons. Thirty inhaled it, 922 lit matches over it, and 4,000 stepped on it.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

He was a lover as all lovers go,
And his babe, Sal, wasn't so slow.
They went together 'bout six years
But she wouldn't say, "Yes I will."

He said that he would love her always,
At least—until he came down with palsy
But this didn't affect or even faze,
This doll of his with the hair of maize.

He tore his hair and ground his teeth,
He kicked and yelled and stomped his feet.
But still she kept her little head
And to the altar, she wouldn't be led.

Until one evening when he came to call,
He held a gun as he stalked from the hall.
He donned a sneer and then he yelled,
"Will you be mine or go to hell?"

She broke down and shed some tears,
They were tears of love, not of fear.
"I love you" she said, "You're a man of fame,
But I'll be damned if I like your name!"

—E.57.H.

WHICH ONE, PLEASE?

Puppy Love—just about the best.
Platonic Love—either too lazy or too dumb.
Brotherly Love—we suspect this one.
Cave-Man Love—impressive except as a last resort.
Sailor Love—same as a traveling salesman's.
Worship from Afar—what's the use?
Trial Love—a good excuse.
College Love—variety.
True Love—their is no such thing.—*Puppet*.

—S—

Inscription on a tomb stone—"Here lies an Athe-
ist. All dressed up and no where to go."

—*Chanticleer*.

—S—

"Why is a debutante like a letter?"

"Because she has received the stamp of public
approval and is ready for the male.—*Log*.

—S—

The fellow who said every knock was a boost
never owned a car.—*Juggler*.

—S—

THIS AUTO BE PHUNNY

Mack—Is that a six-cylinder car?

Jack—Naw it's a Buick.

(Think, Driver, Think).

—*Green Goat*.

SAY WHEN!

When we get the old biological urge to discard our heavies-----

When our sporting blood is stirred up and we don our athletic underwear-----

When the Alpha Phis take their dates out to the forest preserve between the Chi Beta house and their own-----

When the Kappas air their bedding-----

When the Thetas use their bathtub-----

When the Sigma Kappas put their yard swing out and save the furniture in the back room-----

When the light in front of the Residence Hall is broken-----

When the Alpha Delta Pis don't care whether they have a porch-----

When the Theta Phi Alphas plan to lead the senior ball with the Kappa Delta Rhos-----

When Willie Monahan gets out his blue beret-----

When the Phi Delts get out their knickers-----

When Len Sturdyvin gets out the cream colored "Old Ironside" with the top down-----

When Ruth Martin gives freshmen blackmarks for not clapping at serenades-----

When George Barrett loses that skunk coat and derby-----

When Blair French shaves his moustache-----

When Fritz Atkinson stays out of Prehn's-----

When Morry Dally goes back to the Alpha Chi Omega house-----

When Charley Myers loses his law books-----

When Herb Porter gets blind dates or Delta Gammas-----

When the Delta Phis make a noise-----

When we get letters regularly from the Dean's office-----

When the Phi Kappas have a lawn-----

When an Alpha Kappa Lambda goes to a movie at night-----

When any one from the Farm house takes a cut--

When the Delta Zetas can no longer claim that there is a girl in the house that hasn't been kissed--

When we see Harry Mitchell without a law book-----

When the A. K. L. quartette serenades the Alpha Xi Deltas-----

THEN WE CAN BE DAMN SURE THAT
SPRING IS HERE!

-----S-----

Johnny, what is a small natural reservoir called?
asked the fair young teacher.

Well--

That is correct!

STETSON HATS

Styled for Young Men



Soft hats for travel comfort—hats of Stetson quality to withstand travel wear—and Stetson style to travel as becomes a gentleman.

*Eight to
Forty Dollars*

McBroom Bros.

Cafe

Established 1908

153 North Schuyler Avenue

Kankakee Illinois

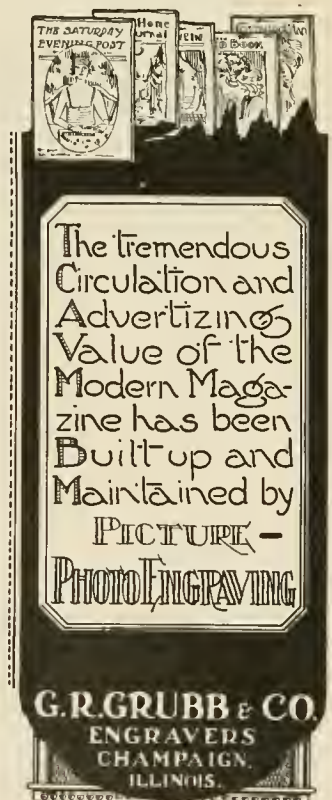
ELITE Confectionery



We Specialize in

Home Made Ice Cream
Home Made Candy
Tasty Lunches

223 NORTH NEIL STREET
Downtown Champaign



BURTON RUBS HIS NOSE

(Continued from Page 16)

"Do you put much stock in this clairvoyance stuff?" he asked as they danced.

"Sometimes. Madame Du Bein is rather famous for her prophecies. What did she tell you?"

"Lots," Lorry looked puzzled again, "Dolly."

"Yes?"

"Supposing you were going to leave school—"

"That's easy. We all expect to graduate soon."

"Yes, I know. But supposing you weren't going to leave that way. Unforeseen circumstances, you know, were going to force you to leave Prairie, before you really wanted to—"

"Is that what the fortune teller told you?"

"Well, yes, in a way. But if you were in that sort of situation what would you do?"

Lorry's mind was far away. He missed the little knowing twinkle in Dolly's eye. She answered cheerily, but with an undertone of sincerity.

"Do? Why Lorry, I'd make the best of the time I had left. I'd snap into College life with a will. I'd forget all about the future and theories of why and how, and get down to the present and make things hum. I'd start now!"

"How?"

"Drop that infernal bored look," answered Dolly earnestly, "Enjoy the dance, the music, the fellows and girls. Get into the spirit of jollity round you. Grab hold of life and make it worth while!"

The music stopped and the young people were clapping for an encore.

"By jove, I believe you've given me the cue, Dolly," cried Lorry excitedly, "I've a last chance to enjoy College life." He joined heartily in the applause and shouted loudly for more. The orchestra struck up a tune with renewed vigor.

Dolly smiled happily to herself, almost triumphantly, and suffered Lorry's breath-taking grasp without comment when he swept her onto the floor again, stepping with new energy to the staccato notes of the saxophones.

"Forget our little conversation," he called to Burton as he guided Dolly past his friend.

Burton eyed him in amazement and called his partner's attention to the changed Lorry who had been so cynical and bored with college life.

Burton continued to view his friend and Brother with gathering wonder for the next few weeks. The rest of the Chi Delts joined in his amazement. Lorry was "making things hum!"

The silver flask had been put away, and Lorry had entered whole-heartedly into the routine of life at Prairie.

Professors and Coaches alike were overjoyed at the new energy Lorry showed and the interest he took in his studies and football.

The Pi Omegas were looking forward to chocolates and flowers and the Chi Delts passed broad hints on the subject of cigars, for from all appearances Dolly was being rushed off her feet and the Campus horly expected the announcement of her engagement to Lorry. The latter had become the athlete, social, and scholastic marvel of the day.

The climax came with the big game with Mars-

(Continued on Page 24)

Ain't It a Grand and Glorious Feelin'? : : : By BRIGGS

WHEN YOUR THROAT TICKLES
WHEN YOU GET UP IN THE
MORNING AND A
CIGARETTE TASTES
TERRIBLE!



-AND YOU HAVE MORE
COUGHS THAN A SECOND
HAND CAR HAS RATTLES



- AND YOU'RE BEGINNING
TO FEEL THAT YOU OUGHT
TO CUT DOWN ON YOUR
CIGARETTES



"AND THEN A FRIEND TELLS
YOU THAT YOU'RE SMOKING
THE WRONG BLEND



"AND YOU SWITCH TO OLD
GOLDS AND FIND THERE
ISN'T A COUGH IN A
CARLOAD!



-OH-H-H- BOY! AIN'T
IT A GR-R-R-RAND
AND GLOR-R-R-IOUS
FEELIN'?!?



15¢

.. not a cough in a carload

The Roosevelt Hotel
Hollywood



BURTON RUBS HIS NOSE

(Continued from Page 22)

ton. At the last minute, with the score 14 to 10 against the home team, Lorry had intercepted a pass and run fifty-three yards to score the winning touchdown for Prairie. The campus went wild with delight and Lorry became the universal topic of conversation.

But it was at the football banquet that night, that Lorry had his greatest ovation. It was then that Doctor Kane, time-honored president of Prairie University, made his startling announcement.

"Gentlemen," he said, "You will be sorry to hear, that Lorry Hazelton, who has distinguished himself so creditably at Prairie, will be forced to leave us soon."

A hush of dismay settled over the members of the team and all the others present.

Lorry was stupefied! This was the end then. The fortune teller had been right after all. He was going to get the boot. He wondered vaguely what he had done, or rather, what had come to light.

"Lorry Hazelton," continued Doctor Kane, "has so marked himself by his scholastic and athletic energy in the last year, that the Directors have seen fit to award him the Bellows Scholarship, for three years study abroad."

The applause was thunderous. Lorry, urged to speak, mumbled his gratitude in a daze.

"The funniest thing," he told Burton later, "is that the fortune teller was right all along. But I never realized there was more than one way of being forced to leave Prairie."

"The funniest thing," corrected Burton, "is that you never realized that Dolly managed to stage the whole business. Even to the point of tipping off Madame Du Bein as to what to tell you. She managed it all—just to wake you up."

"But the very funniest thing," laughed Lorry, "is that I found out about that from her later, and," he grinned happily as he flipped back his coat to show his vest, bared of the jewelled Chi Delta badge, "and for punishment, Dolly has promised to manage me from now on."

"Well I'll be - - - - -" grasped Burton, excitedly rubbing the side of his nose with a boney forefinger.

End.

Just Out!—WHAT?

Vaky's Vegetarian Candy

A wholesome food made of fresh cocoanut, cherries, figs, dates, nuts, and honey. *Let's have some!*

50 CENTS PER POUND DELIVERED



3 Main Street
Call 8225



Now, it's gonna be a distinction to wear FLAT feet....You know, LINDY FEET!!!!

S

Pify—I just adore these Alpha Cigs.

Fify—Yea, but me for these Omega Cigs.

Pify—Boy! These Alphas are the first word in cigs.

Fify—Yea, but these Omega Cigs are the LAST word!

Pify—I'd walk a mile for an Alpha Cig.

Fify—But these Omega Cigs satisfy, and HOW!

Pify—But are these Alpha Cigs easily lit up tho!

Fify—Yea, but these Omega Cigs LAST.....

S

O. I. C. U.

Windy spurts,

From Western skies,

(Play Heck!)

With coed's skirts,

And.....men's.....eyes!!!!

—The Student Prince.

Enjoy your stay in Champaign by making yourself at home at the

HOTEL INMAN

Dining Room in Connection
Service A la Carte
Table d' Hote

Private Dining Rooms for
Meetings and Banquets

FIREPROOF
MODERN

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Station on University Avenue.

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THE STORE FOR ILLINOIS MEN

SHIRTS

New Spring Styles

Better shirt values in
better shirts—that's the new
idea. Through a special purchase
we secured hundreds of quality shirts
for men in the new patterns and colors.
Special prices on these excellent shirts are

\$1.65

3 for \$4.75

\$1.95

3 for \$5.50

Jos. Kuhn & Co.

DOWNTOWN—CHAMPAIGN



Kaptain Klean Says:

"Why do I spend my money for this ad in the Siren?"

"Because I believe you Siren readers want the best in

LAUNDRY
DRY CLEANING
PRESSING
PLEATING
RUG CLEANING

and that's just what you can get at the

WHITE LINE
LAUNDRY

—4206—4207—
3030

Harry J. Millard

M. G. Snyder



Did you read of the actress who swallowed a tube of gold paint and then said, "Oh how guilty I feel?"

DUMB RIME

A guy wot I hate,
Is Luke Warm McSpire,
He burns all my matches,
And den hollers "FIRE!"
—*The Student Prince.*

First Astronomer—"Jupiter eat out?"
Second Ditto—"Saturnly."—*Brown Jug.*

Impatient Business Man (scolding his steno)—
"Say, who taught you to typewrite? Chaucer?"

Why—"I almost tore my new suit on a nail yesterday."

And why not—"Would you call that a clothes shave?"

Seniors!

How About Your Thesis Titles?

These should be looked after by those who know how they should be printed!

100 Per Cent Perfect

Was our record last year and we printed more than ever before. Not a title was sent back on account of wrong typography, and that's our intention for this year.

See that we get yours.

Marriott & Miles

PRINTERS

110 North Walnut Street—Upstairs
PHONE 8698 Champaign

MY FORMAL APPEAL

I am a little freshman
And go to this big school
I ain't never had a date
So I an't nobody's fool.

A girl wud never worry me
I never once did rate.
But something must'a hap'nd
As seems the case of late.

I can't even fig'er it
Cause now they are so sweet
Why one, just to walk with me
Walked right acros't the street.

But as I am nobody's fool
I fig'er'd it this way
Our formal dinner dance
Is a week from yesterday.

E.57.H.



'Tuxedo vestings by Catoir now
include smart Black-and-White
effects—exclusive and correct.

CATOIR

VESTINGS FACINGS LININGS



When the Gloom Gang Gets You Down

When that little gang of gloom imps commence working on you watch out! When the exam papers come back marked—well not so good—when dyspepsia gets a strangle hold upon you, when "the girl leaves" or "you get left," that's when you need a Virginia treatment!

When everything looks tough, and seems to be getting tougher. When the sky is cloudy, and the silver lining has turned to gray, beat it to the Virginia. You'll forget your troubles—real and imagined—you'll come out feeling better and you'll be ready to buck the line for straight "A."

COMING SOON

Harold Lloyd in "SPEEDY"

Gilda Gray in "THE DIVE DANCER"

Dolores Del Rio in "RAMONA"

Mary Pickford in "MY BEST GIRL"

John Gilbert in "THE COSSACKS"

Marion Davies in "THE PATSY"

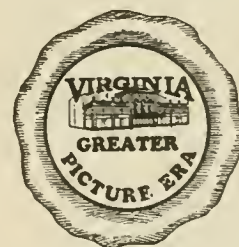
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AN ILLINI INSTITUTION

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APRIL 23, 24, and 25

THE FAMOUS AIR EPIC

"Legion of Condemned"

with
FAY WRAY
GARY COOPER

Virginia Prices

Eat, Drink and Be Merry
for
Tomorrow Ye May Die!

A Dish of

CHAMPAIGN ICE CREAM

Will Add Zest to Any Celebration
Just Phone

—4175— or —4176—



"This panes me," said the window frame as the glazer put the glass in.

—S—

AT THE ARCADE

Across the aisle,

The coeds smoke,

I choke meanwhile,

And that's no joke.

—*The Student Prince.*

—S—

Bim—"I played a trick on our hen last week. I gave her a dozen golf balls to sit on."

Bo—"What happened?"

Bim—"She hatched four eagles and eight birdies."—*Brown Jug.*

—S—

I bet she wouldn't marry me, and she called my bet and raised me five.—*Mink.*

—S—

Is he dumb? Why, he thinks the pole vault is where Poland's unknown soldier is buried.—*Log.*



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Illinois' Only Cooperative Bookstores

GOLF *and* TENNIS

You'll find what you need
at our stores!

THE REAL CO-OP

ENGINEERS' CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY

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Visit
the
Lytton
College
Shop

THE LYTTON
Henry C. Lytton & Sons
CHICAGO

GIRL FRIEND—What Gives Tom That Well-Bred Appearance—A Four Year Loaf?
BOY FRIEND—No—Merely a Well Cultivated Acquaintance with the Lytton College Shop.

"One Man Tells Another"



Braeburn Alibis

....what's the idea in coming
to college in a uniform,
...they told me all college
men dressed in uniform,
....kreckt. But the uniform's
a Braeburn.



Many a misguided mortal
finally finds his way
to the fold.

Smart Spring
Braeburns

\$35 \$40 \$45

Rosens'
Mens Stylists

Downtown—Champaign

MAMA TO SON!

DEAR SON:

" and keep away from those dreadful
co-eds, please, for my sake. Yours lovingly,
MA.

DEAR MA:

"I am very careful, mother. Just today one of
them co-eds winked at me, but I wouldn't even
budge."

SON.

DEAR MA:

"The co-ed sittin' next to me in History lecture,
nudged me with her arm, but I only smiled, Ma!"

SON.

DEAR MA:

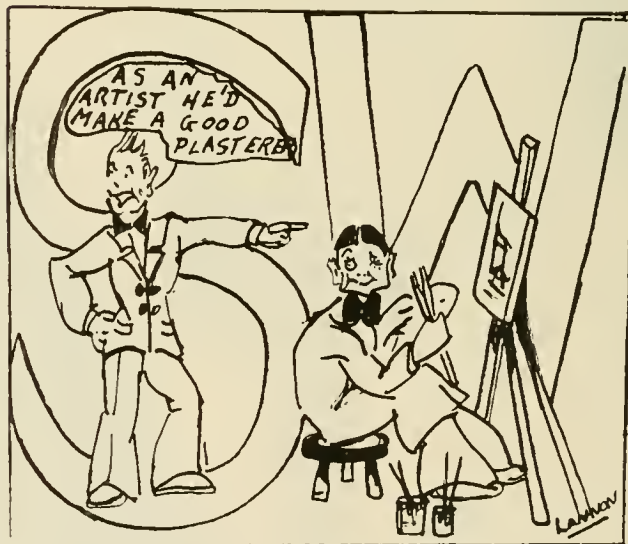
"I helped one of those co-eds with her coat, Ma,
and she said: 'Thank you!', but don't worry, Ma! I
only said: 'Ya welcome!'"

SON.

DEAR MA:

"While eatin' in the Arcade, one of them co-eds
had to pay her check but had no money, so I paid
it for her, Ma. Then she asked me how 'could she
ever repay me,' but I said: 'You dont needs to,'
. Ma.

SON.



Paint Headquarters for

SORORITIES

FRATERNITIES

Easy Payments If Desired

Chas. F. Williams Co.

CALL 9278

322 North Neil Street

Champaign, Illinois

DEAR MA:

"Ma, one of these co-eds which I helped with some homework, was hard up, so I let her kiss me, Ma! But don't worry, Ma!"

SON.

DEAR MA:

"Went out on a blind date, Ma, and I was a little 'blind' too, Ma, and don't know what happened. But, I am very careful, Ma!"

SON.

DEAR MA:

"Somehow or other I got engaged, Yea, Ma! But you don't have to worry, Ma!"

SON.

DEAR MA:

"Just got MARRIED to one of them co-eds, Ma! But don't worry Ma, I'm gonna get a DIVORSE! Right now!"

—THE STUDENT PRINCE.

S

WATER

Mid—"Hear about the guy who fell into the bay last week?"

Repeat—"Did he drown?"

Again—"No, a passing fisherman threw him a bar of soap and he washed himself ashore."—Log.

S

Featuring the New Le De Bert Compacts and Perfume to Match

in 4 creations

Black—Sophistication

Green—Adventure

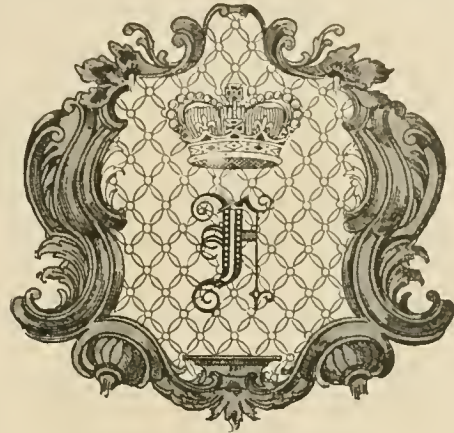
Blue—Roman

White Gaeity

KAMERER BROS. DRUG STORE

SIXTH AND DANIEL

We Make Friends and We Keep Them



APPAREL

THOSE INTERESTED IN SURVEYING THE NEWEST DEVELOPMENTS IN CLOTHES AND HABERDASHERY FOR SPRING WILL GAIN A MOST EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGE BY ATTENDING THE NEXT FINCHLEY EXHIBITION TO BE HELD AT YOUR SCHOOL.

WATCH COLLEGE BULLETINS FOR
DATES AND PLACES OF EXHIBITIONS.

HATS : HABERDASHERY : SHOES
LEATHER GOODS : LUGGAGE
CRAVATS : WOOLIES

CLOTHES FOR CAMPUS, SPORTS
AND FORMAL USAGE.



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NEW YORK CHICAGO

The Three Points

1. Quality that approaches well nigh perfection.
 2. Courtesy—the result of business dealings.
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Spalding's Drug Store

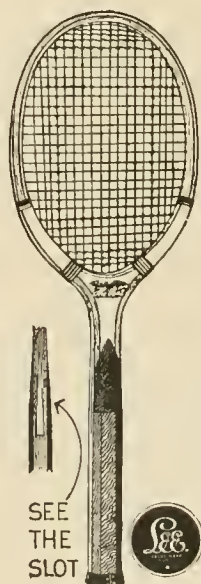
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ning at the Urbana-
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Lee Slot Throat Tennis
Rackets
Dreadnaught Drivers
\$17.50 and \$12.50

Lee "Bat"
\$17.00 and \$13.50
Vincent Richards, Jr.
\$7.50

Top Flite
\$15.00

4 McGregor Clubs and
Sunday Bag
\$6.25

4 McGregor Clubs and
3-Stay Bag
\$8.00

BAILEY & HIMES

Athletic Headquarters for the Campus

"Chuck" Bailey

Shelby Himes



"Dear Doctor," say the boys.

"Feeling No Pain."

"—And how about that which is elegant for the campus gentlemen,—and law students?"

"It's here." In plenteous quantities.—And of the best and most exclusive, of course."

R—Prescription for Smart men:

"A Light Spring Suit of dashing woollens; a Cravat that lends a cheery note; Shirts of White that lend dignity and Hose and Accessories that serve to make the whole much smarter."

Shake well and apply locally.

—By DOC OF

Richards-Eskew, *Inc.*

Union Arcade



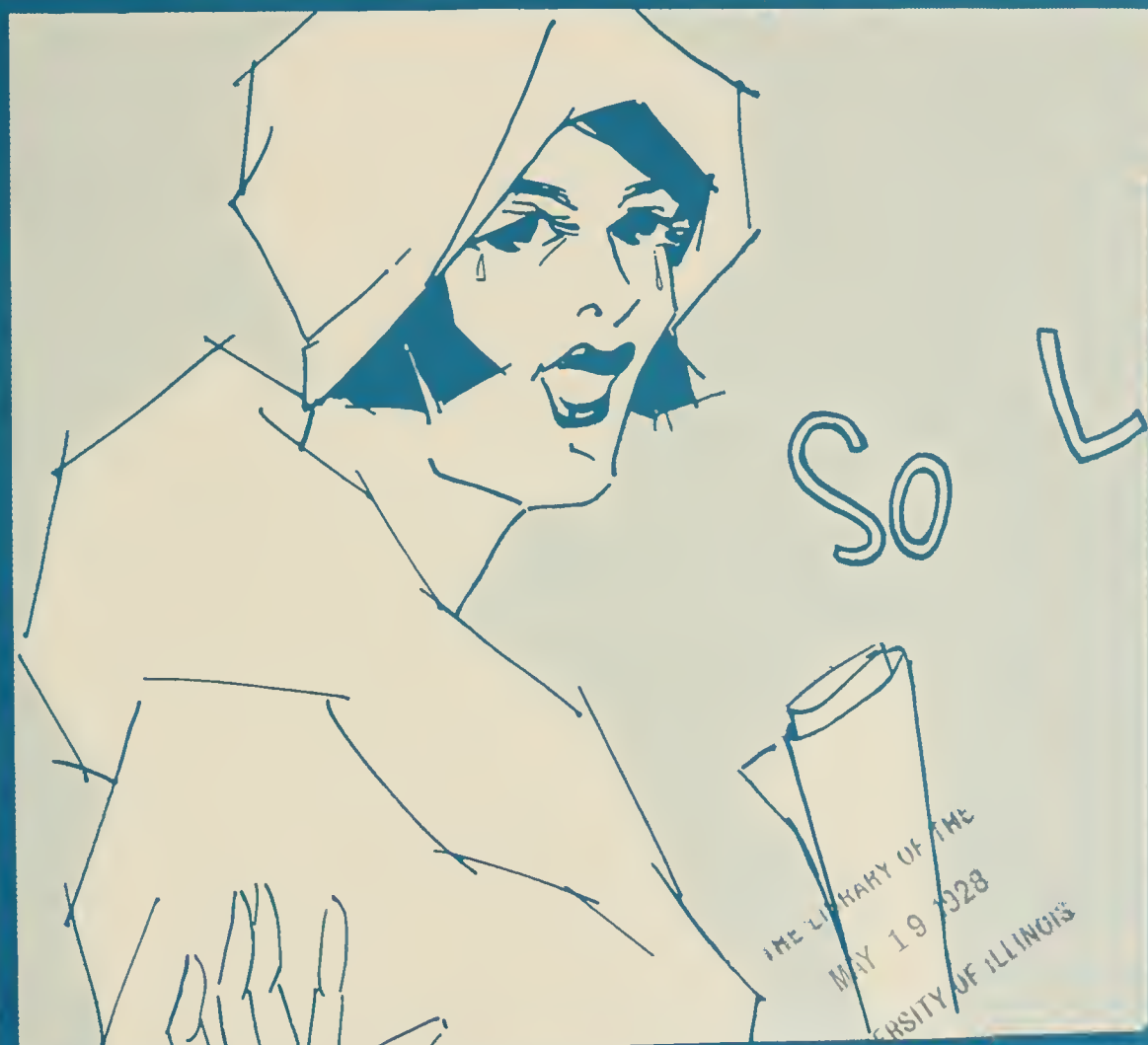
SEEK YE NO FURTHER, DIOGENES

THIS jobbie Diogenes was a Greek who left his fruit stand for the commendable purpose of questing for honesty by good old-fashioned lamp-light. And now, loud and ever clearer, rings the cry from the honsetops: "Diogenes — throw away your lantern . . . here's an honest cigarette! Have a Camel!"

Camels have but one raison d' être—to pack the smoke-spots of the world with the "fill-fullment" every experienced smoker seeks. Fill your own smoke-spot with a cool cloud of Camel smoke, and hear it sing out—"Eureka!" (from the Greek, "Eureka," meaning—"Oboy, here 'tis!").

Side

I C R R

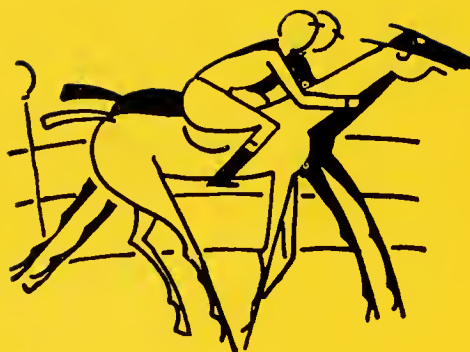


THE LIBRARY OF THE
MAY 19 1928
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS



So Long!

5



Thoroughbreds of Fashion

Not many days now, before the smart men of the campus will leave for vacation. But wherever they may be, they will be "Thoroughbreds of Fashion." If you purchase carefully now, you'll be "neck and neck" with the best; but if you wear the "Gelvinized Colors," the femmes won't be able to count the lengths between you and the next in line. Be off on the right foot in the Summer fashion race.

"Get Gelvinized"



802 Republic Building
Chicago, Illinois

611 East Green Street
Champaign, Illinois

644 South State Street
Madison, Wisconsin



P.A. wins on every count

ANY way you figure it, P.A. is better tobacco. Take fragrance, for instance. Your well-known olfactory organ will tell you. And taste—who can describe that? And mildness—you couldn't ask for anything milder.

Yes, Sir, P.A. is cool and comfortable and mellow and mild. Long-burning, with a good clean ash. You never tire of P.A. It's always the same old friendly smoke. Get yourself a tidy red tin and check everything I'm telling you!

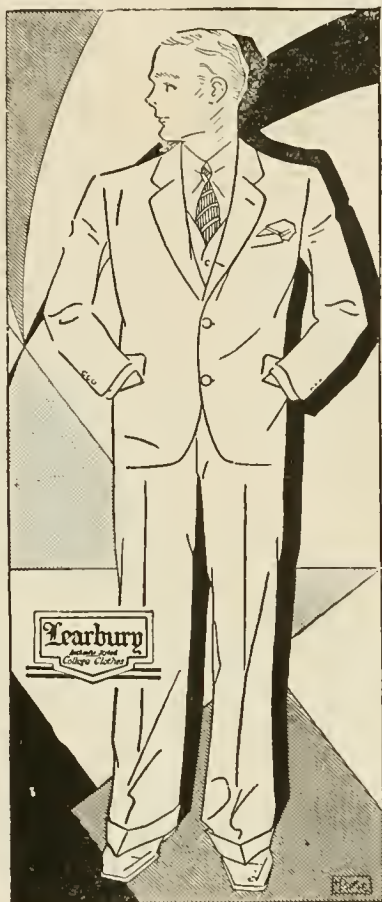


PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

*The more you know
about tobaccos, the
more you appreciate
P.A.*

"One Man Tells Another"



Learbury sponsors the extreme soft-roll jacket which buttons to three or rolls to the second button—

Learbury's Smart Suits to be had now during our

SEMESTER-END
CLEARANCE

\$29.50

Rosers'
"Men's Stylists"

DOWNTOWN—CHAMPAIGN

CHOOSING THE STENO.

"The stenographer we require," ran the ad, "must be fast, absolutely accurate, and must have human intelligence. If you are not a cracker-jack, don't bother us."

This is the answer that they received: Your advertisement appeals to me strongly—stronger than prepared mustard, as I have searched Europe, Airopo, Irope, and Hoboken in quest of someone who could use my talents to an advantage. When it comes to this chin-music proposition, I have never found man, woman, or dictaphone who could get to first-base on me, either fancy or catch-as-catch-can. I can write short-hand so fast that I have to use a specially prepared pencil with a platinum point and a water-cooling attachment: a note pad of asbestos, ruled with sulphuric acid, and stitched with cat-gut. I run with my cutout open at all speeds and am, in fact a guaranteed, double-hydraulic welded, drop forged, and oil tempered specimen of human lightning on a perfect 36 frame ground to 1-1000 of an inch.

If you would avail yourself of a life time opportunity, wire me, but not unless you are fully prepared to pay the tariff for such service don't bother me, as I am so nervous I can't stand still long enough to have my dress fitted.

S

For the Love of Carol

Ah, Dear,—What is this power that you wield,

The disarming look in that sweet face;

My heart would need a stronger shield

To deny the thrill of your fond embrace.

The tender look of expressive eyes,

The burning taste your priceless kiss,

Have seared my soul like Hell's own fires,—

Could man ask more than this?

And now you'll leave me Mondaynext,—

Oh—sad will be that day.

Don't you pity the bird in his nest,

As he watches his mate fly away?

But then can't you picture the torch-like flare

Of fervor, of passion, of love,

When the bird wings on in his avenue of air—

And finds his mate above?

Oh—I'll find you, Carol, and it won't be long,

And then 'twill be fair weather;

For our hearts will sing the same dear song

When we walk up the path together.

—A.A.F.'29.

What Shakespeare says about Coca-Cola



King Richard III
Act I, Scene 2

“Framed in
the prodigality of
nature” ~

What's the difference if King Richard III did live several centuries ago? Shakespeare wrote his speech and Shakespeare wrote for the ages. Both liked to refresh themselves. Maybe Shakespeare saw the handwriting on the wall—one of those Coca-Cola ads, reading:

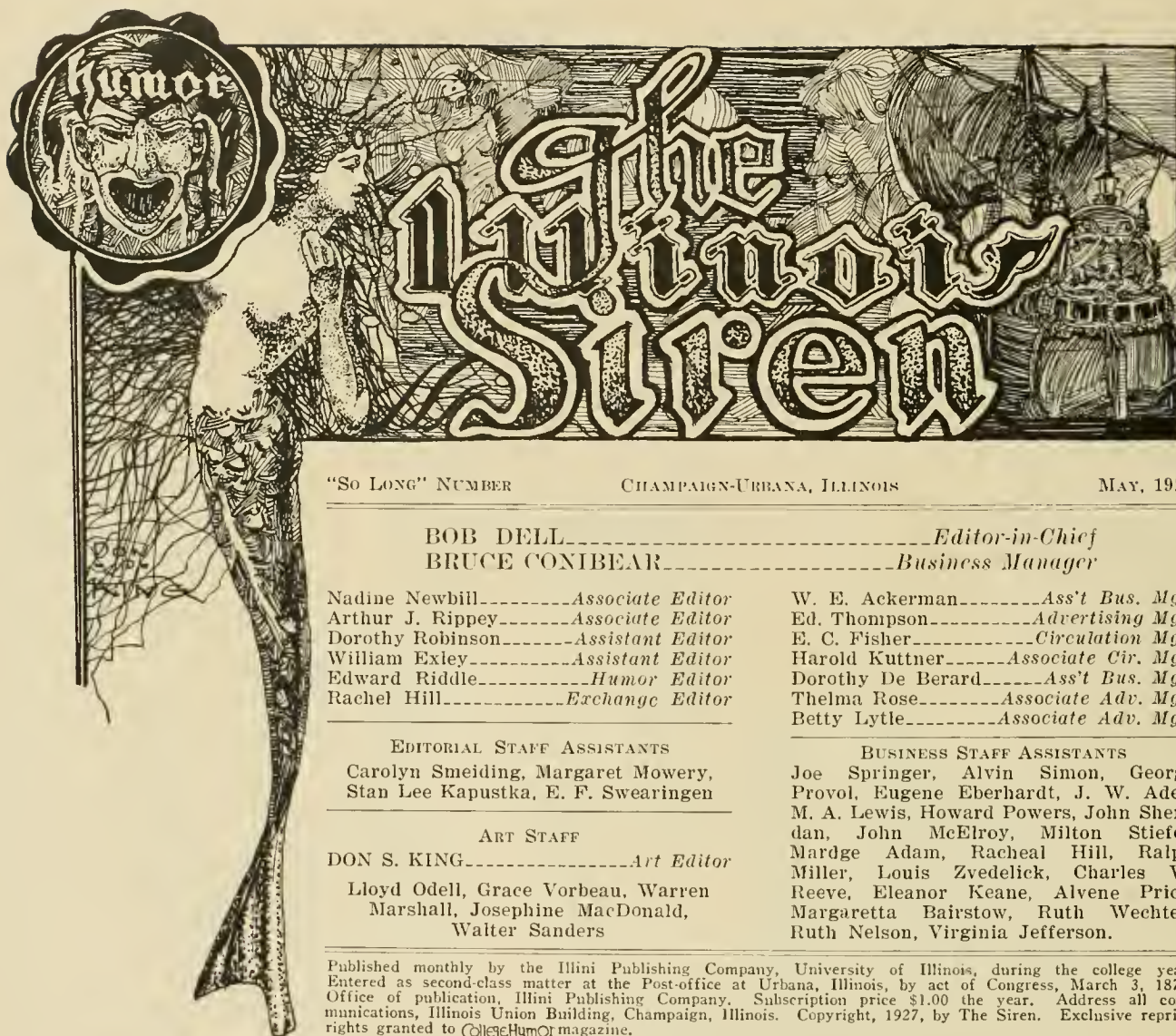
*Good things from nine sunny
climes poured into a single glass.*

The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

*8 million
a day*

IT HAD TO BE GOOD TO GET WHERE IT IS

4-CM



"So Long" NUMBER

CHAMPAIGN-URBANA, ILLINOIS

MAY, 1928

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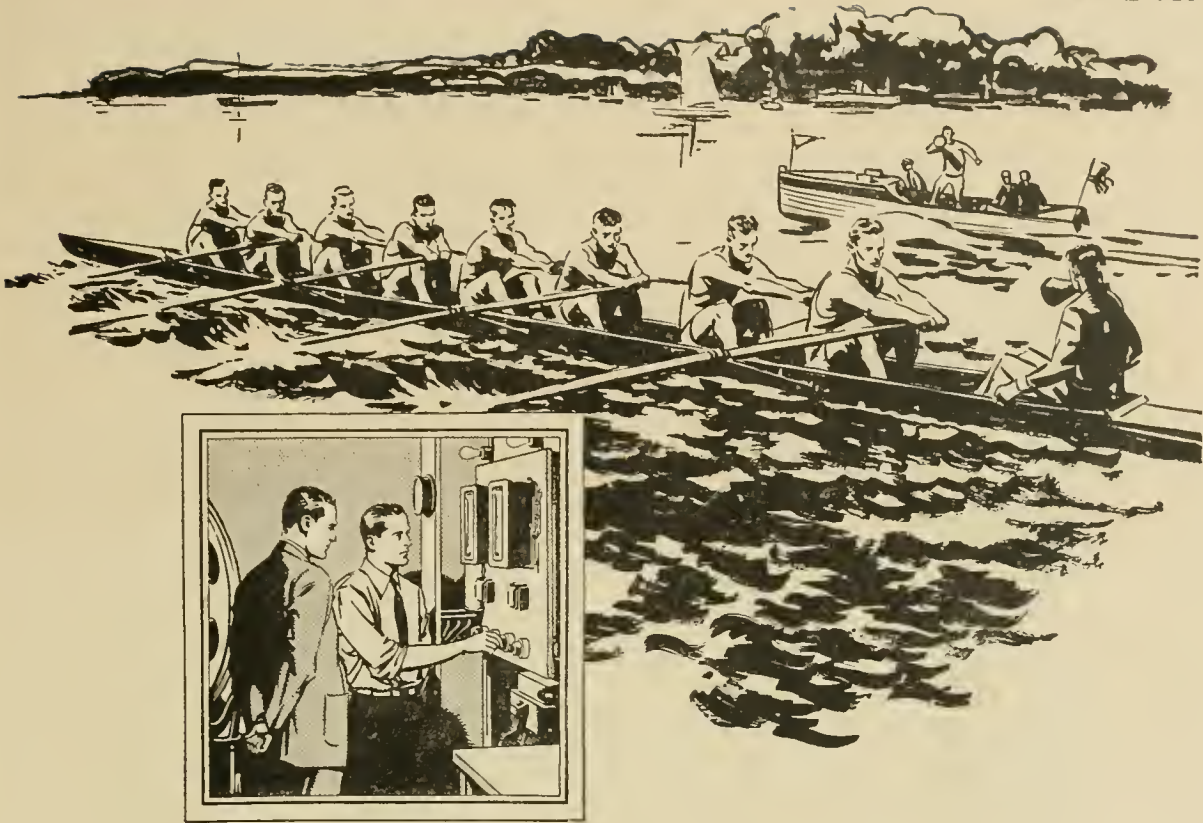
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Ye Ed Squeaks

HELLO—and—GOOD BY! That's what we are saying with this issue. We may be a little previous, but soon you will all be dealing out fond farewells. And the SIREN must always be "first in war, first in peace—and first in the wastebasket—" so here is our "So LONG" number. We couldn't call it "Good By." That sounds so kinda permanent, like a wave—of the hand. And "An Revoir" was too hard to pronounce, so it's really "See You Later." We could say so much, and there isn't space—but, you know we're going to miss all you who have passed the four-year hardship test. And you're going to miss us! You're going to be lonely for the spirit of fun and jazz that pervades our noble institution. Oh, we don't want to rub it in, but you could insure yourself of a connection with the laughs and chuckles of campus wit, if you take time now to drop into the office and sign up now for next year's SIREN. "College Humor" only prints some of our ILLINOIS mirth-making, but you can have it all in the SIREN. So why not give yourself a treat for the coming year? And you've no idea how popular you'd be with rest of the grads in your home town, if you always have a current copy of the old SIREN on your drawing room table. Think it over—and, oh yes! Have a good time this summer, all of you—Well—(sob)—SO LONG!



Where “good enough” isn’t—

WAS there ever a “good enough” stroke? Was there ever a winning crew—or, in the business world, a progressive industry—perfectly satisfied with its own coordination?

This self-criticising viewpoint at Western Electric has brought together chemist and mechanical engineer to improve ceramic making methods; mechanical engineer and metallurgist to create new wire-drawing processes, production engineer and personnel manager to create new records for stabilized employment.

There is no resting on the oars in this work of building the nation’s telephone equipment. The pace itself sets continually new standards for men with vision, the ability to co-ordinate, and the will to achieve.



Western Electric

SINCE 1882 MANUFACTURERS FOR THE BELL SYSTEM

something



-dreadful has happened to Oscar

It's the new plus nines—the angle of the Dunhill—the way he speaks familiarly of Bond Street, *Folies Bergère*, *Linthouse*.

Oscar has been to Europe. With College Humor's Collegiate Tour.

It couldn't be helped. Everybody goes nowadays. And Oscar picked the tour of them all. College Humor's—with a college jazz band, famous writers, artists and athletes from every campus. The special parties in Paris.

Oscar made a hundred new friends. He has a broader outlook on life. He's a changed man.

Oscar has been to Europe.

Winners of the \$2000 Art Contest

the pick of 10,000 drawings by 1,589 artists appear complete in the May *College Humor* on sale April first. Don't miss this number.

College Humor's Tour to Europe
1050 No. LaSalle St., Chicago. CC3

Your twenty-nine day tour of four countries, all expenses paid for \$375, sounds good to me. Send me all the details quick, before your membership is filled.

Name

Address

LILY

Lily was a lonely girl,—
Indeed, a charming daughter
For any preacher and his wife;
Her code: "I hadn't oughter."
She wore her hair
Quite long (and straighter)
And dropped her eyes
When e'er the waiter
Brought the soup. She wore
Big glasses too, and laced her
Shoes up to her knees:
Too bad no one has replaced her.

S

With airplanes coming to vogue I guess the younger generation will cease going to the dogs, but instead, to the birds.

S

Scene—Two what-u-call-em Hobos. One at a stand-up and one at a sit down, riding along on the usual conveyance, the good old freight train. Not so far off in the distance, it can be seen a bridge—of which it was a clearing of not so very much.

Says the hobo at the sit-down—"Duck."

Replies the hobo at the stand up, gazing placidly at the birds "wending their way to their shelter home"—"Hell! them ain't ducks them's geese."

Very sad!

S

"Why does the little man of four feet eight whistle "Me and My Shadow" as he trots down the dark alley at 2 A. M.?"

"I dunno—Why?"

"Cause he hasn't got a mouth organ."

S

'31—Wher'dja get the sweater?

'28—Jersey, I think.

'31—How much d'cost 'im?

'28—Oh, down at Gelvin's.

'31—What kind is it?

'28—Fer six dollars.

'31—Any more like it?

'28—Oh yes, this zlast one.

S

Sigma Alpha Iota—How do you like Mozart's works?

The-boy-from-Gary—I don't know. What kind of a factory is it?

S

I: "I hear Lindy is a very nervous man."

O: "How-zat?"

U: "He is always up in the air."

S

American—"And how do you like the mrrery-go-round."

Englishman—"No end, old thing, no end."

—Cornell Widow.



Last Impressions of Green Street!



"SO LONG" ISSUE

VOLUME XVIII

MAY 23rd

NUMBER VIII

COME BACK

A SLIGHT PARODY

In an old vine covered building, lookin' eastward
to the sea,
There's a dean o'men a-settin', an' I know he thinks
of me;

For the wind is in the elm-trees, an' the proctors
seem to say:

"Come you back you college student come you back
we'll let you stay!"

Come you back we'll let you stay,

Where the old professors pray:

Can't you hear their moans of anguish since you
packed and went away?

Come you back we'll let you stay,

Where the college boys all play,

An' the dean comes out like thunder from his den
across the way!

Ship me somewhere to a campus, where the worst
is not so bad,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments and vir-
tue's not the fad

For the college life is callin', an' it's there that I
would be—

In the tumble-down old frat house, for it's good
enough for me—

"Come you back we'll let you stay where the col-
lege boys play

Can't you hear the ukes a' strummin

"On the Road to Mandalay."

Come you back we'll let you stay

Where the college boys play

An' the dean comes out like thunder from his den
across the way!"

—W.A.L.

—S—

Are you going home for good?

No, just a little change.

UNIVERSITY AFLOAT

(on the Boneyard)

Paul Green, A. X. P., in the light of his past experience, is now going to demonstrate some gen-u-ine ability along educa-tional lines. Having been regis-tered in the 'real thing' he has been able to fully observe the mis-takes of the pioneers in this field. He has mapped out the following program for those who will join his *Campus Tours*:

1. Those desiring registration on my raft will meet at the dock . . . Wright St. and the Boneyard. Time: 10 P. M. any day this week.

2. Chaperones and other excess baggage such as books, type-writers (unless blond) and so forth must be left ashore.

3. No one who can swim will be admitted, without a doctor's guarantee.

4. Only courses offered are: Astronomy (no texts used); uke-lele (ring your own instru-ments); vocal (unless pronounced disturbing by a two-thirds ma-jority).

5. Physical examination re-quires a statement of the average number of gallons displacement, and the color of the hair and eyes.

6. Ticklish people are required to take corrective gymnasium.

Professor Green absolutely guarantees themental, moral and social uplift of his little gather-ing of proteges.

WHAT A GIRL!

A Shirt Tale in One Part

By the Student Prince

One sunny day, when the moon was shining britely like an over-blitzed R.O.T.C. brass-button and when the moveing stars twinkled like a blonde's left eye amid the drowsy shades of the droopin' eyebrows, Aw, what's the use this ain't no Rhet. theme Anyway, it was one of those days about which the weather foreceasts talk about when they tell us the degrees of Fair-and-heat, and why it will not rain in Chambana, when we know damn well it will.

On this particular night, I was returning from my day's labors, I am employed as the chief advertising agent for the Snipe-hunter's Gazette, and an unusually hard day it was, what with all them damn snipe-hunters I had to cope with dissatisfied customers, so they expostulated. I had a helluva time convincein' them that "it pays to advertise," but then we got to talkin' about the feasibility of snipe-huntin' at half-moon rather than at quarter-moon, and so I squeezed out a measly one-page Ad. What a job it was, but I gotta urn a livin'.

So on this particular night, when the reliable cuckoo piped four o'clock, I was one of the human drops streaming from the office of the Snipe-Hunter's Gazette, my office being located on the 78th floor and walked down because the elevator was paralyzed with lumbago, stage-fright, or some sea-sickness like that, and we still had some apple-cider so we kept the Doe away.

So on this especially particular night, I managed to nab an overcrowded Shortline trolley, with the aid of some P. E. tricks I learnt in P. E. 32, and nudged and squirmed my self to the front, where I Robinson Crusoad and Columbused a lone strap, from which I hung therefore, Q. E. D.

While reading the horrorscope of the Gazette, the Conny yelled out "E. Nevada" so I hadda disembark. I got off before the Conny could yell: "The Council of Administration," and continued to finish the horrorscope. Ye gods! It was my BIRTHDAY! Well, of all the, et cetera. I have reached my 21st milestone. I stepped on it, now, for then I recalled the pleasant surprise parties on the occasions of my past birthdays. There was the time I got a monkey doll, then a pair of garters, then woolen B. V. D's, then a jews-harp, then many other

things. I reached my abode in a couple minutes, and was greeted with the beaming smiles of my mother. I lost no time in piping the question: "What is it, this time, Ma?"

So on this particular night, she didn't say a word but led me into the living room, and wouldja ever meditate it? I'll give ya 98 guesses Boy, but she was some beauty, a lovely creature. Why hadn't I ever piped a dame like this before. She haddit over any of the pifys, delta zetas or aopis. Now I know why Nero fiddled at the barndance when Rome was full of flaming fire-crackers and Roman candles; or why Adam like a damphool ate the apple with the form in it, or why Caesar said: "I came, eye saw, I was suffocated!" Boy, anyway she was a peach of a peach, those eyes, those lips, that nose, that chin, and those, etc.

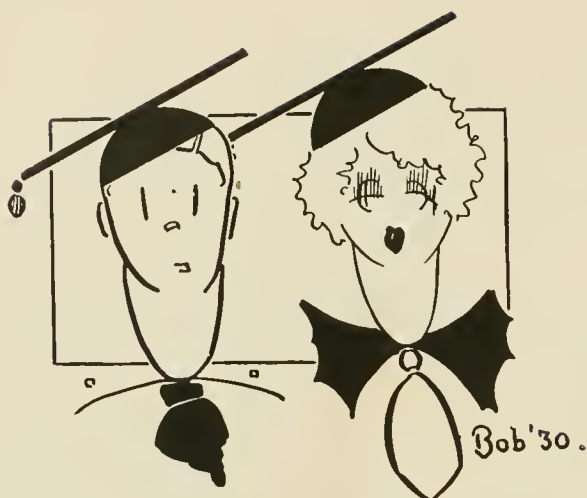
On this particular night I was introduced to her by my good ole uncle, who I hope gets a bad break with his rheumatism, cause I need some dough. Hot heir, eh! Yea, I was introduced to her, as I spoke in the aforementioned lines, but her name escaped me! Oh, yes, Anasthasia, was her name! It could have been Anathema or anything for all I cared. For once the name didn't matter a half a damn!

If there was ever such a thing as "love-at-first-site," boy, you can bet your over-worked brain, that this was a very good specimen of it. I am not shoot-in' you a line of advertisin' bull, hell no! I am serious, for once in my young life. Could she wink, and sigh and roll them eyes and exhibit those ivories. Yea, 4 out of 5 have "IT," but she was the fifth one who never bragged about "IT." My heart acted very peeuiliarly; it kept floating around the alimentary canal, and it seemed, on some of my floating ribs, so funny I felt. Um-m-m-m-m-m!!!!

But, anyway, on this particular night, you know how it is when a lass from the innocent farms meets a bashful guy. Anyway, I was bashful for once: that damned blood seemed to crowd all into my face for the helluvit. It made me blush! Such an angel that she was We did not speak to each other, tho I was known to have uttered strange mutterings, er—hieroglyphics, so to speak. But that did not last long. Howinell could it? We became better acquainted, and the inevitable happened, nothin'

(Continued on Page 22)

The SIREN



College ain't what it used to be, I'm glad I'm graduating.

Why, it's getting to a point where you have to give 'em diamond rings to get engaged now!

Little Jew—"Chakey! Chakey! Come on in and et yourself. Ma, she's on the table. And pa, he's half et already."

Oh—"What makes a cavalry-man look like a stuffed bird?"

Hio—"He's mounted."

Visitor (first trip to U. S. after the 18th amendment)—"I say, ole topper, all your good-by signs are gone."

Host—"What do you mean by "good-by" signs?"

Visitor—"Yas, they had one on every corner, you know, what was it, a - a - a 'Saloon'?"

Will you always love me like you do now?

Always.

How boring!

Graduate—Yes, I've studied History, Economics, Accountancy, English, Sociology, Chemistry, and Ibsen.

Father—Now how are you going to get a job?

Graduate—Gosh! I guess I forgot to take that course.

Abie—Rosie vas only a co-ed but, oy, how she could edd to mine troubles!

Ma—Sonny, where did you get that balloon?

Sonny—Out of brother's suitcase when he came home from college. He said they used a lot of 'em at the house-dance.

Old—Hear about the graduating Ag. student?

Gold—No, what did he do buy a lamb to get his sheep-skin?

Flapper—Look there's an indoor aviator.

Follower—What do ya mean?

Flapper—Th' elevator boy! Th' elevator boy!

"Sweet Jean up and asked me to come to her house dance. So big-hearted like, I offers to pay for the bid."

"Well, did she treat you royally?"

"Yeh, I think I paid a royalty!"

Teacher—"Did a stork bring you Jimmie?"

Jimmy—"No'm, it was a lark."

"What's all the cuspidors doing around here?"

"Dunno—shows poor taste.—Cynic."

What does the University monogram say?

I've got my I. on U.



Fly—I have the greatest respects for my creditors.
Hi—Why don't you pay your respects before you go.



Butler—There's a young college man downstairs, Ma'am, says he's your son.

Aristocrat—I haven't seen my son for 7 years. What does he look like?

Butler—He has a diploma in his hand, Ma'am.

Aristocrat—Show him the door, James. That isn't my son.



Graduating Senior—Well, so long!
Jealous Junior—Yeh, took you six years, didn't it?

Him—"Didja ever notice that almost every Swede is a blonde?"

Her—"They must all be light-headed, huh?"
(Slap.)

Two small urchins trying to break way through crowd first, "Aw wots da use?"

Second, looking at letters in the crowd; "Univosity Utah, I guss."

Wasn't it lucky for the Cyclops that Ulysses said his name was Noman and not Iman's?

"Why is a woman like a grave?"

"I dunno, is it cause they are generally the last thing in a person's life?"

"Well, Thank God, they're last and not first!"

One—"What's an optomist?"

Two—"A friend that sends you a Bon Voyage package of food on your first trip across."

Said the Dentist gazing at the broken window:
"We are two of a kind, both painless."

Tim—"Why do you call the Boston Store the Farewell Store?"

Mit—"Because it's so full of good buys!"



"Here's another who will never be a dry man again," said the drowning victim slowly sinking to Dary Jones' Locker.

1. "The Prohibition act ruined Champaigns modern plan."

2. "Hawzat?"

1. "They painted all the street numbers and names on the curb so the students could find their way home."

Dave Kinley's gift to the world—The Class of '28.—He is very sorry that he is unable to do any better.

Student translating French in class comes to the word for Hell, l'enfer. Hesitating, he pointed to the word and said to his neighbor, "This is hell isn't it?"

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to the presentation at the church."

"What's going to be presented?"

"Doe. Brown is going to present his daughter to Tommy."

"Oh a big wedding, huh?"

"Naw, Companionate."

"Oh!"



SO-LONG!

WHY MEN LEAVE HOME

(Wanderlust)

By the Student Prince

Spring is here, and once a year,
I feel I really must,
Travel round the earthly sphere,
And cure my wanderlust.

Oh, I wish I were a sailor,
A-sailing west and north,
Oh, then I'd have a sweetheart
In every foreign port.

O, first I'd sail to Scotland,
The land o' jokes and thrift.
But I mauna be so Scotch
When to love we drift.

O' then I'd go to Sweden,
The land of blondes and Swedes,
I'd bane be sum yentelman,
Not by words, but deeds.

Then I'd sail to sunny France,
Where mamselle waits for mo'
"You are so nize and so petite,"
Oui! But where's all my dough?"

My next stop would be Germany.
Hein! How mein gelt does go!
Pretzels, beer un sourkraut,
We'll mix, I und mein frau!

I never would miss Poland,
The land of polka dots,
Where 'ya i moja polka"
Would dance the Polish hops!

O, then to go to Mexico,
Is my next resolution;
If I'd neck all the wimmen there,
I'd cause some revolution! ! !

O' wot's de matta wid Italy,
Spaghatt and macaron;
Signora, lissen, no baloney,
When we're in de lagoon! !

O' then I'd sail to Holland,
Where Don "Q" fought the mills,
Where frauleins walk in wooden shoes,
And give one losta thrills.

O, then would come romantic Spain,
Its moonlight serenades,
I'd make the senoras answer "Si"
Or else all go to Hades! ! !

O, then I'drush to Russia,
The land of bolsheviks,
Where wimmen are men, and love is
Full of darn, good kieks.

O' next I'd turn to Turkey,
I reslish Turkish baths,
With a harem all around me,
Oh, mercy! Searem! Rats! ! !

O' then I'd go to Egypt,
Where I would date the Sphinx,
I'd even neck ole King Tut's date,
And smoothen Salomes's kinks! !

I never would miss Greenland,
Where moony nights are long,
We'd melt the ice-cold igloos,
With wine, wimmen and song! !

O, then I'd sail to China,
Where laundrymen are schooled,
I'd take along some chopstieks,
So, I wouldn't be fooled! ! !

O' then I'd surf to Hawaii,
And play Hawaiian games,
In cute "hay-made" pantaloons,
I'd dance with all the dames! !

Next, I'd go to classic Greece,
Home of fraternities,
I'd find out what was private,
'Bout Helenof Troy's knees! !

O' then I' go to Africa,
Where the heat sure is swell,
O' if the dames keep bein' hot,
It'll be worser 'n hell! ! !

I simply can't miss Ireland,
And grab some li'l colleen,
She may be tough, she may be hard,
At least, Thank God, she's green!

O' then I'd visit South Sea Isle,
Where hula-girls go wild,
Hoola-boola, sis-bamboola,
O, how can I keep mild! ! !

Then, I'd go to Hungary,
Where rhapsodies come from,
Where I'd meet some "Hungary" dame,
But first we'd eat at home! ! !

O' next I'd go to Argentine,
Where flying fishes bite,
First we'll tango, then we'll bango,
Far into the night! ! !

Last and best, Chambana port,
Along the Boneyard Sea,
The co-eds here, sure know their stuff,
They're "hot" enuff, for me.



Silk Hose—Why so sad, Algernon?
 Golf Hose—I've graduated!
 Silk Hose—Even so—
 Golf—Sox—Well, now I'll have to give all
 my best clothes back to the sisters.

—S—

"Do you know that a trip to Europe always re-
 minds me of a train ride?"

"No, why?"

"Cause I'm always on the rails."

—S—

"My man is like an army officer."

"Hawzat?"

"He always advances at the psychological
 moment."

—S—

*Speaking of the Scotch being tight, how about
 the French and their half-cup of coffee, you know
 the DEMI TASSE!*

—S—

Now that Frigidaire has rid the husbands of ice-
 men, what are they going to do to say "Good Bye"
 to the milkman?

—S—

"Have you ever heard of eight legged animals?"

"No."

"How about a team of horses?"

—S—

Every Senior looks forward to Graduation with
 joy but what comes after, well its better not to
 worry about that yet.

STUDEBAKER ADVERTISEMENT

Salesman (to lady sitting in new president)—
 Now you look like Mrs. Coolidge.

—S—

And—Why do you call him "Snake?"

How—Because he has a mania for garters.

—S—

The way college students drink out of bottles
 one would think that they had never been weaned.

—S—

He: "Something seems to be wrong with this en-
 gine: it——"

She: "Don't be foolish: Wait until we get off the
 main road."

—S—

He: "I see where Coach Lundgren is switching his
 team around. No, he isn't using a swith." This was
 directed at the sweet young thing who nevertheless
 was not void of an answer for she sweetly caroled:
 "I never knew he was a shunting engine." Sock.

—S—

On any sorority porch:

Deep voice—"Aw please, just one little one?"

Sweet voice (quite annoyed)—"No Absolutely
 N - - - (action unforeseen) - - - oh damn you.

—S—

"I love your babies still," said the family
 admirer.

"They don't drink," said their fond mother.

"No, but they talk a helluva lot."

—S—



I guess my brother is studying pretty hard!
 Medicine?
 No! Illinois!



Him—What d' you mean, you're taking French leave?
Lui—I cut out of two French courses.



Spring Shock Absorbers!

Him—"Wher ya goin'?"
It—"Home!"
Him—"I see!"
It—"No, Big Four!"



He was a bit of a weakling, wasn't he? I'm glad he graduated.
Was he? Why that guy used to shave with a butter-knife!

AT LEAST SHE WAS DIFFERENT

It happened all in a flash. It was at the Junior Prom when the old gray haired Dean stepped upon her dainty foot.

"Pardon me!" he exclaimed, "I'm frightfully sorry."

"Oh, that's all right," said the sweet young thing, "my sore foot is on the other foot."

It used to be that one chose his college because of its scholastic standing, now one goes to the school with the biggest sorority porches, because one must keep in training.



Simp—You out of school again, fellow?
Pathetic—Yeh!
Simp—What did you do this time?
Pathetic—Graduated!

Dave Kinley's final advice to the class of '28: And now my sons you must realize that these diplomas are not magic wands and you will still have to work to get by.

He (real sad like)—"Then this good-bye?"
The Proverbial Co-ed—"What tha hell does it sound like—a new Ford?"

"Good ridance of bad rubbish," said Prexy as he dished out the diplomas to the class of '28, but never a thought did give to those blundering idiots that would make there entrance in the fall.

THE CAMPUS HERO

When we are introduced to the campus celebrity for the first time we usually make an idol of him at once. We see him tall, well built, graced with the features of a Greek Adonis and the strength of an ice-man. What greater honor than to have one's fingers crushed in his in that first steel-like grip? The sonorous tones of the idol's voice together with the myriad sparkling lights in his eyes explain unquestionably why the whole campus bows down and worships this superior being. His high forehead and stern brows tell of his mighty brain, just as his pleasant smile and manner of speech indicate his wonderful personality.

However, after a while, a different opinion begins to formulate. He isn't so very tall, and as for build, it's only his shoulders that give that first impression. His legs are extremely underdeveloped. Handsome? Well,



Slim—Don't suppose I'll see so much of you, now that you've graduated?

Frat—Oh, I'll be more around than ever now.



R.D. MURRAY '28

—The University ought to be proud of graduating men like, Harry.

—I'll say. He's the best dancer in the state.



he probably would have been if it wasn't for his broken nose and his jaw that is a little too rugged. His hand-shake isn't so steel-like either. Many smaller men have stronger grips. The light in his eyes is probably a reflection and his voice is decidedly coarse. He has the same faults as any other person: his speech is slangy and there are a number of subjects of which he confesses ignorance. He seems to be quite an ordinary fellow after all and he is just as liable to sponge cigarettes from a new acquaintance as anyone else. Why bemoan his graduation—there'll be a lot more like him next year!

Lapses Into Literature

RECOMMENDATIONS

"Dusty Answer," by Rosamond Lehman, (with). Not exactly a pleasant story, but one which seems intensely human. Seemingly the woman's side of the "This Side of Paradise," (Fitzgerald) situation. Not awfully well written.

"Rainbow Round My Shoulder," by Howard Odum, (with). At the present time almost anything written by a member of the colored race seems to get published. This one is the story of a negro's ramblings through the country. Some of the episodes are highly diverting—others quite boring. Some of the incidental verse is very good.

"Home to Harlem," by Claude McKay, (with). Another one of the negro things. The craze has spread rapidly. This one is merely another novel, and has a few good points.

"The Key of Life," by Francis Brett Young, (with). The author of "Sea Horses" has written a novel which lacks his usual or rather unusual strength of style. The setting is mostly in Africa. Mr. Young writes more entertaining books about "Cold Harbour."

"The Beginning of Things," by Norman Douglas. (To be published in May), (without). A story written in beautifully poetic style, about the times when there were such things as gods and goddesses and satyrs. Even more entertaining than his famous "South Wind."

"Strangers and Lovers," by Edwin Granberry, (without). Quite a delightful book by quite an unknown author (his second book), about "white trash" in Florida. The plot is not original, nor unusual, nor is the style unique in any way; nevertheless, it is a good book.

"Delight of Great Books," by John Erskine, (with). Mr. Erskine has done better things, but this volume might come in handy to those who have found nothing of merit in Chaucer, or Spenser, or Scott, or Milton, or other of like fame. Good essays, nevertheless, but not to compare with essays of Newman or Arnold.

"Strange Interlude," by Eugene O'Neill, (without). Mr. O'Neill has done a truly remarkable thing in his latest play. His understanding, and ability to portray accurately, the workings of the covert mind in contrast to the overtly expressed thoughts illustrate his genius in understanding human nature; the structure of the play illustrates his genius as a playwright.

THE BALLAD OF PAT MAGAN

A rounder stood at the oaken bar,
Drinking the rot-gut gin.
"Is there a man who can drink me down?
If there is, let him begin."

Up spoke the ancient bartender,
And his pride was plain to see;
"Old Pat Magan is the stoutest man
Who buys his drinks from me."

z

The barkeep mixed a brace of drinks
And set them on the bar.
Old Pat took his and smacked his lips.
"Not strong enough by far."

The first drink that the rounder downed
A loud laugh laughed he.
But when the tenth drink came around,
He could no longer see.

"Oh! Who's the Mick, who pulled this trick,
This dirty trick on me?
Who spiked my gin, by putting in
A shot of T. N. T.?"

"Make haste, make haste my merry men,
And of my arms take hold."
Before the boys could reach his side,
The rounder passed out cold.

—Harry Ingwersen.

—S—

PORTENT

Neither small crushed roses.
Nor smooth falling rain
Washing limply against my face
Can dull the accrescent pain—
When you are gone.
No imagery, the breathless night;
The age-old envy of a smiling sky:
Wind tangled in the trees,
Nor muted violins incarnate
Pleading bleeding sounds;
Fleeting planets in a net
Cast through the far-thrown sky
Will unleash a treasured living
When you are gone.

—Frestal.



Are you a one-arm driver?
Naw—I take a cab and use both!

CARDINAL

Spring will be here!
Spring will be here!
Whistles the cardinal
Shrill! Sharp! Clear!

Hear O hear!
His staccato note,
Like searing flame
Burning his throat!

He flicks his tail
And perks his head
As he sits on the branch,
Pert whistler in red!

Spring will be here!
Spring will be here!
Whistles the cardinal
Shrill! Sharp! Clear!
—Anna Louise Jackman.

The Ballad of the Tipsy Waiter

On steady legs the waiter
Attended to the throng;
With grace and ease he glided
Here and yon

You see the man was sober,
But could it last for long
With those friends at table three
To egg him on?
For a time the waiter waited
With a firm and steady stride:
Shuffled dishes, food and orders
With aplomb.

"And still the man is sober"
Said the manager with pride,
"With those friends at table three
To urge him on."
But the waiter finally weakened:
Quite surrendered to the plea
Of his friends "to have a snort
A'fore it's gone."

Straightway the man grew merry,
Quite merry, and you see
He needed no one now

To urge him on.
No longer now the waiter
Steered a true course through the
revel,

As the babel and the rable
Went along.
No longer was he sober,
And he staggered like the devil.
As he broke the plates he sang
A snatch of song.

Now and then the tipsy fellow
As he weaved about the place
Would spill some soup or coffee
On a dame.

But these dames were also tipsy
And a smile would wreath their
face:

"You're just too cute!" they'd say,
"And what's your name?"

But one woman in the crowd
Who frowned and seemed quite
normal
Found a rare but sticky soda
On her gown.

Straightway she stopped the
waiter,
And her words were quite in-
formal

As she glared and whispered,
"Waiter you're a clown!"

The waiter looked her over;
She was pretty and not tipsy;
He felt his drunken heart
Begin to pound.
Of a sudden he grew sober,
And he whispered, "Pretty gypsy"
But for you I'd wish that I
Were underground."

And it happened that the lady
Had in her heart a bit of pity,
And she saw that she could love
him,

Even drunk.
Straightway they got a license,
In a large and distant city.
Yes they did! You know damned
well
That this is bunk.



ANGEL FACE

I call you "Angel Face,"
Cause everybody knows
How innocent your eyes and face
How saintly is your nose!

Snow-white teeth, cherubic mien,
Seraphic dimples, . . . fair.
Arms like wings, lips, O, so keen,
Eyebrows classy, so's her hair.

But what I often wonder,
When I sit and fret,
Is whether angels ever,
Love to SMOKE and PET!!!
—S.L.K.'30.

Consider the Blind Date

One of the little problems that frequently arises during the bustle and scurry of life in this great oases of learning is the business of entertaining a blind date.

One's first impulse after being introduced to the blind date is to throw an epileptic fit and thus escape the ordeal. Convention, however, has decreed that one must make the best of such situations, and it is with the view of making the evening as entertaining as possible that I pen these lines.

The date, of course, will be built on the general lines of a rain-barrel and will appear to have spent the preceeding night with the A. O. Pi goldfish. There is an old Chinese proverb to the effect that blind dates are invariably of generous proportions, and that the proper procedure is to sew them in sacks and toss them in a convenient river. And yet there are those who maintain that the Chinese are not an advanced race.

I once knew a youth who had a blind date that actually looked like something human. The latest bulletin from the Memorial Hospital indicated that he would recover but never look the same.

However, to return to the subject (such as it might be). One of the most successful methods in dealing with these sad creatures is to assume the role of the psuedo-literati. Do not hesitate to inform your corn-fed companion that you earnestly advocate prostitution, smoking on the campus, spiked beer and Mencken. It is always advisable to follow up this opening with the story of the tree bears and the phrenologist joke. This mode of attack is generally successful in hastening the subject's footsteps homeward and she is not apt to linger on the darkened porch until the senile house-mother calls in her charges. It is surprising how these girls cherish their virtue. Even the astute Chinese have not a proverb to explain that.

Another method that is relatively successful is to gently push the subject beneath an oncoming machine, a truck preferably. This entails considerable financial settlement with the driver but it is considered well worth the expense.

Probably the best plan is the most obvious. Don't take any blind dates.

—Rohault.

The Grand Gabun Visits the Campus

BY GOLLY

With my little heart all aflutter I went down to the station to interview Zig-pook, the Grand Gabun of Bangolia, Africa, who last year married a co-ed from the University of Illinois. It is not every day that a cub reporter gets a chance to meet royalty.

Zig-pook (or "Ziggy," as he is fondly called by his wife—and others whom his wife has not found out about yet) was the very essence of regality as he descended from the train, stepping magnificently upon the toe of the porter who bid him adieu with the outstretched palm. This is an old African custom.

"Ah yes," this to me, from Ziggy, "You want to interview me. I have come from a region in Africa where no white man has trod a foot. It has been thought that there are no unexplored regions in Africa but I have conclusive proof that no white man has ever been to Bangolia.

"You ask how I know this? I offered my father, the Brass Gabun, his choice between an Old Gold and a Lucky. He took the Old Gold! (Primitive people, indeed, I thought).

"We Bangolians are fire worshippers. When a man's daughter is old enough to be taken into marriage he arranges a big fire at his bamboo hut. This is done late at night and the flames attract the whole tribe. During the fire, the maiden sits in a window dressed appealingly in only her night grass. When the fire becomes too hot she crawls down a vine ladder and is comforted by one of the men. (The men, in the meantime, have been bidding for her.)

"I understand that, here at the Illinois, the Pifies used to stage just such a fire for their freshmen but gave it up because the men decided that, upon looking more, the Thetas WERE better.

"I am very much interested in your great University here. Your traditions remind me a lot of Bangolia, although you are not quite so experienced. I understand you have a no-car rule. We, too, tried a no-elephant rule but were forced to give it up. Only married people were allowed to ride on elephants. When one of the leading elephant herders put out a new elephant with stream lines and all modern improvements he found no sale for it. Unmarried people were forbidden to own one and somehow married people somehow didn't need to ride to the woods on the southern edge of the tribal limits.

"Last year I tried to make a little money on the side by taking over the stock of a gartar manufac-

SOUTH CAMPUS

The moon rose over the Quadrangle,
O, bare and gaunt was she,
And I paled with fright
In the dead of night,
At the sight disclosed to me.

The moon rose over the Quadrangle,
And grinned a ghastly leer—
And I shut my eyes
For the gaping skies
Had filled my heart with fear.

The moon rose over the Quadrangle,
And lit the way of fools,
And I learned that night
In the moon's fell light
The horror of her ghoul.

The moon rose over the Quadrangle,
O, bare and gaunt was she,
And I paled with fright
In the dead of night
At the sight disclosed to me.

The moon rose over the Quadrangle,
At length, I dared to breathe,
To the hollow gale
I tell my tale
No other can believe!

turer that college students forced into bankruptcy. I didn't make much, though, because the boxes were labelled "hose supporters" and none of my people could figure out just what was to be supported."

Ziggy here paused to catch his breath and tell his secretary to unpack his listerine. This was my chance so I asked him what he thought of companionate marriage.

He gave me a dirty look and said, "Women aren't built right to be companions." I easily saw that the mere mention of his wife was displeasing to him. Later, his secretary told me that Ziggy married his wife thinking that she was a Theta (The reader will remember that Ziggy is a fire worshipper), but found out that that was just the first name. The full name was Theta Upsilon. No wonder he was griped.

Zig-pook during his stay here, will be entertained by Dean Clark, Bruce Weirick, and Psi Upsilon. I am sure he will feel right at home.

—S—

You are taking the breath of my life!
Did it ever occur to you to hold your breath?

GRADUATION TOKENS

Articles that are authoritively
correct for this important
event!

CARL W. MOUCH
JEWELER

Mouch's Corner—110 North Neil Street

*Where Gems and Gold
are rightly sold!*

Enjoy your stay in Champaign by
making yourself at home at the

HOTEL INMAN

Dining Room in Connection
Service A la Carte
Table d' Hote

Private Dining Rooms for
Meetings and Banquets

FIREPROOF
MODERN

Just a block west of the Illinois Central
Station on University Avenue.

AUGUST DANIELSON G. W. BYERS
Proprietors

"WHAT A GIRL!"

(Continued from Page 9)

serious tho, except that I took her out for the first time.

For once I was proud in my life. I would show those Dekes and the rest of the guys, also them sistern who threw me down. We walked along the Boneyard, inhaling its fresh, aromatic breezes under the midnite mellow moon; then we walked about South Campus. But Dammit, Anathasia, persisted in ogling and flirting with them Psi-U's, Kappas, Sigmas, and any bum which happened along. But tho I was a trifle jealous I did not take it so to heart as all the females have a flapperish, vampish nature.

Many a wonderful and hot nite had Anathasia and I in common. We were great friends and pals now. What I liked about her was her habit of surprising me. One evening while I was reading The Daily Illini, she sat upon my unguarded lap and planted a kiss squarely on my lips. Whoopie! Gosh-dingit! I was astounded, amazed, then delighted. I drew her nearer to my bosom, enveloped her in my arms, and showered her with embraces. And then did we pet? Did we hug? Did we neck? Um-m-m-m! Boy! Of course we were alone on the davenport, and in the first place, we wouldn't give a toot if anybody was present.

As Anasthasia came from a hick town I managed to boss her around a li'l, and got her so's she would do little favors for me. In the first place, I think she was struck on me, (Ahem!) You might say that I had her on the tip of my thumb, but ya can never know the females cos they are the deadly species.

It became so that she greeted me daily with much pep when I returned from work, and kissed me and caressed. You might say we wuz practically engaged.

But one day, while I wuz feelin' a little gayer than usual after the day's labor, Anasthasia wuz not there to greet me when I returned home. Now what happened to her? She didn't know much about Chambana and had no friends here; no, not even boy friends! Where could she have gone? Oh-h, . . . I was interrupted by the phone with its exasperatin' buzzin! I took up the receiver eagerly and my ears were greeted by a harsh voice: "Did ya say her name was Anasthasia? Wal, come over to the DOG-POUND and grab yer POODLE! Next time, we catch it stayin' 'round without a license, OFF to the Frankfurter factory with her!" Alas, poor Anasthasia! Anyway, she wuz ONE "hot" dog!

—The Student Prince.

COLOR BLIND DATE

Noses were red,
Mondays were blue,
Peas were green,
And so were YOU!
—*The Student Prince.*

—S—

A girl with cotton stockings
never sees a mouse.

—S—

Best Man—"Wasn't it annoy-
ing the way that baby cried all
during the ceremony?"

Maid of Honor—"It was dread-
ful. When I get married I shall
have engraved on the invitations
'no babies expected.'

—*Rammer Jammer.*

—S—

A couple of flappers pooled
their spending money to buy a
book advertised in the newspaper
as "What a Young Lady Should
Know Before Marriage."

The book arrived—"100 Cook-
ing Recipes."—*Blartter.*

—S—

Ye Editor's Complaint

I am a joke editor.
Note my mournful brow,
My gloomy eye.
Pity me!
I read Life—
And yawn.
I read Judge—
And doze.
I read College Humor—
And fall asleep.
I clip and clip and clip,
I read and read and read,
When I've read five hundred
And sixty-nine jokes,
I wonder

and wonder

And wonder

and wonder


And wonder

Whether there's anything funny
In the world.

CLOTHES


Ready-made
And Cut to Order

ESTABLISHED ENGLISH UNIVERSITY
STYLES, TAILORED OVER YOUTHFUL
CHARTS SOLELY FOR DISTINGUISHED
SERVICE IN THE UNITED STATES.



Charter House

Suits \$40, \$45, \$50 Topcoats



Charter House

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT
OUR STORE IS THE

Charter House

CHAMPAIGN AND URBANA

The character of the suits and
topcoats tailored by Charter House
will earn your most sincere liking

KAUFMAN'S

ON THE CAMPUS

There was a young lady named Beth
Who wouldn't say "Yes" but said "Yeth."
When I asked her to wed,
This feminine said:
"Oh! yethir, I gueth tith ith yeth."

The Writers' Club
Hollywood



The originality and style that distinguish Hollywood, mark also the Grayco hand-tailored cravats & collar-attached shirts

Marion R. Gray
Company
824 So. Los Angeles St.
Los Angeles



PALE HUMOR

An industrious citizen who lives not over 1000 miles from town arose a few mornings ago, while the festive lark was still snoring. With a milk-pail on his arm he found his way to the barn amid the darkness of a heavy fog. In fumbling for old Brindle, the family cow, he got hold of the off mule of the wagon team. He can't remember which side of the roof he went out but his recollection of alighting on a picket fence is very vivid. He expects the pail down in a few days.

—S—

LOVE LAMENT

It seems like only yesterday
That I beheld you in my arms,
Today it seems like fifty years,
Since I have lost your charms.

Why couldn't you keep loving me
And be true to one man only?
Why couldn't you have comforted me,
What treachery—to be lonely.

My hair is growing grey from sorrow,
I'm broken in spirit and bent,
Happiness shall not be mine
Until my life is spent.—A.D.S.

—S—

"Dear Dad I've sold my classroom seats"—

The Freshman's letter read:

"Now, why in hell did you do that?"

His father's answer said:

"I had to buy paddles for the house,

And after I'd been hit—

I tried my best for three straight weeks,

But gosh!! I couldn't sit."

—Lord Jeff.

The Place Where You Can Quench that
Thirst or Satisfy that Desire for a Bite!

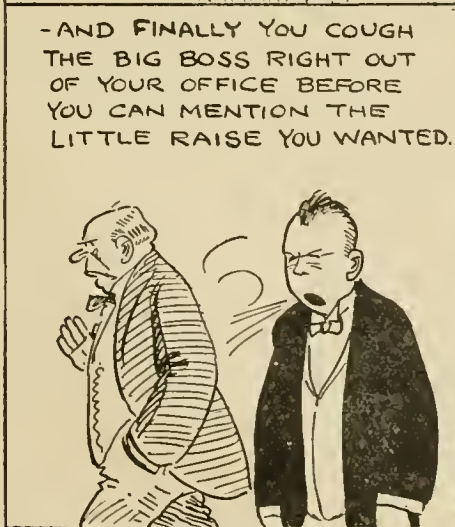
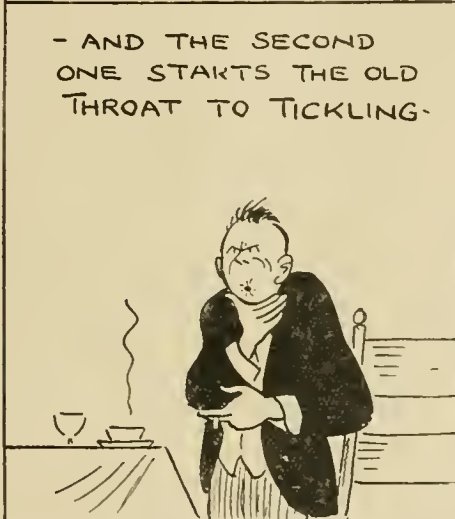
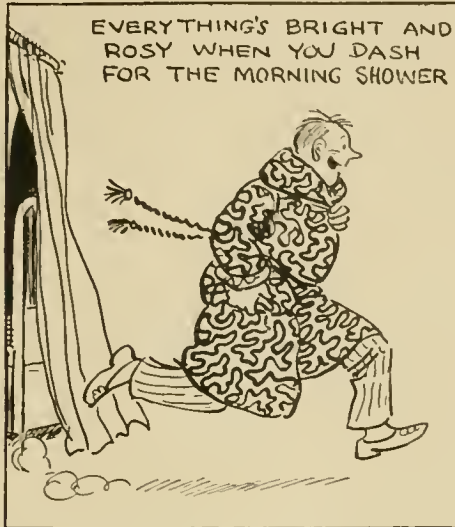
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15¢

.. not a cough in a carload



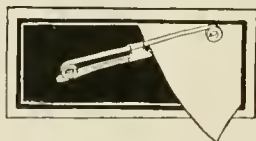
COLLAR-PINS?

Only safety-pins traveling "ineog"

QUITE so! A safety-pin by any other name will perforate your collar like a Swiss cheese, and jeopardize your jugular. Safety-pins have their uses—but there's something far better for collars now. Swank!

Here's the up-to-the-minute in practical jewelry. Swank doesn't pin collars, but holds them trimly, firmly, securely. Saves time and temper for well-dressed men. If your dislike for collar-pins has induced you to wear soft collars untidily, unfastened—Swank will change your mind.

Made in gold-filled and solid gold. Plain and engraved designs. From 50c to \$5, at your jeweler's or men's shop. The Baer & Wilde Co., Attleboro, Mass.



SWANK
TRADE MARK

looks like a pin, but isn't

"Is that your flaming Jane in the red dress?"

"Yes, why?"

"Well, she's out on the porch having a fire drill with some other guy."—*College Humor*.

—S—

Johnny was watching a rooster chasing one of the hens.

"Mother, do you think that hen is running just as fast as she can?"—*Voo Doo*.

—S—

First Pugilist—Why do they call youse "Gentleman Jim?"

Second Pugilist—"Aw, they seen me holdin' a fork once when I was eatin'. I had it to crack me brudder's knuckles if he reached for me pork chop.

—*Panther*.

—S—

Galahad—Say, do you ever ride bare-back?

Lancelot—Bear-back, hell; what do you think I have a horse for?

—*Dirge*.

—S—

Ikie—"Vat kind car does he sell it?"

Abie—"Oi, Velies."

Ikie—"Veelees Knights or Veelees Sent Clazz?"

—*Frivol*.

The Modern Male Shopper Writes An Ode to Advertising

C. R. J. '30

"Blow some my way," yelled a poster as I drove a yellow roadster

Past a sign-board on the avenue one warm and sunny day.

Then another one I sighted (which to me seemed trite and blighted)

And it told me that "The Satisfy" in each and every way.

As I drove on I reflected: that to do what was expected

I must use these goods and patronize their firms and trademarks too:

So I thought that I'd inspect 'em and if they were bad, reject 'em.

And in this way pick the winners by a general review.

First, I hied myself to market, to the wholesale grocer's market

And I started, then, to recall all the things the wife had said

Would be really necessary: There was milk from "Wieland's Dairy"

"No, the cream line never varies," was the sign that I had read.

Then the ad for "Pet Milk" caught me by the ear and truly fought me:

I must "Get Milk From Contented Cows, and then the difference know."

As I wracked my brain to settle this problem of wit and mettle,

There was thrown before my optics quite a picture, full of woe:

It was one of baby, crying, and I thought, instead of sighing,

I might buy some form of "pacifier" (c'en as me and you!)

So I looked amongst the posters, all the bright and glorious posters

For a baby's Pacifier which would screams and howls subdue.

"There's a reason," said a notice, said a bold and dashing notice,

"So drink Postum, not the other drinks, so common and so plain."

Well, I quickly bought this winner—(I felt truly like a sinner

Not to get the other products that alleviated pain).

(Continued on Page 30)

The Lost Pledge Brother

I

It was upon a wintry night
When Kent's journey began:
The way is long to Savoy town,
But longer back again,
'Til green Frosh returns once more
To knock upon the massive door.

II

What is his errand? Why his speed?
Sing I of mission bold?
Of search for hidden Holy Grail?
Of damsels as of old?
No! Hist! He must this very night
His name on Savoy sign-post write.

III

Tired feet can speed, through chill and sore,
Spurred by a worthy cause.
'Tis late! 'Tis cold! A rest would help—
But no! No time to pause:
On, on until at last canst see:
"Savoy—Population—73."

IV

The scrawl is scrawled, the sign is signed,
Kent turns to hasten home,
And thinks, "How long a walk it is,
When one must walk alone."
But hark! What stirs him from his trance?
What light so slowly doth advance?

V

"O principalities and saints,
O guides through week of hell,
O beacon lights of brother-love,
The angle Theta I've learned well,
Promethean pains indeed I know:
Of Furies, fevers, death-birds, snow.

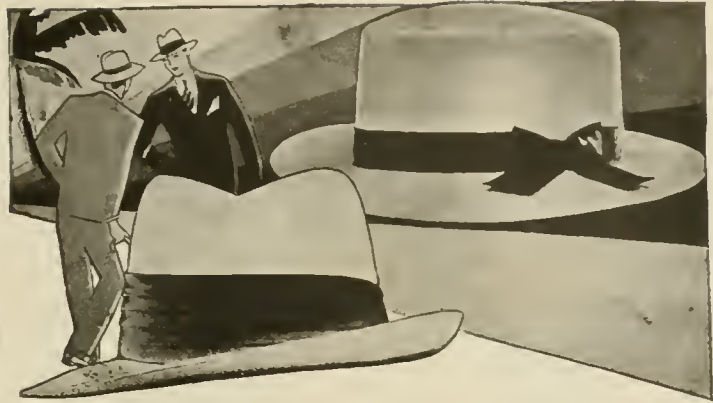
VI

"O archangels, dominions, powers,
Holy ones magnificent:
O cherubins, seraphins, thrones,
Who have this succor sent,
Be praised! Yet help me gain this freight,
To ride it home, prompt, unlate."

VII

The coal is black, the wind whips back
Small cinders from the flame:
But none cares Kent, he is content
To quickly reach Champaign.
He hears elip by a million ties
As faster, faster doth he ride.

(Continued on Next Page)



Genuine "Supernatural" Panamas

Fashion now says—

WEAR A PANAMA HAT.



We suggest you buy a genuine "SUPERNATURAL" Panama because of its supreme style, soft finish and the comfort and satisfaction it will give you.

Good stores sell these hats with pride.

ECUADORIAN PANAMA HAT COMPANY
297-303 Mercer Street New York, N.Y.



Jack: What were you before you
joined the Navy?

Tar: A Life Saver!

Jack: What flavor?



Not a hat just for to-day and tomorrow, but a hat you may wear, sure in the knowledge that its style will last throughout its long life.

Eight to Forty Dollars

STETSON HATS
Styled for Young Men

The Lost Pledge Brother

(Continued from Page 27)

VIII

O none minds Kent the howling gale,
Or coal car rough and bare;
Full well he knows, Champaign it goes,
And soon he will be there.
Three miles in it, he knows it means,
One hour him saved for sleep and dreams.

IX

Champaign grows nigh, the train doth fly,
'Tis time for Kent to leave;
In cab ahead, the fireman red,
The anthracite doth heave.
The train leaps on, and ere the dawn
Past Kankakee poor Kent has gone!

X

Long, O long is the weary wait,
And loud the long lament,
For one youth gone forevermore,
The valiant, wandering Kent.
Unknown to him was this: Champaign
Is not a stop for every train!

—Bill Cooper.

S

Our Last Call

on you this season will not be a loud one for we know you are busy in getting ready for commencement or the closing days of your school year.

but

if there is anything in the way of printing you need, you make a Loud Call to Us, and we will do the rest, and to your satisfaction.

Marriott & Miles

PRINTERS

110 North Walnut Street—Upstairs
PHONE 8698 Champaign

FOR YOU

—we maintain our own office in the lobby of the new Post Office Building, 704 So. Sixth Street—the handiest point on the campus.



Use it regularly—you'll like
"THE MODEL WAY"

MODEL LAUNDRY CO.



AN ADDITION TO CAMEL SMOKE-LORE

WE SUBMIT the sad case of the freshman in zoology, who, when asked to describe a camel, said, "A camel is what you wish you were smoking while you try to think of the right answers." He slunked zoology—but he knew his cigarettes. For in time of trial or time of joy, there's no friend like Camels.

The subtle influences of choice tobaccos upon the smoke-spots of mankind have been carefully studied, identified, and blended smoothly into Camels—the finest of cigarettes. And we'll bet an alkaflitch on this: Camels have just the taste and aroma to pack your smoke-spot with the "fill-fulment" every experienced smoker seeks. Got an alkaflitch you want to lose?

"One Man Tells Another"



Braeburn Alibis

...but Jane wrote me you
were tall and stunning.
...wait till I don my new
Braeburn.



Pride—personality—at-
mosphere—are all in-
gredients that make
Braeburn University
Clothes.

Spring Braeburns
Now

SEMESTER-END
CLEARANCE

\$29.50

Rosens'
"Mens Stylists"

Downtown—Champaign

The Modern Male Shopper Writes an Ode
to Advertising

(Continued from Page 26)

* * * * *

It was later, as I scurried to my roadster, that I worried

When I thought of how a person might go mad while reading signs—

And I sighed and yawned contentment, there was surely no resentment

In the voice that said, "They're Toasted"—he is foolish who declines!

So I leaned back, all contented; no, I had not been prevented

In the purchasing of articles, by advertising dope. But I made my hard decision that I'd never shop in vision

Of these advertising slogans that were certainly "soft soap";

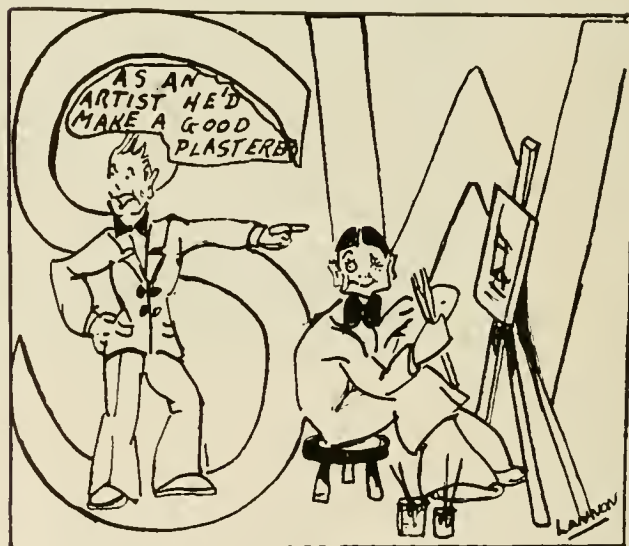
I would sooner let death take me than allow the wife to shake me

From my platform: *I will nevermore go shopping with the mass.*

And if wifie-dear persisted, she'd discover my name, listed

On that growing scroll of "SUICIDES"—and "I'd Do It Cheap with Gas!"

S



Paint Headquarters for

SORORITIES

FRATERNITIES

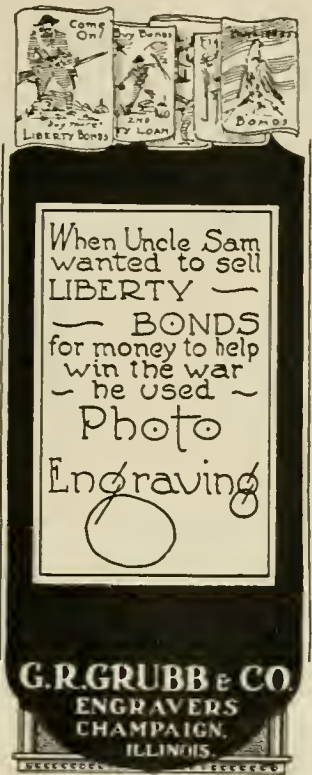
Easy Payments If Desired

Chas. F. Williams Co.

CALL 9278

322 North Neil Street

Champaign, Illinois



WHEN A DEPOSITOR BRINGS A FRIEND—

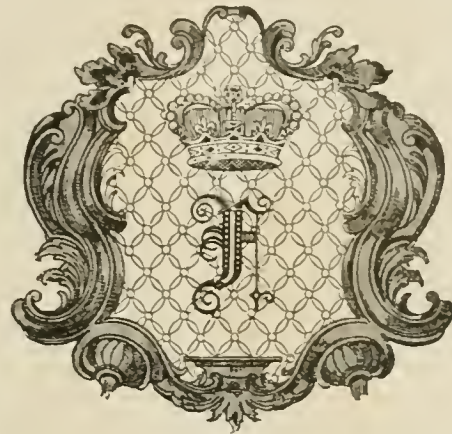
When we serve a depositor courteously and well, we make a friend. That friend may make for us a dozen more friends.

If we have pleased you as well as we hope we have, may we ask you to say a good word for us to some friend?

BE A FRIEND—BRING A FRIEND

UNIVERSITY STATE BANK

631 East Green Street
Champaign, Illinois



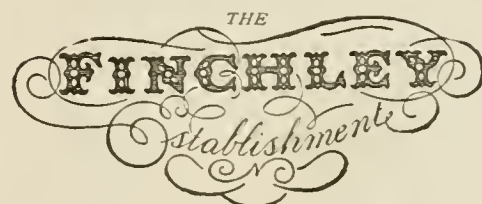
APPAREL

THOSE INTERESTED IN SURVEYING THE NEWEST DEVELOPMENTS IN CLOTHES AND HABERDASHERY FOR SPRING WILL GAIN A MOST EXCEPTIONAL ADVANTAGE BY ATTENDING THE NEXT FINCHLEY EXHIBITION TO BE HELD AT YOUR SCHOOL.

WATCH COLLEGE BULLETINS FOR DATES AND PLACES OF EXHIBITIONS.

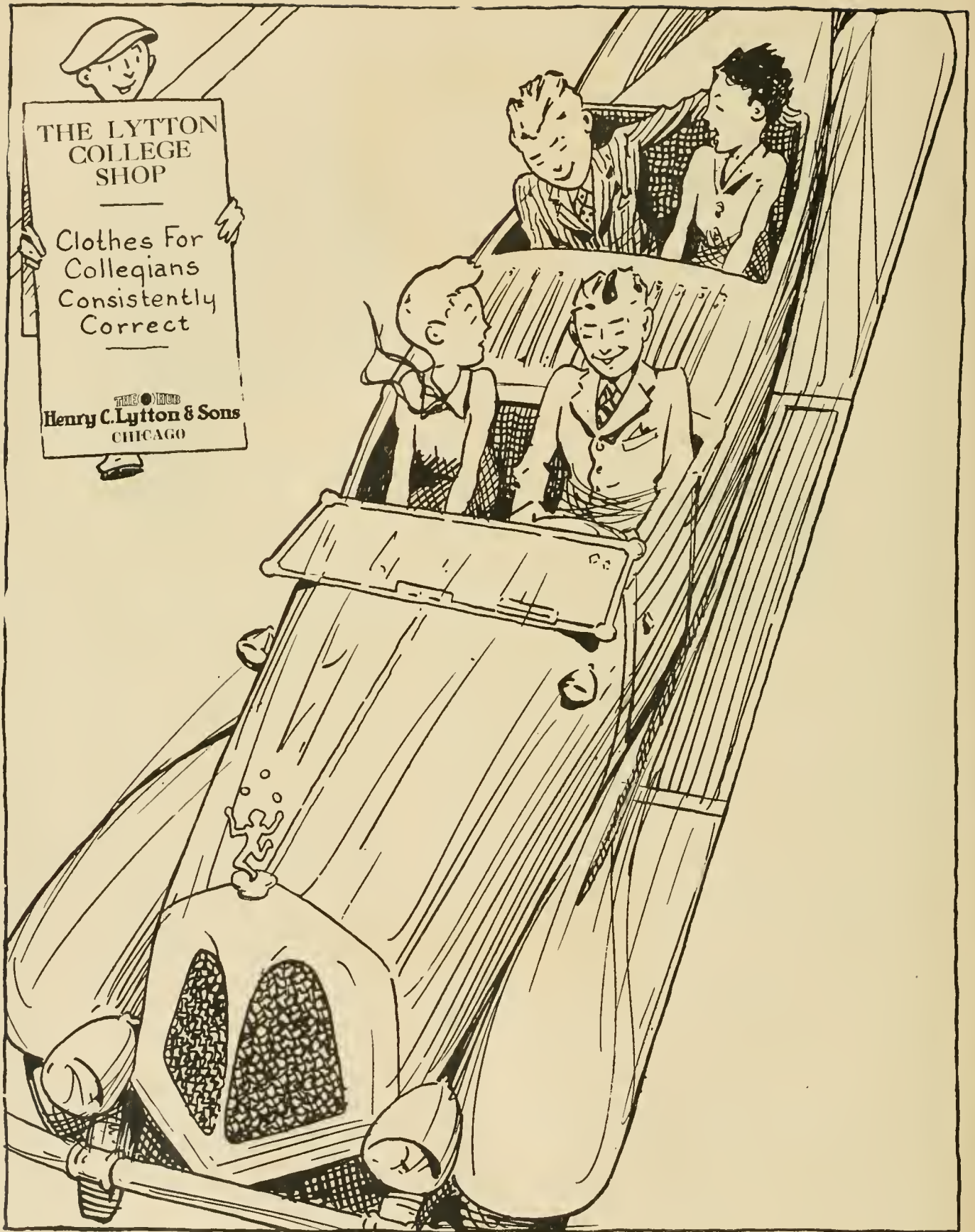
HATS : HABERDASHERY : SHOES
LEATHER GOODS : LUGGAGE
CRAVATS : WOOLIES

CLOTHES FOR CAMPUS, SPORTS
AND FORMAL USAGE.



FIFTH AVENUE JACKSON BLVD
NEW YORK CHICAGO

The SIREN



BOY FRIEND—They're calling Jim "The last Word."

GIRL FRIEND—Why?—born yesterday?

BOY FRIEND—No—he's just another convert to the *Lytton College Shop*—the Style Center of the Middle West.

Illinois Book Ends
\$2.75 to \$5.00

Desk Pads
\$5.00



Illinois Shields
85c to \$9.50

Various other Illinois
Novelties

University Jewelry

We have a large stock of the finest things in Illinois jewelry. Made of the best materials, gold or silver, and many of them set with pearls, these are delightful articles for gifts, or yourself.

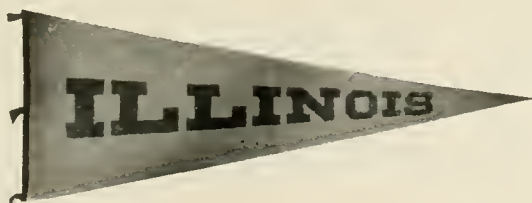
Pins of various kinds, rings, bracelets, vanities, fobs, letter openers, watch charms, pocket knives, spoons, etc.

Illinois Song Books

We have the official book of Illinois Songs. Has 150 pages of college songs. Beautifully bound in orange, blue and gold. \$3.00.

Illinois View Books

Three sizes of these: 25c, 75c, and \$1.50. Each one is a good buy and varies in size, contents and number of pictures. For a keepsake or friends coming next year these are ideal.




Illinois Pennants, Pillows, and Banners

We carry a splendid assortment of these at all times. Each article is made from best materials by experts.

Visit the CO-OP Book Store

One of the country's most beautiful and finest stocked book stores. The best and latest volumes for men, women and children.

A color portrait of actor William T. Tilden 2nd, looking slightly to the right with a gentle smile. He has light brown hair and is wearing a light-colored jacket over a white shirt. The background is a soft, out-of-focus blue and green.

William T. Tilden 2nd
to protect his throat,
smokes Luckies

"The voice is essential to stage work and its care one of the actor's greatest worries. During the course of some of my stage appearances, I am called upon at intervals to smoke a cigarette and naturally I have to be careful about my choice. I smoke Lucky Strikes and have yet to feel the slightest effect upon my throat. I understand that toasting frees this cigarette from any throat irritants. They're 100% with me."

William T. Tilden 2nd

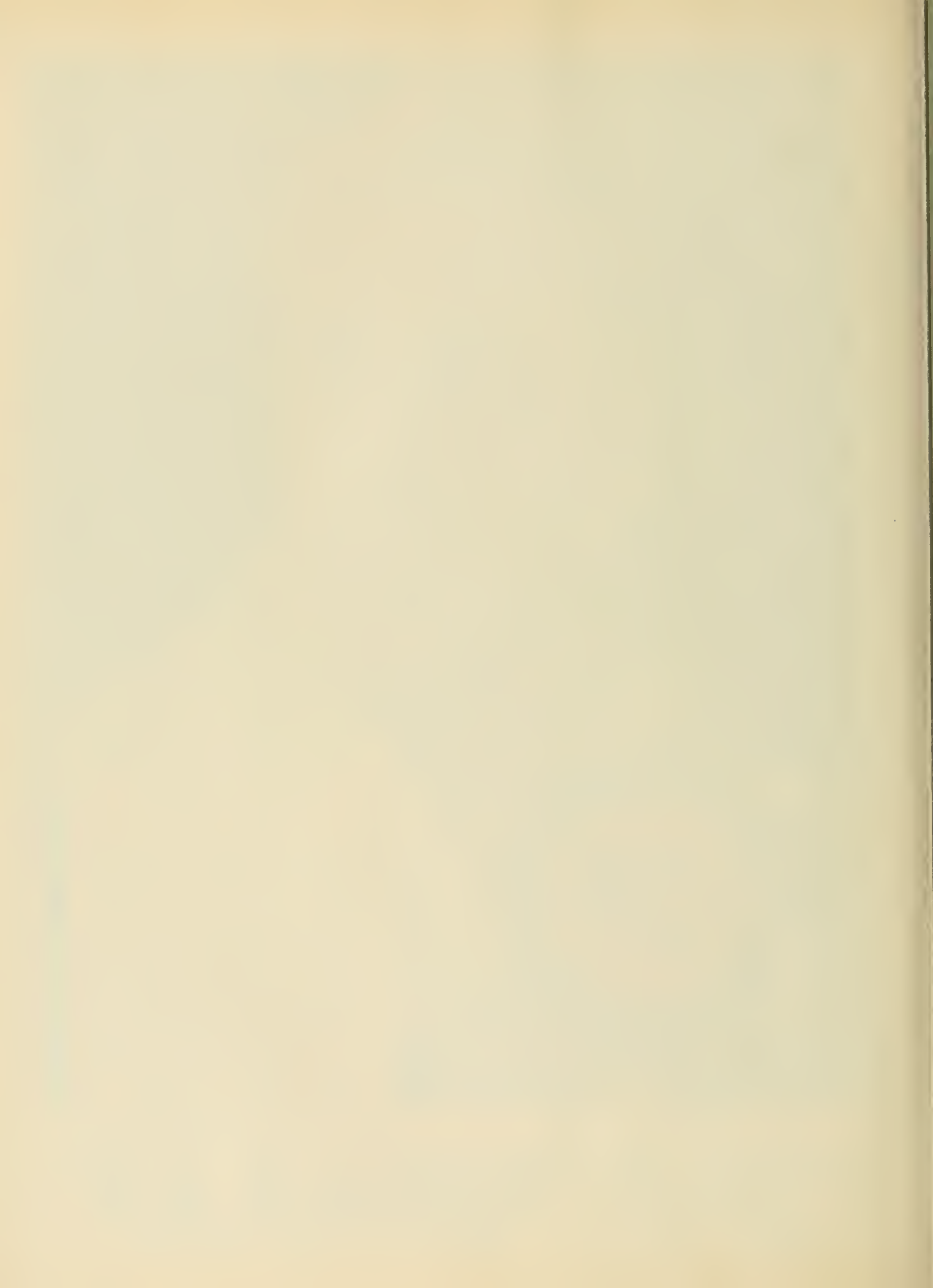


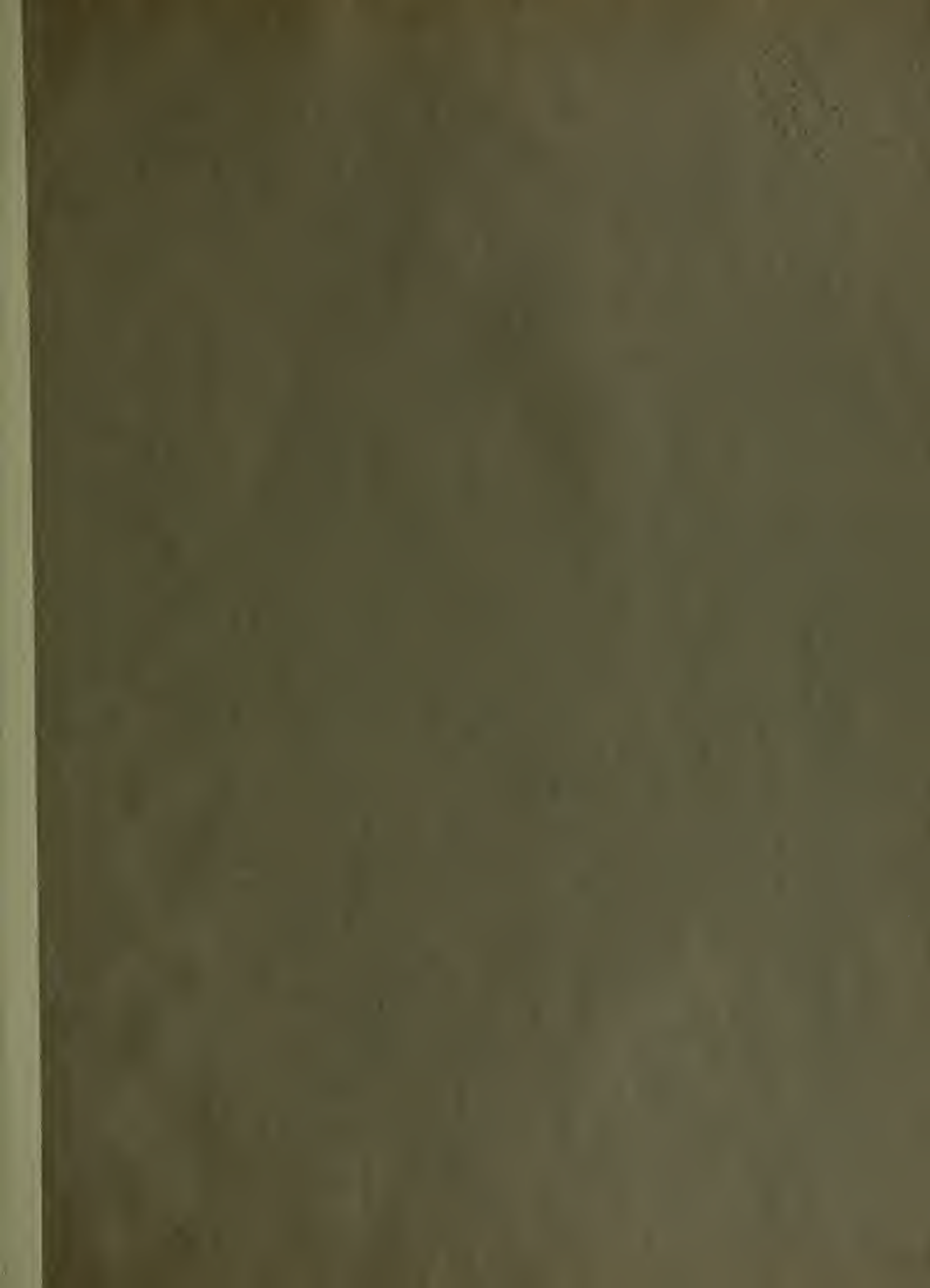
©1928, The American Tobacco Co., Inc.

"It's toasted"

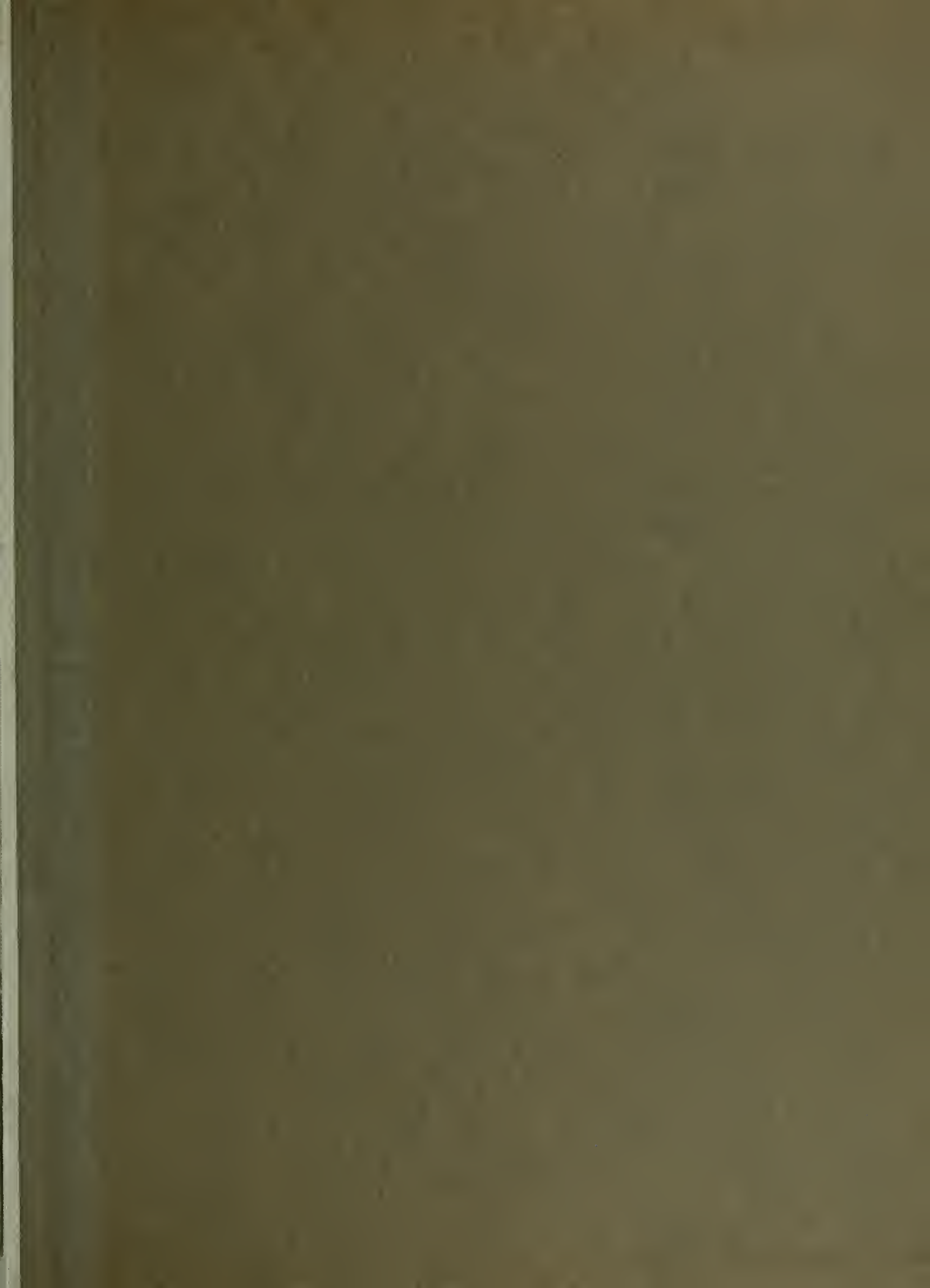
No Throat Irritation No Cough.

*The Cream
of the Tobacco
Crop.*





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